THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' READERS

SIXTH READER

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By

EMMA MILLER BOLENIUS

With drawings by
MABEL BETSY HILL

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TO THE TEACHER

THIS series of Readers is prepared for the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades, because these are now recognized as the crucial years in gaining technique in silent reading. The object in these Readers is to direct silent reading, to motivate oral reading, to develop the reading habit, and to broaden the child's outlook on life. In their preparation the editor has been guided by her study of the most authoritative and up-to-date reports, investigations, courses of study, and surveys. In the Teachers' Manual which accompanies the series, she has worked out a methodology for silent reading.

Special features of these Readers are:

1. The **careful organization of the contents** (see pages v-ix). This covers the range of the boys' and girls' interests and presents biographical material in a new and vital way.

2. The **material arranged as a course to suit the school year** is given on page ix. (This order is followed in the Manual.)

3. The **richness of authorship,** the **variety of appeal,** and the **freshness of material** are noteworthy. Many of the selections have never been used before in school readers.

4. The **full study equipment** aims to make children think, to lead them to read from their own initiative, and to create centers of interest. It includes introductions with thought-provoking questions to motivate the reading; word lists and glossary; and questions and suggestions that correlate various activities with reading and are prepared with both city and rural communities in mind. Teachers can therefore select material to suit their needs.

5. The **Manual presents methods and devices in detail** so that inexperienced teachers can get results. It gives a practical pedagogy of the reading problem, and at the same time aims to give inspiration to the teacher.

6. The **working out of interesting projects,** the arranging of **programs,** and the **dramatization for entertainment purposes** furnish live motives for effort. The Manual gives full programs in which material previously read is brought together in a way that arouses the child's interest and leads to **motivated review.**

7. **The vocabulary work is made vital.** Helpful word lists and glossary, idioms, correlated language work, footnotes (placed so as not to distract), and charts for pronunciation and derivation (inside the back cover) are provided. The child is thus gradually inducted into intelligent use of the dictionary.

8. **Typographical aids** — such as throwing into relief sentence and clause thoughts or dialogue by increased spacing, keeping phrases intact as much as possible, and placing reference numbers at logical points — make reading easier for the pupil.

9. **Pictures** that sympathetically illustrate the text are introduced **for their teaching value** and appeal. Questions upon the illustrations are introduced to develop powers of observation.

10. **Speed and content tests for diagnostic purposes** are adapted to classroom use and made the basis for effective drill.

11. **Practical everyday reading of various kinds** is stressed. Rapid, reference, and sight reading are made a part of the training, as well as intensive and interpretative reading. A start is made towards proper reading of newspapers.

12. **How to study is given special attention,** for silent reading is now recognized as part of all textbook work. Supervised study has been developed in an entirely new way by means of italicized directions which guide the child in his thinking.

These Readers are designed for basal use. The study equipment and the Manual make the books valuable as a basal series for schools that require training in silent reading. The fresh and vital material makes them equally desirable as a basal series for oral reading. This fullness of material and careful preparation of equipment enable the books to fill a distinct need in the schools, since they help to solve the present problem of silent reading.

Without Houghton Mifflin Company's wealth of copyrighted material it would have been impossible to construct this series. The editor feels deeply grateful not only to them but to other publishers for permission to use copyrighted material. She also wishes to thank most sincerely the many teachers who by their encouragement and helpful suggestions have aided in the preparation of these Readers.

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To the Girls and Boys

O for a Booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in-a-doore or out;
With the greene leaves whispering overhede
Or the streete cryes all about!
Where I maie read all at my ease
Both of the Newe and Olde,
For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke
Is better to me than golde!

Olde Rime

How queer the words look! What odd spelling! But the old rime makes sense when we read it. It is as much English as are the stories in this book, but it is the English that was written five hundred years ago in England, before America was discovered.

Read the rime to yourself again, just as if it were spelled in our modern fashion. What does it tell you about these people who lived in England in 1400, these ancestors of ours? — Yes, they loved their books, too — they liked to read. They had their good old books, and they had their new books, too, just as we do.

How well the old rimes suit us of to-day! In this Reader you will find "the newe and the olde." The old selections have been read again and again by thousands

# of To-day

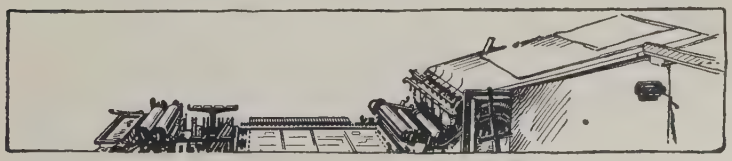
of boys and girls. You will enjoy them just as did the girls and boys of fifty years ago, and as the boys and girls of five hundred years ago did.

This Book is to be your "jollie goode Booke." In it you will find selections that deal with Home and Neighborhood, The Great Outdoors, and the Workaday World, with "the streete cryes all aboute." Then too you will find splendid selections about Our Country Past and Present, suiting all the great holidays. Stories are not forgotten. In this Sixth Reader these deal with Adventure and Travel, and are followed by such interesting tales from Foreign Lands that you will want to read more of them in the original books. Of course there is a play for you, just as there was in each of the other Readers. This one is about "Percivale, the Boy Knight." The last part of the book will take you off on "Visits to American Authors."

So, you see, this Reader will give you a chance to do what the old rime says. Why not print the rime in modern English and hang the best copy on the classroom wall as something to enjoy while you are reading "the Newe and the Olde" in this Reader.

If you memorize the rime, it is yours for good.

Who can learn it first to recite to the class?



"IF YOU KEEP IT, YOU 'LL HAVE TO KEEP ME," SAID REBECCA. (*Page 17*)

HOME·AND·NEIGHBORHOOD

THE FLAG-RAISING AT RIVERBORO

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

September is the birthday month of "The Star-Spangled Banner." On September 14, 1814, Francis Scott Key, a young Baltimorean, was held prisoner on a British ship in Chesapeake Bay. All night long he watched the bursts of flame, as the big guns bombarded Fort McHenry, guarding the homes of Baltimore. He knew that as long as Old Glory floated over the fortress Baltimore was safe. Imagine his feeling, when in the first dim light of dawn, he saw the Stars and Stripes still streaming to the breeze. In a burst of joy he took an old envelope from his pocket and in verse wrote down his feelings of the night.

Here is the story of a little girl whose flag meant as much to her as the banner floating over Fort McHenry did to Francis Scott Key. Rebecca Rowena Randall is the name of the little girl, and she lived in Maine.

Read silently:

I. THE MAKING OF THE FLAG

THERE must have been other flag-raisings in history, — even the persons most interested in this particular one would grudgingly have allowed that much, — but it would have seemed to them improbable that any such flag-raising as theirs could twice glorify the same

century. Of some pageants it is tacitly admitted that there can be no duplicates, and the flag-raising at Riverboro Centre was one of these; so that it is small wonder if Rebecca chose it as one of the important dates in her personal almanac.

[2] Mrs. Baxter, the new minister's wife, was the being, under Providence, who had conceived the first idea of the flag.

[3] Mrs. Baxter communicated her patriotic idea of a new flag to the Dorcas Society,° proposing that the women should cut and make it themselves.

[4] "It may not be quite as good as those manufactured in the large cities," she said, "but we shall be proud to see our home-made flag flying in the breeze, and it will mean all the more to the young voters growing up, to remember that their mothers made it with their own hands."

[5] "How would it do to let some of the girls help?" modestly asked Miss Dearborn, the Riverboro teacher. "We might choose the best sewers and let them put in at least a few stitches, so that they can feel they have a share in it."

[6] "Just the thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Baxter. "We can cut the stripes and sew them together, and after we have basted on the white stars the girls can apply them to the blue ground. We must have it ready for the campaign rally, and we could n't christen it at a better time than in this presidential year."

[7] In this way the great enterprise was started, and day by day the preparations went forward in the two villages.

[8] The boys, as future voters and soldiers, demanded an active share in the proceedings, and were organized by

° Words marked in this way are explained in the glossary at the end of the book. Look up other words in the dictionary

Squire Bean into a fife and drum corps, so that by day and night martial but most inharmonious music woke the echoes, and deafened mothers felt their patriotism oozing out at the soles of their shoes.

[9] Dick Carter was made captain, for his grandfather had a gold medal given him by Queen Victoria for rescuing three hundred and twenty-six passengers from a sinking British vessel. Riverboro thought it high time to pay some graceful tribute to Great Britain in return for her handsome conduct to Captain Nahum Carter, and human imagination could contrive nothing more impressive than a vicarious° share in the flag-raising.

[10] Miss Dearborn was to be Columbia and the older girls of the two schools were to be the States. Such trade in muslins and red, white, and blue ribbons had never been known since "Watson kep' store," and the number of brief white petticoats hanging out to bleach would have caused the passing stranger to imagine Riverboro a continual dancing-school.

[11] Juvenile virtue, both male and female, reached an almost impossible height, for parents had only to lift a finger and say, "You shan't go to the flag-raising!" and the refractory° spirit at once armed itself for new struggles toward the perfect life.

[12] Mr. Jeremiah Cobb had consented to impersonate Uncle Sam, and was to drive Columbia and the States to the "raising" on the top of his own stage. Meantime the boys were drilling, the ladies were cutting and basting and stitching, and the girls were sewing on stars; for the starry part of the spangled banner was to remain with each of them in turn until she had performed her share of the work.

[13] It was felt by one and all a fine and splendid service indeed to help in the making of the flag, and if Rebecca

was proud to be of the chosen ones, so was her Aunt Jane Sawyer, who had taught her all her delicate stitches.

[14] On a long-looked-for afternoon in August the minister's wife drove up to the brick-house door, and handed out the great piece of bunting to Rebecca, who received it in her arms with as much solemnity as if it had been a child awaiting baptismal rites.

[15] "I'm so glad!" she sighed happily. "I thought it would never come my turn!"

[16] "You should have had it a week ago, but Huldah Meserve upset the ink bottle over her star, and we had to baste on another one. You are the last, though, and then we shall sew the stars and stripes together, and Seth Strout will get the top ready for hanging. Just think, it won't be many days before you children will be pulling the rope with all your strength, the band will be playing, the men will be cheering, and the new flag will go higher and higher, till the red, white, and blue shows against the sky!"

[17] Rebecca's eyes fairly blazed. "Shall I 'hem on' my star, or buttonhole it?" she asked.

[18] "Look at all the others and make the most beautiful stitches you can, that's all. It is your star, you know, and you can even imagine it is your State, and try and have it the best of all. If everybody else is trying to do the same thing with her State, that will make a great country, won't it?"

[19] Rebecca's eyes spoke glad confirmation of the idea. "My star, my State!" she repeated joyously. "Oh, Mrs. Baxter, I'll make such fine stitches you'll think the white grew out of the blue!"

[20] The new minister's wife looked pleased to see her spark kindle a flame in the young heart. "You can sew so much of yourself into your star," she went on in the

glad voice that made her so winsome,° "that when you are an old lady you can put on your specs and find it among all the others. Good-bye! Come up to the parsonage Saturday afternoon; Mr. Baxter wants to see you."

[21] "Judson, help that dear little genius of a Rebecca all you can!" she said that night. "I don't know what she may, or may not, come to, some day; I only wish she were ours! If you could have seen her clasp the flag tight in her arms and put her cheek against it, and watched the tears of feeling start in her eyes when I told her that her star was her State! I kept whispering to myself, 'Covet not thy neighbor's child!'"

[22] Daily at four o'clock Rebecca scrubbed her hands almost to the bone, brushed her hair, and otherwise prepared herself in body, mind, and spirit for the consecrated labor of sewing on her star. All the time that her needle cautiously, conscientiously formed the tiny stitches she was making rhymes "in her head," her favorite achievement being this:

> "Your star, my star, all our stars together,
> They make the dear old banner proud
> To float in the bright fall weather."

[23] There was much discussion as to which of the girls should impersonate the State of Maine, for that was felt to be the highest honor in the gift of the committee.

[24] Alice Robinson was the prettiest child in the village, but she was very shy and by no means a general favorite.

[25] Minnie Smellie possessed the handsomest dress and a pair of white slippers and open-work stockings that nearly carried the day, but she was not at all the person to select for the central figure on the platform.

[26] Huldah Meserve was next voted upon, and the fact that if she were not chosen her father might withdraw

his subscription to the brass band fund was a matter for grave consideration.

[27] "I kind of hate to have such a giggler for the State of Maine; let Huldah be the Goddess of Liberty," proposed Mrs. Burbank, whose patriotism was more local than national.

[28] "How would Rebecca Randall do for Maine, and let her speak some of her verses?" suggested the new minister's wife, who, could she have had her way, would have given all the prominent parts to Rebecca, from Uncle Sam down.

[29] So, beauty, fashion, and wealth having been tried and found wanting, the committee discussed the claims of talent, and it transpired that to the awe-stricken Rebecca fell the chief plum in the pudding. It was a tribute to her gifts that there was no jealousy or envy among the other girls; they readily conceded her special fitness for the rôle.

[30] Her life had not been pressed down full to the brim of pleasures, and she had a sort of distrust of joy in the bud. Not until she saw it in full radiance of bloom did she dare embrace it. She had never read any verse but Byron, Felicia Hemans, bits of "Paradise Lost," and the selections in the school readers, but she would have agreed heartily with the poet who said:

> "Not by appointment do we meet delight
> And joy; they heed not our expectancy:
> But round some corner in the streets of life
> They on a sudden clasp us with a smile."

[31] For many nights before the raising, when she went to her bed, she said to herself after she had finished her prayers: "It can't be true that I'm chosen for the State of Maine! It just *can't* be true! Nobody could be good *enough*, but oh, I'll try to be as good as I can!

To be going to Wareham Seminary next week and to be the State of Maine too! Oh! I must pray *hard* to God to keep me meek and humble!"

1. Write a list of people in the story. 2. Which different girls are spoken of for the part of the State of Maine? Why is each rejected? Why is Rebecca chosen? 3. Why are you proud of your State?

4. Let different pupils read aloud the conversation in sections 4–6, 15–20, 27–28, omitting explanations. Practice reading aloud what Rebecca said when she was chosen. Pretend to be Rebecca.

5. Make up (*a*) Mrs. Baxter's speech proposing the flag-raising in section 2; (*b*) The speeches of Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. Burbank, and two other ladies at the committee meeting in sections 23–26.

II. THE UNWELCOME RETURN OF MR. SIMPSON

[32] THE flag was to be raised on a Tuesday, and on the previous Sunday it became known to the children that Clara Belle Simpson was coming back from Acreville, coming to live with Mrs. Fogg and take care of the baby.

[33] Clara Belle was one of Miss Dearborn's original flock, and if she were left wholly out of the festivities she would be the only girl of suitable age to be thus slighted; it seemed clear to the juvenile mind, therefore, that neither she nor her descendants would ever recover from such a blow. But, under all the circumstances, would she be allowed to join in the procession? Even Rebecca, the optimistic, feared not, and the committee confirmed her fears by saying that Abner Simpson's daughter certainly could not take any prominent part in the ceremony, but that they hoped Mrs. Fogg would allow her to witness it.

[34] When Abner Simpson, urged by the town authorities, took his wife and seven children away from Riverboro to Acreville, just over the border in the next county, Riverboro went to bed leaving its barn and shed doors

unfastened, and drew long breaths of gratitude to Providence.

[35] Of most winning disposition and genial manners, Mr. Simpson had not that instinctive comprehension of property rights which renders a man a valuable citizen.

[36] Abner was a most unusual thief, and conducted his operations with a tact and neighborly consideration none too common in the profession. He would never steal a man's scythe in haying-time, nor his fur lap-robe in the coldest of the winter. The picking of a lock offered no attractions to him; "he wa'n't no burglar," he would have scornfully asserted. A strange horse and wagon hitched by the roadside was the most flagrant of his thefts; but it was the small things — the hatchet or axe on the chopping-block, the tin pans sunning at the side door, a stray garment bleaching on the grass, a hoe, rake, shovel, or a bag of early potatoes — that tempted him most sorely; and these appealed to him not so much for their intrinsic value as because they were so excellently adapted to "swapping." The swapping was really the enjoyable part of the procedure, the theft was only a sad but necessary preliminary; for if Abner himself had been a man of sufficient property to carry on his business operations independently, it is doubtful if he would have helped himself so freely to his neighbor's goods.

[37] Riverboro regretted the loss of Mrs. Simpson, who was useful in scrubbing, cleaning, and washing, and was thought to exercise some influence over her predatory spouse.° There was a story of their early life together, when they had a farm; a story to the effect that Mrs. Simpson always rode on every load of hay that her husband took to Milltown, with the view of keeping him sober through the day. After he turned out of the

country road and approached the metropolis, it was said that he used to bury the docile lady in the load. He would then drive on to the scales, have the weight of hay entered in the buyer's book, take his horses to the stable for feed and water, and when a favorable opportunity offered he would assist the hot and panting Mrs. Simpson out of the side or back of the rack, and gallantly brush the straw from her person. For this reason it was always asserted that Abner Simpson sold his wife every time he went to Milltown, but the story was never fully substantiated, and at all events it was the only suspected blot on meek Mrs. Simpson's personal reputation.

[38] As for the Simpson children, they were missed chiefly as familiar figures by the roadside; but Rebecca honestly loved Clara Belle, notwithstanding her Aunt Miranda's opposition to the intimacy. Rebecca's curious taste in friends was a source of continual anxiety to her aunt.

[39] "Anything that's human flesh is good enough for her!" Miranda groaned to Jane. "She'll ride with the rag-sack-and-bottle peddler just as quick as she would with the minister; she always sets beside the barefooted young ones at Sabbath school; and she's forever riggin' and onriggin' that dirty Simpson baby! She reminds me of a puppy that'll always go to everybody that'll have him!"

[40] It was thought very creditable to Mrs. Fogg that she sent for Clara Belle to live with her and go to school part of the year.

[41] "She'll be useful," said Mrs. Fogg, "and she'll be out of her father's way, and so keep honest; though she's so awful homely I've no fears for her. A girl with her red hair, freckles, and cross-eyes can't fall into no kind of sin, I don't believe."

[42] Mrs. Fogg requested that Clara Belle should be started on her journey from Acreville by train and come the rest of the way by stage, and she was disturbed to receive word on Sunday that Mr. Simpson had borrowed a horse from a new acquaintance, and would himself drive the girl from Acreville to Riverboro, a distance of thirty-five miles. That he would arrive in their vicinity on the very night before the flag-raising was thought by Riverboro to be a public misfortune, and several residents hastily determined to deny themselves a sight of the festivities and remain watchfully on their own premises.°

[43] On Monday afternoon the children were rehearsing their songs at the meeting-house. As Rebecca came out on the broad wooden steps she watched Mrs. Peter Meserve's buggy out of sight, for in front wrapped in a cotton sheet, lay the precious flag. After a few chattering good-byes and weather prophecies with the other girls, she started on her homeward walk, dropping in at the parsonage to read her verses to the minister.

[44] He welcomed her gladly as she removed her white cotton gloves (hastily slipped on outside the door, for ceremony) and pushed back the funny hat with the yellow and black porcupine quills — the hat with which she made her first appearance in Riverboro society.

[45] "You've heard the beginning, Mr. Baxter; now will you please tell me if you like the last verse?" she asked, taking out her paper. "I've only read it to Alice Robinson, and I think perhaps she can never be a poet, though she's a splendid writer. Last year when she was twelve she wrote a birthday poem to herself, and she made 'natal' rhyme with 'Milton,' which, of course it would n't. I remember every verse ended

'This is my day so natal
And I will follow Milton.'

Another one of hers was written just because she could n't help it she said. This was it:

'Let me to the hills away,
Give me pen and paper
I'll write until the earth will sway
The story of my Maker.'"

[46] The minister could scarcely refrain from smiling, but he controlled himself that he might lose none of Rebecca's quaint observations. When she was perfectly at ease, unwatched and uncriticized, she was a marvelous companion.

[47] "The name of the poem is going to be 'My Star,'" she continued, "and Mrs. Baxter gave me all the ideas, but somehow there's a kind of magicness when they get into poetry, don't you think so?" (Rebecca always talked to grown people as if she were their age, or, a more subtle and truer distinction, as if they were hers.)

[48] "It has often been so remarked, in different words," agreed the minister.

[49] "Mrs. Baxter said that each star was a State, and if each State did its best we should have a splendid country. Then once she said that we ought to be glad the war is over and the States are all at peace together; and I thought Columbia must be glad, too, for Miss Dearborn says she's the mother of all the States. So I'm going to have it end like this: I did n't write it, I just sewed it while I was working on my star:

[50] For it's your star, my star, all the stars together,
That make our country's flag so proud
To float in the bright fall weather.
Northern stars, Southern stars, stars of the East and West,
Side by side they lie at peace
On the dear flag's mother-breast."

51 "'Oh! many are the poets that are sown by Nature,'" thought the minister, quoting Wordsworth to himself. "And I wonder what becomes of them! That's a pretty idea, little Rebecca, and I don't know whether you or my wife ought to have the more praise. What made you think of the stars lying on the flag's 'mother-breast'? Where did you get that word?"

52 "Why" (and the young poet looked rather puzzled) "that's the way it *is;* the flag is the whole country — the mother — and the stars are the States. The stars had to lie somewhere: '*lap*' nor '*arms*' would n't sound well with 'West,' so,.of course, I said '*breast,*'" Rebecca answered, with some surprise at the question; and the minister put his hand under her chin and kissed her softly on the forehead when he said good-bye at the door.

6. Describe the Simpson family. 7. Why was Simpson disliked? 8. Why was Rebecca so interested in Mrs. Peter Meserve's buggy? 9. Let two pupils read aloud the conversation in sections 45–52. 10. Practice the speech in sections 39 and 41 and Rebecca's poem. 11. Class composition: Make up Mr. Baxter's speech to Rebecca in his study (section 44). 12. Read aloud Riley's "In the Name of Old Glory" and Bonar's "Honesty." (Riverside Readers V and VI.)

III. HOW THE STATE OF MAINE SAVED THE FLAG

53 REBECCA walked rapidly along in the gathering twilight, thinking of the eventful morrow.

54 As she approached the turning on the left, called the old Milltown road, she saw a white horse and wagon, driven by a man with a rakish, flapping, Panama hat, come rapidly around the turn and disappear over the long hills leading down to the falls. There was no mistaking him; there never was another Abner Simpson, with his lean height, his bushy reddish hair, the gay cock of his hat, and the long, piratical, upturned mustaches,

which the boys used to say were used as hat-racks by the Simpson children at night. The old Milltown road ran past Mrs. Fogg's house, so he must have left Clara Belle there, and Rebecca's heart glowed to think that her poor little friend need not miss the raising.

[55] She began to run now, fearful of being late for supper, and covered the ground to the falls in a brief time. As she crossed the bridge she again saw Abner Simpson's team, drawn up at the watering-trough.

[56] Coming a little nearer with the view of inquiring for the family, her quick eye caught sight of something unexpected. A gust of wind blew up a corner of a linen lap-robe in the back of the wagon, and underneath it she distinctly saw the white-sheeted bundle that held the flag; the bundle with a tiny, tiny spot of red bunting peeping out at one corner. It is true she had eaten, slept, dreamed red, white, and blue for weeks, but there was no mistaking the evidence of her senses; the idolized flag, longed for, worked for, sewed for, that flag was in the back of Abner Simpson's wagon, and if so, what would become of the raising?

[57] Acting on blind impulse, she ran toward the watering-trough, calling out in her clear treble: "Mr. Simpson! Oh, Mr. Simpson, will you let me ride a little way with you and hear all about Clara Belle? I'm going over to the Centre on an errand." (So she was; a most important errand, — to recover the flag of her country at present in the hands of the foe!)

[58] Mr. Simpson turned round in his seat and cried heartily, "Certain sure I will!" for he liked the fair sex, young and old, and Rebecca had always been a prime favorite with him. "Climb right in! How's everybody? Glad to see you! The folks talk 'bout you from sun-up to sun-down, and Clara Belle can't hardly wait for a sight of you!"

[59] Rebecca scrambled up, trembling and pale with excitement. She did not in the least know what was going to happen, but she was sure that the flag, when in the enemy's country, must be at least a little safer with the State of Maine sitting on top of it!

[60] Mr. Simpson began a long monologue about Acreville, the house he lived in, the pond in front of it, Mrs. Simpson's health and various items of news about the children, varied by reports of his personal misfortunes. He put no questions, and asked no replies, so this gave the inexperienced soldier a few seconds to plan a campaign. There were three houses to pass; the Browns' at the corner, the Millikens', and the Robinsons' on the brow of the hill. If Mr. Robinson were in the front yard she might tell Mr. Simpson she wanted to call there and ask Mr. Robinson to hold the horse's head while she got out of the wagon. Then she might fly to the back before Mr. Simpson could realize the situation, and dragging out the precious bundle, sit on it hard, while Mr. Robinson settled the matter of ownership with Mr. Simpson.

[61] This was feasible,° but it meant a quarrel between the two men, who held an ancient grudge against each other, and Mr. Simpson was a valiant fighter, as the various sheriffs who had attempted to arrest him could cordially testify. It also meant that everybody in the village would hear of the incident and poor Clara Belle be branded again as the child of a thief.

[62] Another idea danced into her excited brain; such a clever one she could hardly believe it hers. She might call Mr. Robinson to the wagon, and when he came close to the wheels she might say, suddenly: "Please take the flag out of the back of the wagon, Mr. Robinson. We have brought it here for you to keep overnight."

Then Mr. Simpson might be so surprised that he would give up his prize rather than be suspected of stealing.

[63] But as they neared the Robinsons' house there was not a sign of life to be seen; so the last plan, ingenious though it was, was perforce° abandoned.

[64] The road now lay between thick pine woods with no dwelling in sight. It was growing dusk, and Rebecca was driving along the lonely way with a person who was generally called Slippery Simpson.

[65] Not a thought of fear crossed her mind, save the fear of bungling in her diplomacy, and so losing the flag. She knew Mr. Simpson well, and a pleasanter man was seldom to be met. She recalled an afternoon when he came home and surprised the whole school playing the Revolutionary War in his helter-skelter dooryard, and the way in which he had joined the British forces and impersonated General Burgoyne had greatly endeared him to her. The only difficulty was to find proper words for her delicate mission, for, of course, if Mr. Simpson's anger were aroused, he would politely push her out of the wagon and drive away with the flag. Perhaps if she led the conversation in the right direction an opportunity would present itself. Clearing her throat nervously, she began:

[66] "Is it likely to be fair to-morrow?"

[67] "Guess so; clear as a bell. What's on foot; a picnic?"

[68] "No; we're to have a grand flag-raising!" ("That is," she thought, "if we have any flag to raise!")

[69] "That so? Where?"

[70] "The three villages are to club together and have a rally, and raise the flag at the Centre. There'll be a brass band, and speakers, and the Mayor of Portland, and the man that will be governor if he's elected, and

a dinner in the Grange Hall, and we girls are chosen to raise the flag."

[71] "I want to know! That'll be grand, won't it?" (Still not a sign of consciousness on the part of Abner.)

[72] "I hope Mrs. Fogg will take Clara Belle, for it will be splendid to look at! Mr. Cobb is going to be Uncle Sam and drive us on the stage. Miss Dearborn — Clara Belle's old teacher, you know — is going to be Columbia; the girls will be the States of the Union, and oh, Mr. Simpson, I am the one to be the State of Maine!"

[73] Mr. Simpson flourished the whipstock and gave a loud, hearty laugh. Then he turned in his seat and regarded Rebecca curiously. "You're kind o' small, ain't ye, for so big a State as this one?" he asked.

[74] "Any of us would be too small," replied Rebecca with dignity, "but the committee asked me, and I am going to try hard to do well."

[75] The tragic thought that there might be no occasion for anybody to do anything, well or ill, suddenly overcame her here, and putting her hand on Mr. Simpson's sleeve, she attacked the subject practically and courageously.

[76] "Oh, Mr. Simpson, dear Mr. Simpson, it's such a mortifying subject I can't bear to say anything about it, but please give us back our flag! Don't, *don't* take it over to Acreville, Mr. Simpson! We've worked so long to make it, and it was so hard getting the money for the bunting! Wait a minute, please; don't be angry, and don't say no just yet, till I explain more. It'll be so dreadful for everybody to get there to-morrow morning and find no flag to raise, and the band and the mayor all disappointed, and the children crying, with their muslin dresses all bought for nothing! Oh, dear Mr. Simpson, please don't take our flag away from us!"

[77] The apparently astonished Abner pulled his mustaches and exclaimed: "But I don't know what you're drivin' at! Who's got yer flag? *I* hain't!"

[78] Could duplicity, deceit, and infamy go any further, Rebecca wondered, and her soul filling with righteous wrath, she cast discretion to the winds and spoke a little more plainly, bending her great swimming eyes on the now embarrassed Abner, who looked like an angleworm wriggling on a pin.

[79] "Mr. Simpson, how can you say that, when I saw the flag in the back of your wagon myself, when you stopped to water the horse? It's wicked of you to take it, and I cannot bear it!" (Her voice broke now, for a doubt of Mr. Simpson's yielding suddenly darkened her mind.) "If you keep it, you'll have to keep me, for I won't be parted from it! I can't fight like the boys, but I can pinch and scratch, and I *will* scratch, just like a panther — I'll lie right down on my star and not move, if I starve to death!"

[80] "Look here, hold your hosses 'n' don't cry till you git something to cry for!" grumbled the outraged Abner, to whom a clue had just come; and leaning over the wagon-back he caught hold of a corner of white sheet and dragged up the bundle, scooping off Rebecca's hat in the process, and almost burying her in bunting.

[81] She caught the treasure passionately to her heart and stifled her sobs in it, while Abner exclaimed: "I declare to man, if that hain't a flag! Well, in that case you're good 'n' welcome to it! Land! I seen that bundle lyin' in the middle o' the road and I says to myself, that's somebody's washin' and I'd better pick it up and leave it at the post-office to be claimed; 'n' all the time it was a flag!"

[82] This was a Simpsonian version of the matter, the fact being that a white-covered bundle lying on the

Meserves' front steps had attracted his practiced eye, and slipping in at the open gate he had swiftly and deftly removed it to his wagon on general principles; thinking if it were clean clothes it would be extremely useful, and in any event there was no good in passing by something flung into one's very arms, so to speak. He had had no leisure to examine the bundle, and indeed took little interest in it. Probably he stole it simply from force of habit, and because there was nothing else in sight to steal, everybody's premises being preternaturally tidy and empty, almost as if his visit had been expected!

[83] Rebecca was a practical child, and it seemed to her almost impossible that so heavy a bundle should fall out of Mrs. Meserve's buggy and not be noticed; but she hoped that Mr. Simpson was telling the truth, and she was too glad and grateful to doubt any one at the moment.

[84] "Thank you, thank you ever so much, Mr. Simpson. You're the nicest, kindest, politest man I ever knew, and the girls will be so pleased you gave us back the flag, and so will the Dorcas Society; they'll be sure to write you a letter of thanks; they always do."

[85] "Tell 'em not to bother 'bout any thanks," said Simpson, beaming virtuously. "But land! I'm glad 't was me that happened to see that bundle in the road and take the trouble to pick it up." ("Jest to think of it's bein' a flag!" he thought; "if ever there was a pesky, wuthless thing to trade off, 't would be a great, gormin' flag like that!")

[86] "Can I get out now, please?" asked Rebecca. "I want to go back, for Mrs. Meserve will be dreadfully nervous when she finds out she dropped the flag, and it hurts her health to be nervous."

[87] "No, you don't," objected Mr. Simpson gallantly, turning the horse. "Do you think I'd let a little creeter

like you lug that great heavy bundle? I hain't got time to go back to Meserve's, but I'll take you to the corner and dump you there, flag 'n' all, and you can get some o' the men-folks to carry it the rest o' the way. You'll wear it out, huggin' it so!"

[88] "I helped make it and I adore it!" said Rebecca, who was in a grandiloquent mood. "Why don't *you* like it? It's your country's flag."

[89] Simpson smiled an indulgent smile and looked a trifle bored at these appeals to his extremely rusty better feelings.

[90] "I don' know's I've got any partic'lar int'rest in the country," he remarked languidly. "I know I don't owe nothin' to it, nor own nothin' *in* it!"

[91] "You own a star on the flag, same as everybody," argued Rebecca, who had been feeding on patriotism for a month; "and you own a State, too, like all the rest of us!"

[92] "Land! I wish't I did! or even a quarter section of one!" sighed Mr. Simpson, feeling somehow a little more poverty-stricken and discouraged than usual.

[93] As they approached the corner and the watering-trough where four cross-roads met, the whole neighborhood seemed to be in evidence, and Mr. Simpson suddenly regretted his chivalrous escort of Rebecca; especially when, as he neared the group, an excited lady, wringing her hands, turned out to be Mrs. Peter Meserve, accompanied by Huldah, the Browns, Mrs. Milliken, Abijah° Flagg, and Miss Dearborn.

[94] "Do you know anything about the new flag, Rebecca?" shrieked Mrs. Meserve, too agitated, for a moment, to notice the child's companion.

[95] "It's right here in my lap, all safe," responded Rebecca joyously.

[96] "You careless, meddlesome young one, to take it off my steps where I left it just long enough to go round to the back and hunt up my door-key! You've given me a fit of sickness with my weak heart, and what business was it of yours? I believe you think you *own* the flag! Hand it over to me this minute!"

[97] Rebecca was climbing down during this torrent of language, but as she turned she flashed one look of knowledge at the false Simpson, a look that went through him from head to foot, as if it were carried by electricity.

[98] He saw that he had not deceived her after all, owing to the angry chatter of Mrs. Meserve. He had been handcuffed twice in his life, but no sheriff had ever discomfited him so thoroughly as this child. Fury mounted to his brain, and as soon as she was safely out from between the wheels he stood up in the wagon and flung the flag out in the road in the midst of the excited group.

[99] "Take it, you pious, stingy, scandal-talkin', flag-raisin' crew!" he roared. "Rebecca never took the flag; I found it in the road, I say!"

[100] "You never, no such a thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Meserve. "You found it on the doorsteps in my garden!"

[101] "Mebbe 't was your garden, but it was so chock full o' weeds I *thought* 't was the road," retorted Abner. "I vow I would n't 'a' given the old rag back to one o' *you*, not if you begged me on your bended knees! But Rebecca's a friend of my folks and can do with her flag's she's a mind to, and the rest o' ye can do what ye like an' go where ye like, for all I care!"

[102] So saying, he made a sharp turn, gave the gaunt, white horse a lash and disappeared in a cloud of dust,

before the astonished Mr. Brown, the only man in the party, had a thought of detaining him.

[103] "I'm sorry I spoke so quick, Rebecca," said Mrs. Meserve, greatly mortified at the situation. "But don't you believe a word that lyin' critter said! He did steal it off my doorstep, and how did you come to be ridin' and consortin' with him? I believe it would kill your Aunt Miranda if she should hear about it!"

[104] The little school-teacher put a sheltering arm round Rebecca as Mr. Brown picked up the flag and dusted and folded it.

[105] "I'm willing she should hear about it," Rebecca answered. "I did n't do anything to be ashamed of! I saw the flag in the back of Mr. Simpson's wagon and I just followed it. There were n't any men or any Dorcas ladies to take care of it so it fell to me! You would n't have had me let it out of my sight, would you, and we going to raise it to-morrow morning?"

[106] "Rebecca's perfectly right, Mrs. Meserve!" said Miss Dearborn proudly. "And it's lucky there was somebody quick-witted enough to 'ride and consort' with Mr. Simpson! I don't know what the village will think, but seems to me the town clerk might write down in his book, '*This day the State of Maine saved the flag!*'"

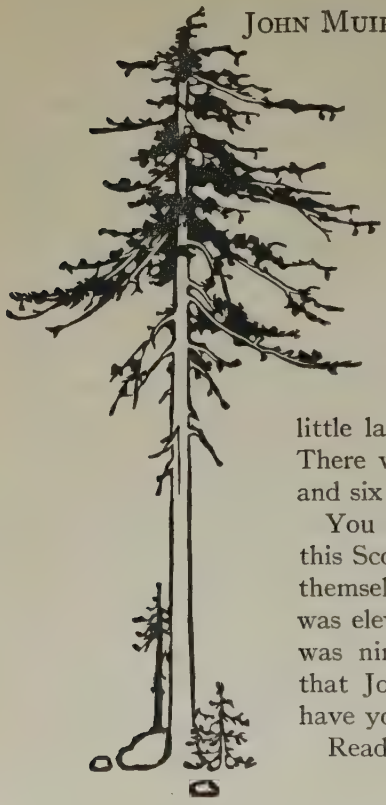
13. Show that Rebecca was quick-witted and brave. 14. Give reasons why Simpson did not feel toward the flag as Rebecca did. 15. Who knew Rebecca the better — Mrs. Meserve or Miss Dearborn? Prove it.

16. Let pupils practice the conversation in sections 57–58, 66–74, 76–77, 79–81, 84–88, 90–92, omitting explanations.

17. Class composition: Make up Simpson's speech to Rebecca about his life in Acreville (section 60). 18. Make a blackboard outline of the speakers and the action of the dramatization of the story, supplying the best speeches composed by the class, the other speeches being given in the book. Practice reading the story in this play form and vote for the best readers. 19. Act the play. (Manual.)

20. Read Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

THE BOYHOOD OF A NATURALIST



JOHN MUIR (mūr)

John Muir is the great nature-lover of the West. It was largely through his efforts that several of our grandest national parks have been preserved. In this selection he describes his boyhood for you. He was born in Scotland in 1838, but the family came to America when he was a little lad and settled in Wisconsin. There were the father and mother and six children.

You are now going to read how this Scotch family made a home for themselves in the wilderness. John was eleven, and David, his brother, was nine. Which of these things that John Muir describes for you, have you noticed?

Read silently:

I. A HOME IN THE WILDERNESS

[1] WE enjoyed the strange ten-mile ride through the woods very much. We wondered how the great oxen could be so strong and wise and tame as to pull so heavy a load with no other harness than a chain and a crooked piece of wood on their necks, and how they could sway so obediently to right and left past roadside trees and stumps when the driver said *haw* and *gee*.

[2] At Mr. Gray's house, father again left us for a few days to build a shanty on the quarter-section he had selected four or five miles to the westward. In the meanwhile we enjoyed our freedom as usual, wandering in the fields and meadows, looking at the trees and flowers, snakes and birds and squirrels. With the help of the nearest neighbors the little shanty was built in less than a day after the rough bur-oak logs for the walls and the white-oak boards for the floor and roof were got together.

[3] To this charming hut, in the sunny woods, overlooking a flowery glacier meadow and a lake rimmed with white water-lilies, we were hauled by an ox-team across trackless carex° swamps and low rolling hills sparsely dotted with round-headed oaks.

[4] Just as we arrived at the shanty, before we had time to look at it or the scenery about it, David and I jumped down in a hurry off the load of household goods, for we had discovered a blue jay's nest, and in a minute or so we were up the tree beside it, feasting our eyes on the beautiful green eggs and beautiful birds, — our first memorable discovery. The handsome birds had not seen Scotch boys before and made a desperate screaming as if we were robbers like themselves. We left the eggs untouched, feeling that we were already beginning to get rich, and wondering how many more nests we should find in the grand sunny woods. Then we ran along the brow of the hill that the shanty stood on, and down to the meadow, searching the trees and grass tufts and bushes, and soon discovered a bluebird's and a woodpecker's nest, and began an acquaintance with the frogs and snakes and turtles in the creeks and springs.

[5] This sudden plash into pure wildness — baptism in Nature's warm heart — how utterly happy it made us!

Nature streaming into us, wooingly teaching her wonderful glowing lessons, so unlike the dismal grammar ashes and cinders so long thrashed into us. Here without knowing it we still were at school; every wild lesson a love lesson, not whipped but charmed into us. Oh, that glorious Wisconsin wilderness! Everything new and pure in the very prime° of the spring when Nature's pulses were beating highest and mysteriously keeping time with our own! Young hearts, young leaves, flowers, animals, the winds and the streams and the sparkling lake, all wildly, gladly rejoicing together!

[6] Next morning, when we climbed to the precious jay nest to take another admiring look at the eggs, we found it empty. Not a shell-fragment was left, and we wondered how in the world the birds were able to carry off their thin-shelled eggs either in their bills or in their feet without breaking them, and how they could be kept warm while a new nest was being built. Well, I am still asking these questions. I don't know to this day. An example of the many puzzling problems presented to the naturalist.

[7] We soon found many more nests belonging to birds that were not half so suspicious. The handsome and notorious blue jay plunders the nests of other birds and of course he could not trust us. Almost all the others — brown thrushes, bluebirds, song sparrows, kingbirds, hen-hawks, nighthawks, whip-poor-wills, and woodpeckers, — simply tried to avoid being seen, to draw or drive us away, or paid no attention to us.

[8] We used to wonder how the woodpeckers could bore holes so perfectly round, true mathematical circles.

We ourselves could not have done it even with gouges and chisels. We loved to watch them feeding their young, and wondered how they could glean food enough for so many clamorous, hungry, unsatisfiable babies, and how they managed to give each one its share; for after the young grew strong, one would get his head out of the door-hole and try to hold possession of it to meet the food-laden parents. How hard they worked to support their families, especially the red-headed and speckledy woodpeckers and flickers; digging, hammering on scaly bark and decaying trunks and branches from dawn to dark, coming and going at intervals of a few minutes all the livelong day!

[9] We discovered a hen-hawk's nest on the top of a tall oak thirty or forty rods from the shanty and approached it cautiously. One of the pair always kept watch, soaring in wide circles high above the tree, and when we attempted to climb it, the big dangerous-looking bird came swooping down at us and drove us away.

[10] We greatly admired the plucky kingbird. In Scotland our great ambition was to be good fighters, and we admired this quality in the handsome little chattering flycatcher that whips all the other birds. He was particularly angry when plundering jays and hawks came near his home, and took pains to thrash them not only away from the nest-tree but out of the neighborhood. The nest was usually built on a bur oak near a meadow where insects were abundant, and where no undesirable visitor could approach without being discovered.

[11] When a hen-hawk hove in sight, the male kingbird immediately set off after him, and it was ridiculous to see that great, strong bird hurrying away as fast as his clumsy wings would carry him, as soon as he saw the little, waspish kingbird coming. But the kingbird

easily overtook him, flew just a few feet above him, and with a lot of chattering, scolding notes kept diving and striking him on the back of the head until tired; then he alighted to rest on the hawk's broad shoulders, still scolding and chattering as he rode along, like an angry boy pouring out vials of wrath. Then, up and at him again with his sharp bill; and after he had thus driven and ridden his big enemy a mile or so from the nest, he went home to his mate, chuckling and bragging as if trying to tell her what a wonderful fellow he was.

[12] This first spring, while some of the birds were still building their nests and very few young ones had yet tried to fly, father hired a Yankee to assist in clearing eight or ten acres of the best ground for a field. We found new wonders every day and often had to call on this Yankee to solve puzzling questions. We asked him one day if there was any bird in America that the kingbird could n't whip. What about the sandhill crane? Could he whip that long-legged, long-billed fellow?

[13] "A crane never goes near kingbirds' nests or notices so small a bird," he said, "and therefore there could be no fighting between them." So we hastily concluded that our hero could whip every bird in the country except perhaps the sandhill crane.

[14] We never tired of listening to the wonderful whip-poor-will. One came every night about dusk and sat on a log about twenty or thirty feet from our cabin door and began shouting, "Whip poor Will! Whip poor Will!" with loud emphatic earnestness.

[15] "What's that? What's that?" we cried when this startling visitor first announced himself. "What do you call it?"

[16] "Why, it's telling you its name," said the Yankee. "Don't you hear it and what he wants you to do? He

says his name is 'Poor Will' and he wants you to whip him, and you may if you are able to catch him." "Poor Will" seemed the most wonderful of all the strange creatures we had seen. What a wild, strong, bold voice he had, unlike any other we had ever heard on sea or land!

[17] A near relative, the bull-bat, or nighthawk, seemed hardly less wonderful. Towards evening scattered flocks kept the sky lively as they circled around on their long wings a hundred feet or more above the ground, hunting moths and beetles, interrupting their rather slow but strong, regular wing-beats at short intervals with quick quivering strokes while uttering keen, squeaky cries something like *pfee, pfee,* and every now and then diving nearly to the ground with a loud ripping, bellowing sound, like bull-roaring, suggesting its name; then turning and gliding swiftly up again.

[18] These fine wild gray birds, about the size of a pigeon, lay their two eggs on bare ground without anything like a nest or even a concealing bush or grass-tuft. Nevertheless they are not easily seen, for they are colored like the ground. While sitting on their eggs, they depend so much upon not being noticed that if you are walking rapidly ahead they allow you to step within an inch or two of them without flinching. But if they see by your looks that you have discovered them, they leave their eggs or young, and, like a good many other birds, pretend that they are sorely wounded, fluttering and rolling over on the ground and gasping as if dying, to draw you away. When we pursued them, we were surprised to find that just when we were on the point of overtaking them they were always able to flutter a few yards farther, until they had led us about a quarter of a mile from the nest. Then, suddenly getting well, they

quietly flew home by a roundabout way to their precious babies or eggs.

[19] Partridge drumming was another great marvel. When I first heard the low, soft, solemn sound I thought it must be made by some strange disturbance in my head or stomach, but as all seemed serene within, I asked David whether he heard anything queer. "Yes," he said, "I hear something saying *boomp, boomp, boomp*, and I'm wondering at it." Then I was half satisfied that the source of the mysterious sound must be in something outside of us, coming perhaps from the ground or from some ghost or woodland fairy. Only after long watching and listening did we at last discover it in the wings of the plump brown bird.

[20] The love-song of the common jack snipe seemed not a whit less mysterious than partridge drumming. It was usually heard on cloudy evenings, a strange, unearthly, spiritlike sound, yet easily heard at a distance of a third of a mile. Our sharp eyes soon detected the bird while making it, as it circled high in the air over the meadow with wonderfully strong and rapid wing-beats, suddenly descending and rising, again and again, in deep, wide loops; the tones being very low and smooth at the beginning of the descent, rapidly increasing to a curious little whirling storm-roar at the bottom, and gradually fading lower and lower until the top was reached. It was long, however, before we identified this mysterious wing-singer as the little brown jack snipe that we knew so well and had so often watched as he silently probed the mud around the edges of our meadow stream and spring-holes, and made short zigzag flights over the grass uttering only little short, crisp quacks and chucks.

[21] The songs of the frogs seemed hardly less wonderful than those of the birds, their musical notes varying from the sweet, tranquil peeping and purring of the hylas° to the awfully deep low-bass bellowing of the bullfrogs. Some of the smaller species have wonderfully clear, sharp voices and told us their good Bible names in musical tones about as plainly as the whip-poor-will. *Isaac, Isaac; Yacob, Yacob; Israel, Israel;* shouted in sharp, ringing, far-reaching tones, as if they had all been to school and severely drilled in elocution. In the still, warm evenings, big bunchy bullfrogs bellowed, *Drunk! Drunk! Drunk! Jug o' rum! Jug o' rum!* and early in the spring, countless thousands of the commonest species, up to the throat in cold water, sang in concert, making a mass of music — such as it was — loud enough to be heard at a distance of more than half a mile.

1. Make an outline of what you have read by giving a brief topic for each paragraph. Find the related paragraphs and group them under one head. (Manual.) 2. Compare the hen-hawks and the kingbirds in looks and behavior. 3. How do the whip-poor-wills and nighthawks differ? 4. How does "partridge drumming" differ from "wing-singing"? 5. Describe the different kinds of frogs.

6. Do you think the Yankee hired-man was a friend or a foe of the birds? Why?

7. Find the tongue-twister in paragraph 20 and practice saying it. 8. Read aloud the paragraph that you think most interesting. Tell why. 9. Memorize and give as a declamation paragraph 5 (The Lessons of Nature) or paragraph 21 (The Chorus of Frogs). 10. Read "The Boat Ride to Hades" (Scene II) in the Fifth Reader.

II. SOME HUMBLE ACQUAINTANCES

[22] At first we were afraid of snakes, but soon learned that most of them were harmless. The only venomous species seen on our farm were the rattlesnake and the copperhead, one of each. David saw the rattler, and we

both saw the copperhead. One day, when my brother came in from his work, he reported that he had seen a snake that made a queer buzzy noise with its tail. This was the only rattlesnake seen on our farm, though we heard of their being common on limestone hills eight or ten miles distant.

[23] We discovered the copperhead when we were ploughing, and we saw and felt at the first long, fixed, half-charmed, admiring stare at him that he was an awfully dangerous fellow. Every fibre of his strong, lithe, quivering body, his burnished copper-colored head, and above all his fierce, able eyes, seemed to be overflowing with deadly power, and bade us beware. And yet it is only fair to say that this terrible, beautiful reptile showed no disposition to hurt us until we threw clods at him and tried to head him off from a log fence into which he was trying to escape. We were barefooted and of course afraid to let him get very near, while we vainly battered him with the loose sandy clods of the freshly ploughed field to hold him back until we could get a stick. Looking us in the eyes after a moment's pause, he probably saw we were afraid, and he came right straight at us, snapping and looking terrible, drove us out of his way, and won his fight.

[24] Out on the open sandy hills there were a good many thick burly blow snakes, the kind that puff themselves up and hiss. Our Yankee declared that their breath was very poisonous and that we must not go near them. A handsome ringed species common in damp, shady places was, he told us, the most wonderful of all the snakes, for if chopped into pieces, however small, the fragments would wriggle themselves together again, and the restored snake would go on about its business as if nothing had happened. The commonest kinds

were the striped slender species of the meadows and streams, good swimmers, that lived mostly on frogs.

[25] Once I observed one of the larger ones, about two feet long, pursuing a frog in our meadow, and it was wonderful to see how fast the legless, footless, wingless, finless hunter could run. The frog, of course, knew its enemy and was making desperate efforts to escape to the water and hide in the marsh mud. He was a fine, sleek fellow and was springing over the tall grass in wide-arching jumps. The green-striped snake, gliding swiftly and steadily, was keeping the frog in sight and, had I not interfered, would probably have tired out the poor jumper. Then, perhaps, while digesting and enjoying his meal, the happy snake would himself be swallowed frog and all by a hawk. Again, to our astonishment, the small specimens were attacked by our hens. They pursued and pecked away at them until they killed and devoured them, oftentimes quarreling over the division of the spoil, though it was not easily divided.

[26] We watched the habits of the swift-darting dragonflies, wild bees, butterflies, wasps, and beetles, and soon learned to discriminate between those that might be safely handled and the pinching or stinging species. But of all our wild neighbors the mosquitoes were the first with which we became very intimately acquainted. The beautiful meadow lying warm in the spring sunshine, outspread between our lily-rimmed lake and the hill-slope that our shanty stood on, sent forth thirsty swarms of the little gray, speckledy, singing, stinging pests; and how tellingly they introduced themselves!

[27] We were great admirers of the little black waterbugs. Their whole lives seemed to be play, skimming, swimming, swirling, and waltzing together in little groups on the edge of the lake and in the meadow springs,

dancing to music we never could hear. The long-legged skaters, too, seemed wonderful fellows, shuffling about on top of the water, with air-bubbles like little bladders tangled under their hairy feet; and we often wished that we also might be shod in the same way to enable us to skate on the lake in summer as well as in icy winter. Not less wonderful were the boatmen, swimming on their backs, pulling themselves along with a pair of oar-like legs.

[28] Great was the delight of David and Daniel and myself when father gave us a few pine boards for a boat, and it was a memorable day when we got that boat built and launched into the lake. Never shall I forget our first sail over the gradually deepening water, — the sunbeams pouring through it revealing the strange plants covering the bottom, and the fishes coming about us, staring and wondering, as if the boat were a monstrous strange fish.

[29] The water was so clear that it was almost invisible, and when we floated slowly out over the plants and fishes, we seemed to be miraculously sustained in the air while silently exploring a veritable fairyland.

[30] We always had to work hard, but if we worked still harder we were occasionally allowed a little spell in the long summer evenings about sundown to fish, and on Sundays an hour or two to sail quietly without fishing-rod or gun when the lake was calm. Therefore we gradually learned something about its inhabitants, — pickerel, sunfish, black bass, perch, shiners, pumpkin-seeds, ducks, loons, turtles, and muskrats.

[31] We saw the sunfishes making their nests in little openings in the rushes where the water was only a few feet deep, ploughing up and shoving away the soft gray mud with their noses, like pigs, forming round bowls five or six inches in depth and about two feet in di-

ameter, in which their eggs were deposited. And with what beautiful devotion they watched and hovered over them and chased away prowling spawn°-eating enemies that ventured within a rod or two of the precious nest!

[32] The pickerel is a savage fish endowed with marvelous strength and speed. It lies in wait for its prey on the bottom, perfectly motionless like a waterlogged stick, watching everything that moves, with fierce, hungry eyes. Oftentimes when we were fishing for some other kinds over the edge of the boat, a pickerel that we had not noticed would come like a bolt of lightning and seize the fish we had caught before we could get it into the boat. The very first pickerel that I ever caught jumped into the air to seize a small fish dangling on my line, and, missing its aim, fell plump into the boat as if it had dropped from the sky.

[33] Our beautiful lake, named Muir's Lake by the neighbors, is one of the many small glacier lakes that adorn the Wisconsin landscapes. It is fed by twenty or thirty meadow springs, is about half a mile long, half as wide, and surrounded by low finely modeled hills dotted with oak and hickory, and meadows full of grasses, sedges,° and many beautiful orchids and ferns. First there is a zone of green, shining rushes, and just beyond the rushes a zone of white and orange water-lilies fifty or sixty feet wide forming a magnificent border. No flower was hailed with greater wonder and admiration by the European settlers in general — Scotch, English, and Irish — than this white water-lily. It is a magnificent plant, queen of the inland waters, pure white, three or four inches in diameter, — the most beautiful, sumptuous, and deliciously fragrant of flowers.

[34] One hot summer day father told us that we ought to learn to swim. "Go to the frogs," he said, "and

they will give you all the lessons you need. Watch their arms and legs and see how smoothly they kick themselves along and dive and come up. When you want to dive, keep your arms by your side or over your head, and kick; and when you want to come up, let your legs drag, and paddle with your hands."

[35] We found a little basin among the rushes at the south end of the lake, about waist-deep and a rod or two wide, shaped like a sunfish's nest. Here we kicked and splashed for many a lesson, faithfully trying to imitate frogs; but the smooth, comfortable sliding gait of our amphibious teachers seemed hopelessly hard to learn. When we tried to kick frog-fashion, down went our heads as if weighted with lead the moment our feet left the ground. One day it occurred to me to hold my breath as long as I could and let my head sink as far as it liked without paying any attention to it, and try to swim under the water instead of on the surface.

[36] This method was a great success, for at the very first trial I managed to cross the basin without touching bottom, and soon learned the use of my limbs. Then, of course, swimming with my head above water soon became so easy that it seemed perfectly natural. David tried the plan with the same success. Then we began to count the number of times that we could swim around the basin without stopping to rest, and after twenty or thirty rounds failed to tire us, we proudly thought that a little more practice would make us about as amphibious as frogs.

[37] On the Fourth of July one of the Lawson boys came to visit us, and we went down to the lake to spend the day with the fishes and ducks and turtles. After gliding about on the smooth mirror water, telling stories and enjoying the company of the happy creatures about us,

we rowed to our bathing-pool, and David and I went in for a swim, while our companion fished from the boat a little way out beyond the rushes.

[38] After a few turns in the pool, it occurred to me that it was now about time to try deep water. Swimming through the thick growth of rushes and lilies was somewhat dangerous, especially for a beginner, because one's arms and legs might be entangled among the long, limber stems. Nevertheless I ventured and struck out boldly enough for the boat, where the water was twenty or thirty feet deep. When I reached the boat I raised my right hand to take hold of it to surprise Lawson, whose back was toward me; but I failed to reach high enough, and, of course, the weight of my arm and the stroke against the over-leaning stern of the boat shoved me down, and I sank, struggling, frightened and confused. As soon as my feet touched the bottom, I slowly rose to the surface, but before I could get breath enough to call for help, I sank back again and lost all control of myself. After sinking and rising I don't know how many times, some water got into my lungs and I began to drown. Then suddenly my mind seemed to clear. I remembered that I could swim under water, and, making a desperate struggle toward the shore, I reached a point where with my toes on the bottom I got my mouth above the surface, gasped for help, and was pulled into the boat.

[39] I was very much ashamed of myself, and at night, after calmly reviewing the affair, concluded that there had been no reasonable cause for the accident, and that I ought to punish myself for so nearly losing my life from unmanly fear. Accordingly at the very first opportunity, I stole away to the lake by myself, got into my boat, and instead of going back to the old swimming-

bowl for further practice, I rowed directly out to the middle of the lake, stripped, stood up on the seat in the stern, and with grim deliberation took a header and dived straight down thirty or forty feet, turned easily, and, letting my feet drag, paddled straight to the surface with my hands as father had at first directed me to do. I then swam round the boat, glorying in my suddenly acquired confidence and victory over myself, climbed into it, and dived again, with the same triumphant success. I think I went down four or five times, and each time as I made the dive-spring shouted aloud, "Take that!" feeling that I was getting most gloriously even with myself.

[40] Never again from that day to this have I lost control of myself in water. If suddenly thrown overboard at sea in the dark, or even while asleep, I think I would immediately right myself in a way some would call "instinct," rise among the waves, catch my breath, and try to plan what would better be done. Never was victory over self more complete. I have been a good swimmer ever since.

11. Make an outline by giving the topic of each paragraph. Find the related paragraphs and group them under one head. 12. Do you believe the Yankee's story about blow snakes? Why? 13. Compare the sunfishes and the pickerel. 14. How was Muir's Lake formed? Describe it. 15. Do you approve of John's methods in swimming? Why?

16. Look up *amphibious*,[36] *glacier*,[33] *instinct*,[40] *orchid*,[33] *sumptuous*,[33] *venomous*,[22] and *waterlogged*.[32] Use the words in other sentences. 17. Find the most effective description in paragraph 25. 18. Which expression in paragraph 33 do you like best? Why? 19. In class write paragraph 29 on the board in other words.

20. Memorize paragraph 33 (The Water Lily) as a declamation. 21. Arrange an Animal Day program. (Manual.) 22. Read John Muir's "Adventure with Stickeen" (Riverside Reader VII). 23. Get "The Boyhood of a Naturalist" from the library, and read further adventures of the Muir family. 24. What have you learned from John Muir about birds, fishes, insects, snakes, and flowers?

THE BELLS

EDGAR ALLAN POE

In how many different ways is the bell used in your community? Write the names of these bells on the blackboard and talk about their usefulness. How many times has a bell been rung for you to-day? How many times have you rung a bell? What part do bells play in safeguarding community life?

Here is a poem that will give you splendid training in enunciating clearly. As your teacher reads it aloud notice which kinds of bells are described:

1 HEAR the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic° rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation° that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells. —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

2 Hear the mellow wedding bells —
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight! —
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony° voluminously° wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! — how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

3 Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows:
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clanging of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
They are Ghouls°!

And their king it is who tolls: —
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan° from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells: —
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells: —
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells: —
To the tolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

1. Talk over the poem by stanzas until you get the full meaning. 2. Practice reading it to make the words flow out in a good full breath.

3. Memorize the stanza that you like the best. 4. Read about Edgar Allan Poe in "A Literary Journey through the South" in the Fourth Reader. 5. Recite from memory "King Bell" in the Fourth Reader.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

John Henry Newman

If you were a pioneer or an explorer like Daniel Boone, David Livingstone, or even John Muir (mūr) making your way through an unknown wilderness, this poem would have great meaning for you. Find the stanza that suits the pioneer, or traveler.

If you had been stubborn in wanting to go your own way without listening to the advice of others or without calling on God for help through prayer, which stanza would describe you?

For the old man or woman who has traveled life's journey, with its ups and down, its troubles and joys, who has lost many dear ones through death, there is also a stanza. Can you find it?

Listen, while the poem is read aloud:

1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!

I loved the garish° day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen,° o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

1. Make up short titles for each stanza. (Manual.) 2. Talk over the different lines in class and show which ones are referred to in the introduction. 3. Which part of the poem would make a good motto?

4. Why is this called a hymn? (Manual.) 5. Memorize the poem.

THE MODERN KNIGHT — THE BOY SCOUT+

When you see the word *Knight*, you probably think of the warrior of olden times clad in armor and mounted on his dashing steed. You think of him as fighting in tournaments, as defending the weak, or as questing after adventure. This idea of being a knight has filled men's minds down through the centuries — even to-day men do the work of the knights of old.

In early times the boy who was to become a knight first learned how to be a good page. To-day one of the ways the boy learns to be a modern knight is by becoming a Boy Scout. In the following selections you will learn a good deal about the Boy Scout as the modern knight.

Which of these things have boys done where you live? Which others could they do? What would you like best to do?

Read silently:

+ From the Boy Scout Manual. Used by special permission.

I. CHIVALRY THROUGH THE AGES

JOHN L. ALEXANDER

[1] A LITTLE over fifteen hundred years ago the great order of knighthood and chivalry was founded. The reason for this was the feeling on the part of the best men of that day that it was the duty of the stronger to help the weak. These were the days when might was right, and the man with the strongest arm did as he pleased, often oppressing the poor and riding roughshod over the feelings and affections of others. In revolt against this, there sprang up all over Europe a noble and useful order of men who called themselves knights. Among these great-hearted men were Arthur,° Gareth,° Launcelot,° Bedivere,° and Alfred the Great.° The desire of these men was "To live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the king." Of course in these days there also lived men who called themselves knights, but who had none of the desire for service that inspired Arthur and the others. These false knights, who cared for no one but themselves and their own pleasure, often brought great sorrow to the common people. Chivalry, then, was a revolt against their brutal acts and ignorance, and a protest against the continuation of the idea that might was right.

[2] Nowhere in all the stories that have come down to us have the acts of chivalry been so well told as in the tales of the Round Table. Here it was that King

Arthur gathered about him men like Sir Bors, Sir Gawaine, Sir Pelleas, Sir Geraint, Sir Tristram, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Galahad.° These men, moved by the desire of giving themselves in service, cleared the forests of wild animals, suppressed the robber barons, punished the outlaws, bullies, and thieves of their day, and enforced wherever they went a proper respect for women. It was for this great service that they trained themselves, passing through the degrees of page, squire, and knight with all the hard work that each of these meant in order that they might the better do their duty to their God and country.

[3] Of course this struggle of right against wrong was not confined to the days in which chivalry was born. The founding of the order of knighthood was merely the beginning of the age-long struggle to make right the ruling thought of life. Long after knighthood had passed away the struggle continued. In the birth of the modern nations, England, Germany, France, and others, there was the distinct feeling on the part of the best men of these nations that might should and must give way to right, and that tyranny must yield to the spirit of freedom. The great struggle of the English barons under King John° and the wresting from the king of the Magna Charta,° which became the basis of English liberty, was merely another development of the idea for which chivalry stood. The protest of the French Revolution,° and the terrible doings of the common people in these days, although wicked and brutal in method, were symptoms of the same revolt against oppression.

[4] When the Pilgrim Fathers founded the American colonies, the work of Arthur and Alfred and the other great men of ancient days was renewed and extended

and fitted to the new conditions and times. With the English settlements of Raleigh and Captain John Smith we might almost say that a new race of men was born and a new kind of knight was developed. All over America an idea made itself felt that in the eyes of the law every man should be considered just as good as every other man, and that every man ought to have a fair and square chance at all the good things that were to be had in a land of plenty. It was this spirit that compelled the colonists to seek their independence and that found its way into our Declaration of Independence, as follows:

[5] "We hold these truths to be self-evident:° that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

[6] The fight of the colonists was the old-time fight of the knights against the oppression and injustice and the might that dared to call itself right.

[7] No set of men, however, showed this spirit of chivalry more than our pioneers beyond the Alleghenies. In their work and service they paralleled very closely the knights of the Round Table, but whereas Arthur's knights were dressed in suits of armor, the American pioneers were dressed in buckskin. They did, however, the very same things which ancient chivalry had done, clearing the forests of wild animals, suppressing the outlaws and bullies and thieves of their day, and enforcing a proper respect for women. Like the old knights they often were compelled to do their work amid scenes of great bloodshed, although they loved to live in peace.

[8] These American knights and pioneers were generally termed backwoodsmen and scouts, and were men

of distinguished appearance, of athletic build, of high moral character, and frequently of firm religious convictions.

[9] Such men as "Appleseed Johnny," Daniel Boone, George Rogers Clark, Simon Kenton and John James Audubon are the types of men these pioneers were. They were noted for their staunch qualities of character. They hated dishonesty and were truthful and brave. They were polite to women and old people, ever ready to rescue a companion when in danger, and equally ready to risk their lives for a stranger. They were very hospitable, dividing their last crust with one another, or with the stranger whom they happened to meet. They were ever ready to do an act of kindness. They were exceedingly simple in their dress and habits. They fought the Indians, not because they wished to, but because it was necessary to protect their wives and children from the raids of the savages. They knew all the things that scouts ought to know. They were acquainted with the woods and the fields; knew where the best fish were to be caught; understood the trees, the signs, and blazes, the haunts of animals and how to track them; how to find their way by the stars; how to make themselves comfortable in the heart of the primeval° forest; and such other things as are classed under the general term of woodcraft. And, with all this, they inherited the splendid ideas of chivalry that had been developed in the thousand years preceding them, and fitted these ideas to the conditions of their own day, standing solidly against evil and falsehood whenever they lifted their heads among them. They were not perfect, but they did their best to be of service to those who came within their reach and worked conscientiously for their country.

[10] A hundred years have passed since then, and the conditions of life which existed west of the Alleghenies are no more. Just as the life of the pioneers was different from that of the knights of the Round Table, and as they each practiced chivalry in keeping with their own surroundings, so the life of to-day is different from both, but the need of chivalry is very much the same. Might still tries to make right, and while there are now no robber barons or outlaws with swords and spears, their spirit is not unknown in business and commercial life. Vice and dishonesty lift their heads just as strongly to-day as in the past, and there is just as much need of respect for women and girls as there ever was. So to-day there is a demand for a modern type of chivalry.

[11] It is for this reason that the Boy Scouts of America have come into being; for there is need of service in these days, and that is represented by the good turn done to somebody every day. Doing the good turn daily will help to form the habit of useful service. A boy scout, then, while living in modern times, must consider himself the heir of ancient chivalry and of the pioneers, and he must for this reason give himself to ever-renewed efforts to be true to the traditions which have been handed down to him by these great and good leaders of men. The Boy Scout Movement is a call to American boys to-day to become in spirit members of the order of chivalry, and a challenge to them to make their lives count in the communities in which they live — for clean lives, clean speech, clean sport, clean habits, and clean relationships with others. It is also a challenge for them to stand for the right against the wrong, for truth against falsehood, to help the weak and oppressed, and to love and seek the best things of life.

1. What good did the knights do in olden times? 2. Name some of the famous knights. Find out something interesting about them to tell the class. (Manual.) 3. Through what stages did each knight pass? 4. Who carried on the work of the knights in later years? 5. What new kind of knight developed in America? 6. Which of these knights would you rather have been?

7. In what ways is the Boy Scout like the knight of old? 8. What things does the Boy Scout promise to do? 9. What things does he not do?

10. Make an outline of this selection, by giving a topic for each paragraph.

II. A LETTER ON PRACTICAL CITIZENSHIP

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt

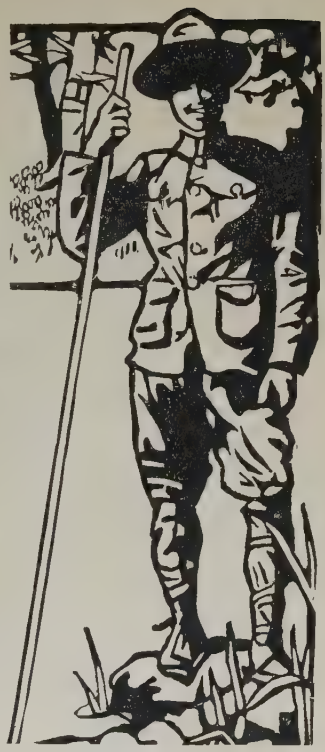
THE OUTLOOK

New York
July 20th, 1911

Mr. James E. West,
Chief Scout Executive
Boy Scouts of America,
New York City.

My dear Sir:

[1] I quite agree with Judge Lindsey that the Boy Scout Movement is of peculiar importance to the whole country. It has already done much good, and it will do far more, for it is in its essence a practical scheme through which to impart a proper standard of ethical conduct, proper standards of fair play and consideration for others, and courage and decency, to boys who have never been reached and never will be reached by the ordinary type of preaching, lay or clerical. I have been particularly interested in that extract of a letter from a scout-master in the Philippines, which runs as follows:



[2] "It might interest you to know that at a recent fire in Manila, which devastated acres of ground and rendered 3,000 people homeless, two patrols of the Manila scouts reached the fire almost with the fire companies, reported to the proper authorities and worked for hours under very trying conditions helping frightened natives into places of safety, removing valuables and other articles from houses that apparently were in the path of the flames, and performing cheerfully and efficiently all the tasks given to them by the firemen and scout-master. They were complimented in the public press, and in a kind editorial about their work.

[3] "During the recent Carnival the services of the boys were requested by the Carnival officers, and for a period of ten days they were on duty performing all manner of service in the Carnival grounds, directing strangers to hotels, and acting as guides and helpers in a hundred ways."

[4] What these boy scouts of the Philippines have just done I think our boy scouts in every town and country district should train themselves to be able to do. The movement is one for efficiency and patriotism. It does not try to make soldiers of boy scouts, but to make boys

who will turn out as men to be fine citizens, and who will, if their country needs them, make better soldiers for having been scouts. No one can be a good American unless he is a good citizen, and every boy ought to train himself so that as a man he will be able to do his full duty to the community. I want to see the boy scouts not merely utter fine sentiments, but act on them; not merely sing, "My Country, 'T is of Thee," but act in a way that will give them a country to be proud of. No man is a good citizen unless he so acts as to show that he actually uses the Ten Commandments, and translates the Golden Rule into his life conduct — and I don't mean by this in exceptional cases under spectacular circumstances, but I mean applying the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule in the ordinary affairs of every-day life. I hope the boy scouts will practice truth and square dealing, and courage and honesty, so that when as young men they begin to take a part not only in earning their own livelihood, but in governing the community, they may be able to show in practical fashion their insistence upon the great truth that the eighth and ninth commandments are directly related to every-day life, not only between men as such in their private relations, but between men and the government of which they are part. Indeed the boys even while only boys can have a very real effect upon the conduct of the grown-up members of the community, for decency and square dealing are just as contagious as vice and corruption.

[5] Every healthy boy ought to feel and will feel that in order to amount to anything, it is necessary to have a constructive, and not merely a destructive, nature; and if he can keep this feeling as he grows up he has taken his first step toward good citizenship. The man

who tears down and criticizes and scolds may be a good citizen, but only in a negative sense; and if he never does anything else he is apt not to be a good citizen at all. The man who counts, and the boy who counts, are the man and boy who steadily endeavor to build up, to improve, to better living conditions everywhere and all about them.

[6] But the boy can do an immense amount right in the present, entirely aside from training himself to be a good citizen in the future; and he can only do this if he associates himself with other boys. Let the boy scouts see to it that the best use is made of the parks and playgrounds in their villages and home towns. A gang of toughs may make a playground impossible; and if the boy scouts in the neighborhood of that particular playground are fit for their work, they will show that they will not permit any such gang of toughs to have its way. Moreover, let the boy scouts take the lead in seeing that the parks and playgrounds are turned to a really good account. I hope that one of the prime° teachings among the boy scouts will be the teaching against vandalism. Let it be a point of honor to protect birds, trees, and flowers, and so to make our country more beautiful and not more ugly, because we have lived in it.

[7] The same qualities that mean success or failure to the nation as a whole, mean success or failure in men and boys individually. The boy scouts must war against the same foes and vices that most hurt the nation; and they must try to develop the same virtues that the nation most needs. To be helpless, self-indulgent, or wasteful, will turn the boy into a poor kind of man, just as the indulgence in such vices by the men of a nation means the ruin of the nation. Let the boy stand stoutly against his enemies both from without and from within, let him show courage in confronting fearlessly

one set of enemies, and in controlling and mastering the others. Any boy is worth nothing if he has not courage, courage to stand up against the forces of evil, and courage to stand up in the right path. Let him be unselfish and gentle, as well as strong and brave. It should be a matter of pride to him that he is not afraid of any one, and that he scorns not to be gentle and considerate to every one, and especially to those who are weaker than he is. If he does not treat his mother and sisters well, then he is a poor creature no matter what else he does; just as a man who does not treat his wife well is a poor kind of citizen no matter what his other qualities may be. And do not ever forget that courtesy, politeness, and good manners must not be neglected. They are not little things, because they are used at every turn in daily life. Let the boy remember also that in addition to courage, unselfishness, and fair dealing, he must have efficiency, he must have knowledge, he must cultivate a sound body and a good mind, and train himself so that he can act with quick decision in any crisis that may arise. Mind, eye, muscle,— all must be trained so that the boy can master himself, and thereby learn to master his fate.

Very sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

11. Find out where the letter was written, and when, by whom, and to whom. 12. Read the letter aloud in class and sum up each paragraph in a topic on the blackboard. 13. In sections 4–7 pick out the sentences that would make good mottoes. Copy these on the board.

14. What things would Theodore Roosevelt approve of doing in your schoolroom? At recess, on the street, in a moving picture theatre? Of what would he disapprove? 15. What men of history are good patterns for Boy Scouts to follow? Why?

16. Find out what things the Boy Scouts are doing in your community. 17. Recite the "Community Pledge" in the Fifth Reader.

THE KNIGHT'S TOAST

SIR WALTER SCOTT

When people feasted together in olden times, it was often the custom to "drink a toast" to some dear one or to some great adventure. In the following poem we find a group of lordly knights of olden times gathered about the banquet table. There is one moment that stands out with thrilling importance. See if you can find it. Be ready to tell the story of what happened.

Close your books and listen as your teacher reads the poem aloud:

1 THE feast is o'er! — Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
While silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's° call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

2 Then up rose the noble host,
And smiling cried: "A toast! a toast!
To all the ladies fair!
Here before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame, —
The Ladye° Gundamere!"

3 Then to his feet each gallant sprang
And joyous was the shout that rang,
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

4 "Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head;
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn, must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true!"

5 Then one by one each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

6 'T is now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed those countless eyes: —
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far-famed in lady's bower° and hall, —
The flower of chivalry.

7 St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven° on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead.

8 "To one, whose love for me shall last,
When lighter passions long have passed, —
So holy 't is and true:
To one, whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

9 Each guest upstarted, at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless° dame
Whose love you count so high."

10 St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My mother!"

1. Who was the host? How do you know? 2. How were the toasts made? 3. Pick out examples of old-fashioned words. 4. Find words that describe knighthood.

5. Practice reading the host's toast and invitation, and St. Leon's toast as you think they would say them in sections 2, 4, 7–8, 9, 10.

6. Make up names for five more knights and the five ladies they toasted. 7. Decide how to act out the poem as a little play. Which lines tell what to do? Which tell what to say?

8. Act the poem for a Mother's Day program. (Manual.) 9. Class composition: Make up a toast to your mother, the teacher writing on the board the sentences selected as the best.

THE MANLY LIFE+

HENRY VAN DYKE

FOUR things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

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THE CITY OF THE FUTURE

MAYO FESLER

When you play a game, you know the rules to follow or it would not be a good game. When you make something, you have an idea of what you want to make. You have a picture of it in your mind. In olden times people allowed a city to grow just as it happened without planning for the future. The modern idea is to make the city (or the country) as good as possible, by planning ahead. To do this means that people of a community must have a picture, or vision, or an ideal of the way they want it to be.

Boys and girls need to get a vision of their Community just as much as do the grown-up people, because they will be the men and women fifteen years from now.

The following selection was written for one of the great cities of our country. Much of it applies to the rural community.

Read silently:

[1] A CITY, SANITARY, CONVENIENT, SUBSTANTIAL

[2] WHERE the houses of the rich and the poor are alike comfortable and beautiful;

[3] WHERE the streets are clean and the sky is clear as country air;

[4] WHERE the architectural excellence of its buildings adds beauty and dignity to its streets;

[5] Where parks and playgrounds are within the reach of every child;

[6] WHERE living is pleasant, toil honorable, and recreation plentiful;

[7] WHERE capital° is respected but not worshiped;

[8] WHERE commerce in goods is great but not greater than the interchange of ideas;

[9] WHERE industry thrives and brings prosperity alike to employer and employed;

[10] WHERE education and art have a place in every home;

[11] WHERE worth and not wealth gives standing to men;

[12] WHERE the power of character lifts men to leadership;

[13] WHERE interest in public affairs is a test of citizenship, and devotion to the public weal is a badge of honor;

[14] WHERE government is always honest and efficient, and the principles of democracy find their fullest and truest expression;

[15] WHERE the people of all the earth can come and be blended into one community life; and

[16] WHERE each generation will vie with the past to transmit to the next a city greater, better, and more beautiful than the last.

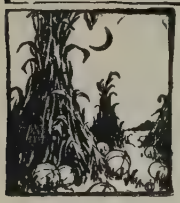
1. Look up the words that you do not know. 2. Talk about this selection line by line so that you get the full meaning out of each section. 3. Which part sums up? 4. Which sections describe (*a*) the appearance of the city; (*b*) business life; (*c*) education; (*d*) a man's standing; (*e*) government; and (*f*) Americanization.

5. Copy the selection on the board, each section numbered, and try to mark your Community *Good*, *Fair*, or *Poor*. 6. Which people in your Community have been working for this idea, or vision?

7. How can boys and girls help to make their Community like this picture? 8. Take each section and change the wording to make a good motto for you to follow. Write these on the board. Then talk about them and pick out the eight that you like the best. (Manual.)

9. Memorize "The City of the Future" and let sixteen pupils recite it in relay. 10. Recite "A Civic Creed" in the Fourth Reader.

THE·GREAT·OUTDOORS



COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM

A Harvest Home Poem

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

In this selection the poet imagines our country to be a young woman, carrying a shield on which is pictured our most important plant as the emblem, or sign, of our country.

As you listen to the poem, find the reasons why the poet wants to *blazon*, or display, Indian Corn.

1 BLAZON Columbia's emblem
The bounteous, golden Corn!
Eons° ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth, 't was born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and silken sheen
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 't was fed,
Till on slope and plain the gods were fain
To share the feast outspread:
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

2 In their holiest temples the Incas°
Offered the heaven-sent Maize —
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the god's own gift and seal,
And Montezuma's° festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest;
For they strew the plains, and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring, and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

3 The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold;
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled Corn, —
The sun's supreme bequest!
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear,
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden Corn!

1. Which stanza has the prettiest pictures? Read the lines aloud. 2. Find the meanings of *eons*,[1] *behest*,[1] *natal*,[1] *fain*,[1] and *wains*.[2] Substitute a synonym in the line where each occurs. Then read the stanza aloud to see if you like it as well. Why do you prefer the poet's words? 3. Explain "golden corn," [1] "ocean of dawn," [1] and "banners of green and silken sheen." [1]

4. Read the lines that tell how Corn was born and cared for. 5. Read the lines that tell how the early Peruvians and Mexicans honored corn. 6. Which flowers are popular in different places?

7. Memorize the stanza that you like best. 8. Read aloud Whittier's "Corn Song" or "For an Autumn Festival" (Riverside Reader VI). 9. Tell (*a*) Why it pays to belong to a Corn Club, or (*b*) Five things about raising corn. 10. Have a Harvest Home or Corn Festival. (Manual.) 11. Draw a shield with Indian Corn on it.

CUFF AND THE WOODCHUCK

John Burroughs

Read the following selection silently, as fast as you can, but be sure to get the meaning of what you read. (Manual.)

[1] I knew a farmer in New York who had a very large bob-tailed churn-dog by the name of Cuff. The farmer kept a large dairy and made a great deal of butter, and it was the business of Cuff to spend nearly the half of each summer day treading the endless round of the churning-machine. During the remainder of the day he had plenty of time to sleep, and rest, and sit on his hips and survey the landscape.

[2] One day, sitting thus, he discovered a woodchuck about forty rods from the house, on a steep side-hill, feeding about near his hole, which was beneath a large rock. The old dog, forgetting his stiffness, and remembering the fun he had had with woodchucks in his earlier days, started off at his highest speed, vainly hoping to catch this one before he could get to his hole. But the woodchuck, seeing the dog come laboring up the hill, sprang

to the mouth of his den, and, when his pursuer was only a few rods off, whistled tauntingly and went in. This occurred several times, the old dog marching up the hill, and then marching down again, having had his labor for his pains.

[3] I suspect that he revolved the subject in his mind while he revolved the great wheel of the churning-machine, and that some turn or other brought him a happy thought, for next time instead of giving chase to the woodchuck when first discovered, he crouched down to the ground, and, resting his head on his paws, watched him. The woodchuck kept working away from the hole, lured by the tender clover, but, not unmindful of his safety, lifted himself up on his haunches every few moments and surveyed the approaches.

[4] Presently, after the woodchuck had let himself down from one of these attitudes of observation, and resumed his feeding, Cuff started swiftly but stealthily up the hill, precisely in the attitude of a cat when she is stalking a bird. When the woodchuck rose up again Cuff was perfectly motionless and half hid by the grass When he again resumed his clover, Cuff sped up the hil' as before, this time crossing a fence, but in a low place, and so nimbly that he was not discovered. Again the woodchuck was on the outlook; again Cuff was motionless and hugging the ground. As the dog neared his victim, he was partially hidden by a swell in the earth, but still the woodchuck from his outlook reported "all right." Then Cuff, having not twice as far to run as the woodchuck, threw all stealthiness aside and rushed directly for the hole. At that moment the woodchuck discovered his danger, and, seeing that it was a race for life, leaped as I never saw a marmot leap before. But he was two seconds too late; his retreat was cut off;

and the powerful jaws of the old dog closed upon him.

[5] The next season Cuff tried the same tactics again with like success; but when the third woodchuck had taken up his abode at the fatal hole, the old churner's wits and strength had begun to fail him, and he was baffled in each attempt to capture the animal.

[6] The woodchuck always burrows on a side-hill. This enables him to guard against being drowned out, by making the termination of the hole higher than the entrance. He digs in slantingly for about two or three feet, then makes a sharp upward turn and keeps nearly parallel with the surface of the ground for a distance of eight or ten feet farther, according to the grade. Here he makes his nest and passes the winter, holing up in October or November and coming out again in April.

[7] This is a long sleep, and is rendered possible only by the amount of fat with which the system has become stored during the summer. The fire of life still burns, but very faintly and slowly, as with the draughts all closed and the ashes heaped up. Respiration is continued, but at longer intervals, and all the vital processes are nearly at a standstill. Dig one out during hibernation, and you find it a mere inanimate ball, that suffers itself to be moved and rolled about without showing signs of awakening. But bring it in by the fire, and it presently unrolls and opens its eyes, and crawls feebly about, and if left to itself will seek some dark hole or corner, roll itself up again, and resume its former condition.

1. Read aloud sentences to show that John Burroughs is a close observer of animal life. 2. Which do you think is the most interesting paragraph? Why? 3. Select five good words to add to your vocabulary and make up a sentence for each.

TREES

Bliss Carman

Close your eyes as your teacher reads the following poem aloud, and imagine yourself in this wonderful garden. Why were all these different trees given to Man?

1 In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,
There were goodly trees in the springing sod —
Trees of beauty and height and grace,
To stand in splendor before His face:

2 Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
Oak and beech, and the tulip rare,
The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
The sweeping elm by the river line;

3 Trees for the birds to build and sing,
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;
Trees to turn at the frosty call
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;

4 Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,
Trees for the cunning builder's trade;
Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail,
The keel and the mast of the daring sail —

5 He made them of every grain and girth
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.
Then lest the Soul should not lift her eyes
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise
On the crown of a hill, for all to see,
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

1. Write on the board the trees mentioned in the poem. Describe each. 2. Which trees do you know the best? Why? 3. Compare them with the maple. 4. Explain stanzas 3, 4, and 5. 5. Which of these trees does the Bible say led to the fall of man? How? 6. What are some of the things that foresters do?

7. Memorize the poem. 8. Bring to class various autumn leaves and press the best. 9. Draw and color a maple leaf. 10. Make a booklet about your favorite tree. (Manual.) 11. Read aloud Bryant's "The Planting of the Apple Tree," Warner's "The Sugar Camp," or Larcom's "Plant a Tree" (Riverside Readers V and VII). 12. Have an Arbor Day program. (Manual.)

THE TAMING OF ANIMALS

P. Chalmers Mitchell

Secretary of the Zoölogical Society of London

Most boys and girls are fond of pets. In this selection there are given some very interesting facts about animals. Read it very carefully, paragraph by paragraph, and try to remember the important things that are given in each. You will find questions to aid you in getting these important things. When you finish reading a paragraph turn to these questions and test yourself.

If you cannot answer a question, the thing to do is to turn back and read the paragraph again, for you missed an important thought. A good student tries to get the full meaning of what he reads.

Read silently:

I. HOW MAN AND ANIMALS GREW APART

1 THERE must be at least a million different kinds of living animals well enough known to have been given

distinctive scientific names. A very large number of these are insects, worms, mollusks, and the multitudinous small creatures that people the seas and the lakes. It is not surprising that we have seldom established friendly terms with these animals, for our kinship with them is extremely distant. We can only guess to what extent they have senses like our senses of smell, taste, touch, sight, and hearing, and we can hardly venture even to guess whether they have emotions and minds with which we could get in touch.

[2] But there are nearly sixteen thousand different kinds of living mammals° and about a quarter of a million different kinds of birds that have senses closely similar to our own. They experience rage and fear, sadness and pleasure, from the same causes as we do; and they express the emotions in a way that we can understand. Between these animals and us there can be a real exchange of sympathy. We can know what is passing in their minds and they can understand a very great deal of what is in our minds. Yet out of this very large number of mammals and birds, man has adopted only a very few to minister, as his domestic animals, to his comfort or convenience.

[3] You can almost count them on your fingers. There are the dog, the cat, the horse, the ass, the pig, the sheep, the goat, the ox, the reindeer, the camel, and the rabbit. There are the pigeon, the peacock, the swan, the duck, the goose, and the canary bird. Perhaps there are a few more, but the list is complete enough to show that man has not made good use of his opportunities. The sportsman and the hunter have ransacked the surface of the earth in their search for game. Science, as represented by the museum collector, and commerce, as represented by the gatherers of horns and

hides, of fur and feathers, have taken their full toll of living creation, and yet have added nothing to the list of man's domestic animals.

[4] Every animal bred in the farmyard to-day was known to some of the oldest civilizations of which we have records. It seems that the domestic animals are a legacy from remote antiquity, but that domestication is a lost art to-day. We have forgotten how to accomplish it. To understand how domestication came about, we must go far back to the time when man was still living a wild life among wild things.

[5] There is a sort of fellowship among wild animals. Naturally, when there is not enough food for all, they must struggle to live; and the flesh eaters must prey on other creatures. In the breeding season there are fierce battles between rival males; and mothers that are guarding their young resent intrusion fiercely. But when they are not dominated by love or hunger, wild animals seem to have little natural fear of one another. They have learned one another's ways and have mutual respect and toleration. The "happy families" that circuses frequently exhibit are not wholly artificial productions, but a recurrence of a natural condition. I have seen newly caught wild animals that were terrified when a human being approached them settle down and, in a few minutes, make friends with other animals, of kinds that they could never have seen before.

[6] It seems extremely likely that our most common domestic animals came into their relationship with man thousands of years ago, when man was still uncivilized. These few domestic animals became man's friends; the rest of the animals remained his enemies. It was necessary for man to be constantly on guard against wild beasts. His natural weapons were poor; he had

no great strength of muscle; he was not especially swift or agile; and he had no huge fangs or claws or horns to fight with, as had the animals. It was man's brain that gave him power over beasts many times more powerful than he. Thus it was that man and the animals, except for the few that had been domesticated, came to be enemies.

[7] Man has even spoiled his domestic animals. He has molded them deliberately to his liking. In every generation he has selected those that suited him best and rejected those that retained most of their wild characters. Thus, by calling them vicious when they are independent and by expecting them to be stupidly docile, he has turned them into unnatural puppets. The senses of all domesticated animals are duller than those of their nearest wild relatives, and their brains are smaller; in fact, the intelligence of many of them is so greatly limited that they could hardly find a living for themselves if they were turned loose. We have small reason to be proud of their attachment to us; it is a condition of their existence, for if they stray from us either they perish or we get rid of them as not suiting our purposes.

[8] Is it possible for us to retrace our steps and to recover some of our old companionship with animals? To a very large extent I think that it is possible, and chiefly because fear of man is not an inborn but an acquired characteristic of wild animals. Animals that have had no experience with man have no fear of him. Animals that have most experience with him have most fear of him. In the books of travelers of even a few generations ago, you read how closely they could approach wild animals in the paradises that then existed in many regions of the earth. Those animals have learned their bitter lesson now. There are few truths more bitter to

a lover of animals than that the more animals know man, the more they fear him.

[9] But there are signs of a change. Animals do not fear man instinctively, but because of their intelligence. The cleverer they are, the shier they are, and the more quickly do they learn where they are safe. In all the great cities of the world, parks and open spaces are now more abundant; moreover, these parks are provided with conditions that will tempt wild birds and some of the smaller wild mammals to come to them. And those creatures, learning that in the parks they will not be shot or stoned, or have their nests robbed, are coming to town. The shiest of country birds have recently made themselves at home in the London parks, and creatures that you cannot get near in the open country will almost eat out of your hand in Regent's Park° and Kensington Gardens.° On a larger scale reserves and sanctuaries° are, in many parts of the world, being provided for all kinds of wild creatures, great and small. The United States and the Dominion of Canada lead the way in that beneficent policy. The behavior of the animals in these sanctuaries is already totally different from their habits in places where they are still harassed.

¶1. How many different kinds of animals are there? Which ones have we not made friends with? Name the five senses.

¶2. What is a *mammal?* How many mammals and birds are there? Why can we make friends with these animals?

¶3. Which animals has man domesticated? Which four kinds of people have taken from animals without taming them? What was the purpose of each? Give examples.

¶4. What is a *legacy?* What must we do to understand how wild animals were domesticated? Which domesticated animals do you have in your community?

¶5. What is meant by fellowship? When do animals fight among themselves? Explain the "happy families" of circuses.

¶6. How did man develop in order to make up for his lack of strength? How did he begin to treat animals?

¶7. Compare domesticated animals with their nearest wild relatives. How has man spoiled his tame animals? What does *docile* mean?

¶8. Why is it possible for us to get back some of our old companionship with animals?

¶9. Why do wild birds and animals come to parks? Give an example from England, from this country. What do "beneficent policy," *sanctuary*, and *harassed* mean?

II. HOW TO MAKE PETS OF ANIMALS

10 THERE is a direct avenue to the affection of wild animals. Mammals are born and birds are hatched in a condition in which they would quickly perish, if their parents, generally the mother, did not feed and protect them. During that period of helplessness, which may last from a few weeks, in the cases of some animals, to several months or years in the cases of others, a close affection exists between the young ones and their mother. They come to her for food, warmth, and protection. They put absolute trust in the maternal care. Instead of being shy and suspicious, they are usually the most confiding of creatures, and it is only when they are turned out into the world to fend for themselves, that they learn fear — especially the fear of man.

11 If a human being will adopt a young wild bird or mammal and will take the trouble to understand its wants and to learn its mode of expressing them, he will readily gain the affection and confidence that the little creature is ready to give its guardian. I am quite sure that there is no bird and no mammal that could not be completely tamed in that way, although of course the process of taming often requires endless time and patience.

12 In taming animals, you should first master the business of feeding them. With birds it is easy, for

nearly all birds that you are likely to have a chance of taming eat insects and grubs when they are young, and are accustomed to have these brought to them and put into their mouths. A few fish-eating birds you will have to feed with fish that you have mashed to a pulp.

[13] The natural first diet of all little mammals is milk. I have tried a good many different kinds of feeding bottles, but I do not think that any of them are really satisfactory. They are very hard to keep clean, and the little animals cannot easily get enough food from them. With a little trouble it is easy to feed the little fellows with a spoon. First put a few drops of milk on your finger and rub it between their lips until they open their mouths; soon they learn to open their mouths readily and to take the milk from the spoon very properly. Before long they will be strong enough to take it directly from a saucer. A good way when feeding them with a spoon is to wrap them in a towel and to hold them on one arm while you feed them. They soon become accustomed to that method and, having learned to like it, will allow you, even after they are full grown, to feed them or give them medicine in case of sickness. When wrapped up in that fashion they will usually undergo without struggling any minor operation, such as the removal of a loose tooth, the application of disinfectants, or the cutting of claws.

[14] You should give them the milk fairly warm; and as the most scrupulous cleanliness is necessary, you should prepare it fresh for each meal. Cows' milk does very well for all animals that chew the cud and for most small gnawing creatures. For monkeys you should dilute it with a little barley water and add some sugar; for dogs, cats, — from the tiger downward, — bears, wolves, jackals, and foxes, you should strengthen it

by adding any of the unsweetened preparations of condensed milk.

[15] As soon as the little fellows are able to move about by themselves they will show that they want much more than food from you, and that it is not merely cupboard love that attaches them to you. They want warmth and company, and you must let them snuggle against you. In their various ways they will cry to be taken notice of; they will quickly learn to recognize an answering voice, and to come when they are called. It is at this stage that you can teach them to answer to a name and to learn the meanings of simple words.

[16] In order to tame animals successfully you must, of course, know something of their habits, so that you can treat them naturally. For example, very few birds, young or old, like to be picked up and handled; but they will learn to climb up your extended foot or to get on your outstretched hand. Young cats and dogs, and all the carnivorous animals that are usually picked up by the mother in her teeth and carried about, like to be seized firmly by the back of the neck, or indeed by any part of the body, and would much prefer to be carried about than to have to run after you. Deer and cattle, sheep and goats and antelopes — all the creatures that chew the cud — like to be fondled and stroked. But you should not pick them up; they prefer to follow you of their own accord, and if you treat them kindly will never wish to stray. In the case of a very large number of mammals, of which monkeys are the most familiar to us, the mothers do not actually hold their little ones when they carry them; the youngsters themselves hold on to the mothers. You must not handle these animals but let them cling to you.

[17] If you do not try to force the inclination of your pet, it will quickly help you to find out how to treat it. If you have to use a leash or grip the animal to keep it from running away, you may be certain that you have not found out how to take care of it.

[18] You must help all these little animals with their toilet; you can use brushes, damp sponges or cloths, and often soap and water. The little fellows soon learn to like this performance; long after they are too strong and big to be petted in the ordinary ways, they will readily let you brush and groom them.

[19] Of course sometimes your pets will, like all young creatures, be impatient and tiresome, but you must never punish them. Blows may be a successful method of training domestic animals that man has turned into slaves; wild animals, however, do not understand that method. It is quite true that by cruelty you can bully them into performing unnatural tricks, but turning wild animals into circus performers is not taming them.

[20] There is pleasure and profit in watching the instincts and intelligence of wild animals grow, and in studying the way in which the creatures adapt themselves to the new conditions of human society. To induce a wild beast to become a friend and companion is more than enough reward for the trouble it takes. And you get from it a closer understanding of the real community between man and animals than you could possibly get by forcing it to do unnatural tricks.

¶10. Which animals need "maternal care," or a mother's affection? How do they behave?

¶11. To tame a wild animal what must you do?

¶12. What is the first thing to do in dealing with a baby animal? What instance is given? Give another.

¶13. How should one feed little mammals? What is the best way to give medicine to a pet cat? What is the purpose of *disinfectants?*

¶14. Tell what different young animals should have to eat. Which animal would you rather have for a pet? Why? What is the meaning of *scrupulous?*

¶15. Explain "cupboard love." What else do animals want? What can they be taught? Give instances from your own observation.

¶16. How do birds, cats, dogs, deer, cattle, sheep, goats, and monkeys like to be handled? What is a *carnivorous* animal? Give three examples.

¶17. What does the use of a *leash* show?

¶18. What are needed to groom a pet? Describe how you care for your pet.

¶19. Should you whip a pet? Why? Give an instance to explain training by kindness.

¶20. How does an animal show you that it is your friend? Give an example. What is the pleasure in having a pet?

1. Oral or written composition: Which do you prefer as a pet: dog or cat, pigeon or bantam, canary or parrot, black snake or land turtle, squirrel or rabbit. Give reasons. Let two pupils take sides. 2. Read aloud "Perseverance" or "The Bell of Atri" (Riverside Reader IV or VI). 3. Read "The Education of the Bird," "St. Gerasimus and the Lion," or "The Blue Jay" (Riverside Reader IV or V).

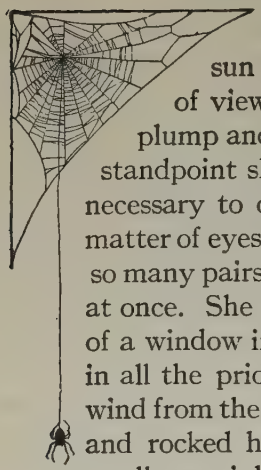
MADAME ARACHNE

Celia Thaxter

How should you like to live in a lighthouse?

When Celia Thaxter was a little girl she lived in a lighthouse at the Isles of Shoals, near Portsmouth on the New England coast. She did not have the chance to run about and play as you do, so she amused herself by using her eyes well. Here she describes the lighthouse world as it might seem to Mrs. Spider, whom she calls "Madame Arachne."

As you read silently, watch for the part that you want to read aloud to the class:



[1] MADAME ARACHNE sat in the sun at her door. From a spider's point of view she would have been considered a plump and pleasing person, but from a human standpoint she had, perhaps, more legs than are necessary to our ideal of beauty; and as for the matter of eyes, she was simply extravagant, having so many pairs she could see all round the horizon at once. She had built her house across the pane of a window in a light-house, and sat at her door, in all the pride of patiently awaiting flies. The wind from the south breathed upon her pretty web, and rocked her to and fro. Many tiny midges, small as pinheads, flickered and fluttered and stuck to the web. But she did not stir for them.

[2] "Bah!" she said; "such small fry! Why can't a fly of proper size come this way?"

[3] The sea made a great roaring on the rocks below, the sun shone, it was a lovely day. Madame Arachne was very content, but a little hungry. Suddenly a curious small cry or call startled her; it sounded as if some one said, "Yank, yank, yank!"

[4] "My goodness!" cried she; "what can that be?"

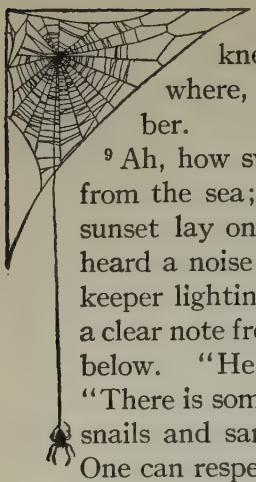
[5] Then was heard a sharp tapping, which shook her with terror much more than the breeze had shaken her. She started as if to run, when "Yank, yank, yank!" sounded again, this time close above her. She was not obliged to turn her head; having so many eyes, she saw, reaching over the top of the window, a sharp black beak and two round black eyes belonging to Mr. Nuthatch, who also was seeking his supper, woodpecker fashion, and purposed to himself to take poor Mrs. Arachne for a tidbit. There was barely time for her to save her life. She precipitated herself

from her door by a rope which she always carried with her.

[6] Down, down, down she went, till at last she reached the rock below; but Nuthatch saw, and swept down after her. Her many legs now served a good purpose, — she scampered like mad over the rough surface, and crept under the shingles that lapped over at the edge where the foot of the lighthouse met the rock, — and was safe. Nuthatch could n't squeeze in after her; he probed the crack with his sharp beak, but did not reach her; so he flew away to seek an easier prey.

[7] After a while, poor Madame Arachne crept out again, and climbed to her window, looking all about with her numerous eyes while she swung. "Ugh! — the ugly monster!" she whispered to herself, as she reached the pane where her pretty house had been built, — no vestige of it was left. He had fluttered about in every corner of the window, and with wings and feet had torn the slight web all to pieces. Patiently Madame Arachne toiled to make a new one; and, by the time the sun had set, it was all finished, and swinging in the breeze as its predecessor had done.

[8] And now a kind fate sent the hungry web-spinner her supper. A big, blustering blue-bottle fly came blundering against the glass. Presto! Like a flash, Madame had pounced on him, with terrible dexterity had grabbed him and bound him hand and foot. Then she proceeded to eat him at her leisure. Fate was kind to the spider; but alas, for that too trustful fly! Presently she sought the center of her web and put herself in position for the night. I suppose she was n't troubled with a great deal of brains; so it did n't matter that she went to sleep upside-down! She was still a little agitated by



the visit of Mr. Nuthatch, but she knew he must have gone to roost somewhere, and so composed herself for slumber.

9 Ah, how sweet was the warm wind breathing from the sea; how softly the warm blush of the sunset lay on rock, and wave, and cloud! She heard a noise within the lighthouse, — it was the keeper lighting the lamps in the tower; she heard a clear note from the sandpiper haunting the shore below. "He does n't eat spiders," said she. "There is some sense in a bird like that! He eats snails and sand-hoppers, who are of no account. One can respect a bird like that!"

10 The balmy summer night came down, with its treasures of dew and sweetness, and wrapped the whole world in dreams. Toward morning, a little mist stole in from the far sea-line, a light and delicate fog. The lighthouse sent long rays out into it through the upper air, like the great spokes of some huge wheel that turned and turned aloft without a sound. The moisture clung to the new-made web. "Bless me," cried Madame Arachne, looking out, "a sea-turn, all of a sudden! I hope I shan't catch a rheumatism in my knees." Poor thing! As she had eight legs, and two knees to each leg, it would have been a serious matter indeed!

11 At that moment, there came a little stifled cry, and a thump against the glass of the lantern high above her, and then a fluttering through the air, and a thud on the rock beneath. What was happening now? She shuddered with fright, but dared not move. She could not go to sleep again; but it was almost morning.

[12] At last the pink dawn flushed the east, the light mist stole away with silent footsteps, and left the fair day crystal-clear. Arachne still clung to her web, which was beaded with diamonds left by the mist. She did not know that Lord Tennyson had written about such a web as hers in a way never to be forgotten. He was talking about peace and war, and he said: —

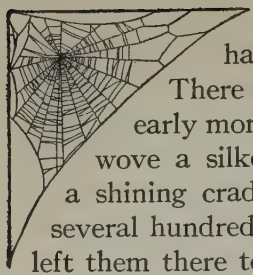
> "The cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
> Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.'

Her web was only woven across a window-pane from sash to sash, but it shook its threaded tears in the wind, that morning of late summer, and was very beautiful to see; but not so beautiful as the poet's thought.

[13] She wondered what could have happened, — what the sound could have been, which had frightened her in the night. She crept to the edge of the window-ledge and looked down, — 't was too far, she could not see. By her convenient rope, she swung herself down to the rock, and was startled at what she beheld. There lay her enemy, Nuthatch, stone-dead, with his pretty feathers all rumpled, in a pitiful plight indeed. He had seen the long ray from the lighthouse top and, dazzled, had flown toward it, taking it for sunrise, followed it with a rush, and struck his head against the clear and cruel glass. That was the end of poor Nuthatch!

[14] "Well, well!" cried Madame Arachne, "upon my word, I'm glad you're dead! Now I need n't be afraid of you. But what a silly thing! That's what all creatures do who have wings! — They flutter and flutter around a light till they are banged or burned to death. Better have nothing but legs. Who would want wings? Not I! No sensible person would."

[15] Such is spider wisdom.



[16] She climbed her rope, hand over hand, and reached her airy dwelling. There she proceeded to bestir herself in the early morning. High in a corner chamber she wove a silken cocoon, white and satin-smooth, a shining cradle, snug and warm; and in it laid several hundred tiny round eggs of dusky pink, and left them there to hatch when they should be ready. Then she went down to her seat in the middle of her web, and watched the weather and hoped for flies.

[17] She saw white sails on the sea, she saw white gulls in the air, she saw white foam on the rocks, as she sat in the sun. Days came, nights passed, winds blew, rains fell, mists crept in and out, and still she watched for flies, with more or less success; till at last out crawled a baby-spider to the air, and another, and another, — so small they were hardly to be seen, — till nearly all the eggs were hatched. They stretched their tiny legs, cramped from long confinement; they crept hither and thither, and wondered at the big world — of one window-pane!

[18] "Good-morning, my dears," said Madame Arachne, "I hope I see you well!"

[19] Every day, from the inside of the lighthouse, three pairs of childish eyes watched this interesting spider family. As the tiny ones grew larger, they began to build for themselves little webs in each corner of every pane; and each small dot of a spider put itself in the middle of its web, head downward, like the mother, and they all swung in the breeze and caught midges, — which were quite big enough for them.

[20] "Did you ever see anything so comical?" said one child to another. "They all behave just like their

mother. How quickly they learn how to live after they creep out of that little egg, which is so small we hardly can see it! How closely all those long legs must be folded up in such a tiny space! I wonder if all insects know so much as soon as they are hatched!"

[21] "Insects!" said the older child, "but a spider is n't an insect at all! Don't you remember how papa read to us once that spiders belong to the Scorpion family?"

[22] "Oh, a scorpion must be a horrid thing!" cried the younger, — "a *real* scorpion! I'm glad they don't live in this country. I like the spiders; they spin such pretty webs, and it's such fun to watch them. They won't hurt you if you don't trouble them; will they, sister?"

[23] "Of course they won't," said the little girl's reassuring voice.

[24] Madame Arachne heard them discussing her and her affairs. "They are good enough creatures," she said to herself. "They can't spin webs, to be sure, poor things! But then these three, at least, don't destroy them as that odious Nuthatch did. They seem quite harmless and friendly, and I have no objection to them — not the least." So the little spiders grew and grew and spun many and many a filmy web about the old white lighthouse for many happy days.

[25] Late in the autumn, a party of merry birds, flying joyously through the blue heaven on their way south, alighted to rest on the rock. They filled the air with sweet calls and pretty twitterings. Many of them were slim and delicate fly-catchers, exquisitely dressed in gray and black and gold and flame. Alas for every creeping thing! Snip! snap! went all the sharp and shining beaks, — and where were the spiders then?

Into every crack and cranny the needlelike beaks were thrust; and when the birds flitted away, after a most sumptuous lunch, not a spider was visible anywhere. It was one grand massacre, — yet again Madame Arachne saved herself, behind a friendly shingle; and some days afterward the children saw her crawling disconsolately about on the lighthouse window.

[26] But the little island soon had another visitor in the shape of Jack Frost, Esq., who came capering over the dancing brine, and gave our poor friend so many pinches that she could only crawl into the snuggest corner and roll herself up to wait till the blustering fellow should take his departure.

[27] "She's quite gone," said one of the children, as they looked for her one crackling cold day.

[28] "Never mind," said the eldest. "Spring will wake her up and call her out again."

[29] And so it did.

[30] Now, would you like to know how I happen to have found out about Madame Arachne and her adventures? I will tell you, dear children. I was one of the little folk who watched through the old lighthouse window and saw them all.

1. Why is the spider called Madame Arachne? 2. Find the three most exciting moments in Madame Arachne's life. Tell about them. 3. Pick out the lines that you would like to see illustrated in a picture. 4. Explain section 15. Would Madame Moth agree with section 14?

5. Why would Celia Thaxter not be lonely?

6. See who can best show how the speeches should be said in sections 2, 3, 9, 10, 14, 18, 27, and 28. 7. Practice reading aloud sections 3–7; 8–11; 13; and 25, on "Madame Arachne and the Birds."

8. Draw (*a*) a lighthouse or (*b*) the spider's house. See how many sentences you can find that would describe it. Print the best one below your drawing.

FAIRY SHIPWRECK

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

After you have read about Madame Arachne you will enjoy this little poem. Could you draw this fairy ship?

1 ONE morning when the rain was done,
And all the trees adrip,
I found, all shining in the sun,
A storm-wrecked fairy ship.

2 Its hull was fashioned of a leaf,
A tiny twig its mast,
And high upon a green-branch reef
By winds had it been cast.

3 A spider's web, the fragile sail,
Now flying loose and torn,
Once spread itself to catch the gale
By which the ship was borne.

4 Its voyages at last were o'er,
And gone were all the crew;
And did they safely get ashore?
Alas, I wish I knew!

1. Who can memorize the poem first? 2. Make a drawing for the poem. 3. Copy underneath it the stanza that you like best.

NATURE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

SHE paints with white and red the moors
To draw the nations out of doors.

PEBBLES

Frank Dempster Sherman

If you like to wade in a brook, you surely like to gather pebbles, for so often a beautiful stone will catch your eye as it shines under the water. Frank Dempster Sherman, the poet, is now going to take you into the pebble workshop to see how these lovely stones are made.

1 Out of a pellucid° brook
Pebbles round and smooth I took;
Like a jewel, every one
Caught a color from the sun, —
Ruby red and sapphire blue,
Emerald and onyx too,
Diamond and amethyst, —
Not a precious stone I missed;
Gems I held from every land
In the hollow of my hand.

2 Workman Water these had made;
Patiently through sun and shade,
With the ripples of the rill
He had polished them, until
Smooth, symmetrical and bright,
Each one sparkling in the light
Showed within its burning heart
All the lapidary's° art;
And the brook seemed thus to sing:
Patience conquers everything!

1. Was this brook clear or muddy? How do you know? 2. Find the line that tells what Workman Water's tools in polishing pebbles were. 3. Which line tells how he wanted them? 4. How many jewels, or gems, had the poet noticed? What colors are these? 5. Find the name given to the man who polishes precious stones.

6. Class composition: Make up a fable about Workman Water, the teacher writing on the board the sentences selected as best. Use a line of the poem as moral. 7. Which ten pupils can memorize the poem first? 8. Make a class collection of pebbles. Who can find the prettiest?

FROST-WORK

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

On a winter morning have you ever found your window filled with wonderful white frost, all curled up in queer pictures, like those the Arabs loved (called arabesques °), and done in argent, or silver? It looks like some magic garden scene, drawn on your window. — Who is the Fairy Workman? Where will you find, at another time of year, the real things that this fairy artist paints now in frost? What colors will these be, then?

These things are all answered in this poem. Find them.

Read silently, and see the poet's pictures:

1 THESE winter nights, against my window-pane
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
Which he will shape when summer comes again.

2 Quaint arabesques° in argent, flat and cold,
Like curious Chinese etchings! . . . By and by
(I in my leafy garden as of old)
These frosty fantasies shall charm my eye
In azure, damask, emerald, and gold.

1. Copy the stanza you like the better. Underline the expressions that you like the best. Tell why. 2. Which lines in the poem rhyme? 3. Memorize the poem.

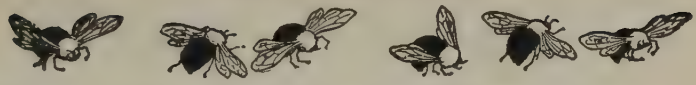
THE STORY OF PEGGY MEL

JOHN BURROUGHS

Peggy Mel is a honey bee — not the kind that lives in a hive, but a real wild bee with a home in the woods. John Burroughs is going to take you with him, now, on a honey-gathering hike. As you read, pretend that you are actually with him, and try to see with your own eyes the things he describes.

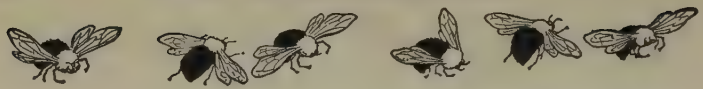
[1] IF you would know the delights of bee-hunting, and how many sweets such a trip yields besides honey, come with me some bright, warm, late September or early October day. It is the golden season of the year, and any errand or pursuit that takes us abroad upon the hills or by the painted woods and along the amber-colored streams at such a time is enough. So, with haversacks filled with grapes and peaches and apples and a bottle of milk, and armed with a compass, a hatchet, a pail, and a box with a piece of comb-honey neatly fitted into it — any box the size of your hand with a lid will do — we sally forth. Our course at first lies along the highway, under great chestnut-trees whose nuts are just dropping, then through an orchard and across a little creek, thence gently rising through cultivated fields toward some high land, behind which rises a rugged wooded ridge or mountain, the most sightly point in all this section. Behind this ridge for several miles the country is wild, wooded, and rocky, and is no doubt the home of many wild swarms of bees.

[2] What a gleeful uproar the robins, cedar-birds, high-holes,° and cow black-birds make amid the black cherry-trees as we pass along. The raccoons, too, have been here after black cherries, and we see their marks at



various points. Several crows are walking about a newly sowed wheat field we pass through, and we pause to note their graceful movements and glossy coats. I have seen no bird walk the ground with just the same air the crow does. It is not exactly pride; there is no strut or swagger in it, though perhaps just a little condescension; it is the contented, complaisant, and self-possessed gait of a lord over his domains. All these acres are mine, he says, and all these crops; men plow and sow for me, and I stay here or go there, and find life sweet and good wherever I am. The hawk looks awkward and out of place on the ground; the game birds hurry and skulk, but the crow is at home and treads the earth as if there were none to molest or make him afraid.

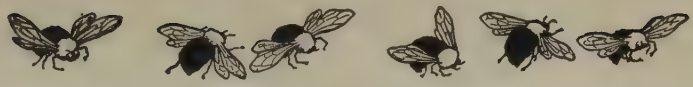
[3] The crows we have always with us, but it is not every day or every season that one sees an eagle. As I was laboring up the side of a mountain at the head of a vailey, the noble bird sprang from the top of a dry tree above me and came sailing directly over my head. I saw him bend his eye down upon me, and I could hear the low hum of his plumage, as if the web of every quill in his great wings vibrated in his strong, level flight. I watched him as long as my eye could hold him. When he was fairly clear of the mountain he began that sweeping spiral movement in which he climbs the sky. Up and up he went without once breaking his majestic poise till he appeared to sight some far-off alien geography, when he bent his course thitherward and gradually vanished in the blue depths. The eagle is a bird of large ideas, he embraces long distances; the continent is his home. I never look upon one without emotion; I follow him with my eye as long as I can. I think of



Canada, of the Great Lakes, of the Rocky Mountains, of the wild and sounding sea-coast. The waters are his, and the woods and the inaccessible cliffs. He pierces behind the veil of the storm, and his joy is height and depth and vast spaces.

[4] After a refreshing walk of a couple of miles we reach a point where we will make our first trial — a high stone wall that runs parallel with the wooded ridge referred to, and separated from it by a broad field. There are bees at work there on that golden-rod, and it requires but little manœuvering to sweep one into our box. Almost any other creature rudely and suddenly arrested in its career and clapped into a cage in this way would show great confusion and alarm. The bee is alarmed for a moment, but the bee has a passion stronger than its love of life or fear of death, namely, desire for honey, not simply to eat, but to carry home as booty. "Such rage of honey in their bosom beats," says Virgil. It is quick to catch the scent of honey in the box, and as quick to fall to filling itself. We now set the box down upon the wall and gently remove the cover. The bee is head and shoulders in one of the half-filled cells, and is oblivious to everything else about it. Come rack, come ruin, it will die at work.

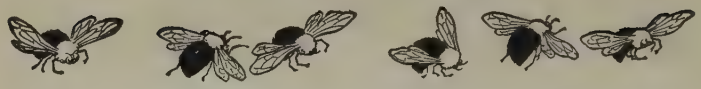
[5] We step back a few paces, and sit down upon the ground so as to bring the box against the blue sky as a background. In two or three minutes the bee is seen rising slowly and heavily from the box. It seems loath to leave so much honey behind and it marks the place well. It mounts aloft in a rapidly increasing spiral, surveying the near and minute objects first, then the larger and more distant, till having circled about the



spot five or six times and taken all its bearings it darts away for home. It is a good eye that holds fast to the bee till it is fairly off. Sometimes one's head will swim following it, and often one's eyes are put out by the sun. This bee gradually drifts down the hill, then strikes away toward a farm-house half a mile away, where I know bees are kept. Then we try another and another, and the third bee, much to our satisfaction, goes straight toward the woods. We could see the brown speck against the darker background for many yards. The regular bee-hunter professes to be able to tell a wild bee from a tame one by the color, the former, he says, being lighter. But there is no difference; they are both alike in color and in manner. Young bees are lighter than old, and that is all there is of it.

[6] Our bees are all soon back, and more with them, for we have touched the box here and there with the cork of a bottle of anise oil, and this fragrant and pungent oil will attract bees half a mile or more. When no flowers can be found, this is the quickest way to obtain a bee.

[7] It is a singular fact that when the bee first finds the hunter's box its first feeling is one of anger; it is as mad as a hornet. It seems to scent foul play at once. It says, "Here is robbery; here is the spoil of some hive, may be my own," and its blood is up. But its ruling passion soon comes to the surface, its avarice gets the better of its indignation, and it seems to say, "Well, I had better take possession of this and carry it home." So after many feints and approaches and dartings off with a loud angry hum as if it would none of it, the bee settles down and fills itself.



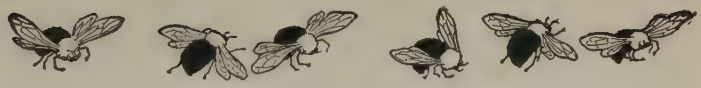
[8] It does not entirely cool off and get soberly to work till it has made two or three trips home with its booty. When other bees come, even if all from the same swarm, they quarrel and dispute over the box, and clip and dart at each other like bantam cocks. Apparently the ill feeling which the sight of the honey awakens is not one of jealousy or rivalry, but wrath.

[9] A bee will usually make three or four trips from the hunter's box before it brings back a companion. I suspect the bee does not tell its fellows what it has found, but that they smell out the secret; it doubtless bears some evidence with it upon its feet or proboscis° that it has been upon honey-comb and not upon flowers, and its companions take the hint and follow, arriving always many seconds behind. Then the quantity and quality of the booty would also betray it. No doubt, also, there are gossips about a hive that note and tell everything.

[10] "Oh, did you see that? Peggy Mel came in a few moments ago in great haste, and one of the up-stairs packers says she was loaded till she groaned with apple-blossom honey which she deposited, and then rushed off again like mad. Apple-blossom honey in October! Fee, fi, fo, fum! I smell something! Let's after."

[11] In about half an hour we have three well-defined lines of bees established — two to farm-houses and one to the woods, and our box is being rapidly depleted of its honey. About every fourth bee goes to the woods, and now that they have learned the way thoroughly they do not make the long preliminary whirl above the box, but start directly from it.

[12] The woods are rough and dense, and the hill is steep, and we do not like to follow the line of bees until



we have tried at least to settle the problem as to the distance they go into the woods — whether the tree is on this side of the ridge or in the depth of the forest on the other side. So we shut up the box when it is full of bees and carry it about three hundred yards along the wall from which we are operating. When liberated, the bees, as they always will in such cases, go off in the same directions they have been going; they do not seem to know that they have been moved. But other bees have followed our scent, and it is not many minutes before a second line to the woods is established. This is called cross-lining the bees. The new line makes a sharp angle with the other line, and we know at once that the tree is only a few rods into the woods. The two lines we have established form two sides of a triangle of which the wall is the base; at the apex of the triangle, or where the two lines meet in the woods, we are sure to find the tree.

[13] We quickly follow up these lines, and where they cross each other on the side of the hill we scan every tree closely. I pause at the foot of an oak and examine a hole near the root. Now the bees are in this tree and their entrance is on the upper side near the ground, not two feet from the hole I peer into, and yet so quiet and secret is their going and coming that I fail to discover them and pass on up the hill. Failing in this direction, I return to the oak again, and then perceive the bees going out in a small crack in the tree. The bees do not know they are found out and that the game is in our hands, and are oblivious of our presence.

[14] The indications are that the swarm is a small one, and the store of honey trifling. In "taking up" a bee-

tree it is usual first to kill or stupefy the bees with the fumes of burning sulphur or with tobacco smoke. But this course is impracticable on the present occasion, so we boldly and ruthlessly assault the tree with an ax we have procured. At the first blow the bees set up a loud buzzing, but we have no mercy, and the side of the cavity is soon cut away and the interior with its white-yellow mass of comb-honey is exposed; and not a bee strikes a blow in defense of its all.

[15] When a swarm of bees are thus rudely assaulted with an ax, they evidently think the end of the world has come, and, like true misers as they are, each one seizes as much of the treasure as it can hold. In other words, they all fall to and gorge themselves with honey, and calmly await the issue.

1. Read through the selection again and make up a good question to ask for each paragraph. In class see if any good questions have been omitted. 2. What things are needed in going bee-hunting? Why? 3. Which things have you enjoyed most in this walk with John Burroughs? 4. What is meant by "I smell something" [10]? 5. Explain "cross-lining the bees." [12] Draw a map to show it.

6. On what walk in your neighborhood should you like to take John Burroughs? What could you show him?

7. Memorize section 2 (Outdoors in October) or section 3 (The Eagle — Lord of the Sky) as a declamation. 8. Conversation and discussion: Raising bees; How to find one's way in the woods.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE+

Sidney Lanier

Here the Brook is imagined by the poet to be a sturdy, strong young person, pushing on eagerly to do his work in the world. Beautiful things coax him to forget his duty and stop and play with them, but he knows that if he lingers his work will be undone.

+ From *The Poems of Sidney Lanier*, copyrighted 1884, 1891. Used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Listen to the voices calling him to loiter from his duty. When you read it yourself, try to make your voice sound proud of the Brook when, as a river, he pierces the plain, does his great work, and then flows into the sea.

Close your book and listen:

1 Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain° to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

2 All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The willful water weeds held me thrall,°
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

3 High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,

The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

4 And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
— Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst° —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valley of Hall.

5 But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

1. Read aloud the stanza that you think sounds the prettiest. 2. Why are some lines in italics? How else could they be written? 3. Read again about Sidney Lanier, in the Fourth Reader ("A Literary Journey through the South"). 4. Make up a class composition about "The Travels of a Brook," the teacher writing on the board the sentences selected as best. 5. Who can memorize the poem first?

THE TREE

JONES VERY

Have you ever had a play-house in a tree? Or have you had a tree that you liked to think of as your own, one that you liked to climb and sit in, with branches and fruit about you? If you have, then you will understand the poet's love for the tree as shown in this little poem.

At which season of the year do you like trees best?

[1] I LOVE thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold.

[2] And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed.

[3] And when the autumn winds have stripped thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam when most we need
their love.

1. How does the tree change with the seasons? 2. What does the poet like best in each season? 3. Give reasons why we need the lovely stars most in winter. 4. What is the best tree for a farm, a back yard, or a city street? 5. How many trees can you recognize? 6. Memorize the poem. Let the three pupils who recite it best give it in relay for the Arbor Day program. (Manual.) 7. Oral or written composition: (*a*) The Life Story of a Tree; (*b*) How to tell the age of a tree; or (*c*) How to make a play-house in a tree.

TULIPS

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Years ago in Holland the raising of tulips became so much of a fad that rare tulip bulbs were worth their weight in gold. In this poem these lovely spring flowers are described as if they were people. See if you can describe these pictures for the class.

1 BRAVE little fellows in crimsons and yellows,
Coming while breezes of April are cold,
Winter can't freeze you, he flies when he sees you
Thrusting your spears through the redolent mold.

2 Jolly Dutch flowers, rejoicing in showers,
Drink! ere the pageant of Spring passes by!
Hold your carousals° to Robin's espousals,°
Lifting rich cups for the wine of the sky!

3 Dignified urbans° in glossy silk turbans,
Burgher-like° blossoms of gardens and squares,
Nodding so solemn by fountain and column,
What is the talk of your weighty affairs?

4 Pollen and honey (for such is your money), —
Gossip and freight of the chaffering ° bee, —
Prospects of growing, — what colors are showing, —
News of rare tulips from over the sea?

5 Loitering near you, how often I hear you,
Just ere your petals at twilight are furled,
Laugh through the grasses while Evelyn passes,
"There goes the loveliest flower in the world!"

1. Look up in the glossary *carousals*,[2] *espousals*,[2] *urbans*,[3] *burgher-like*,[3] and *chaffering*.[4] 2. What is "the wine of the sky"? a pageant[2]? 3. Explain each stanza, line by line. Which makes the prettiest picture? 4. How is this poem like "Columbia's Emblem," (page 58)? 5. Explain each stanza in your own words.

6. Practice reading the stanzas aloud to see who can put most life into them.

7. Memorize the poem. 8. Draw a border of tulips on the board.

TO AN ORIOLE

EDGAR FAWCETT

The oriole is one of our most beautiful birds. Its wings and tail are black, and its body is orange. Its nest is suspended like a hollow ball from the branch of the tree.

Of what does the oriole remind the poet? Close books and listen:

[1] How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendor through our Northern sky?

[2] At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

[3] Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,

[4] Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

1. What is the "tropic splendor"[1]? 2. To what other lovely thing might one compare this bird? 3. How can we attract birds to our back yards? 4. Why should birds be protected? How?

5. Let the first twelve pupils who memorize the poem recite it to the class. 6. Read aloud Aldrich's "Kriss Kringle" (Riverside Reader IV). 7. Read "The Oriole" in Olive Thorne Miller's "True Bird Stories." 8. Make a booklet in which to record the dates when the different birds return in the spring. Describe each bird. (Manual.)

THE·WORKADAY·WORLD

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

WALT WHITMAN

A man's work is his song. It is the best way in which he expresses himself. Thus we can imagine a great Hymn of Labor rising daily from ocean to ocean.

I HEAR America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him on his boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the young girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day — at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

1. Write on the board a list of occupations. Tell a fact about each. 2. Give two instances when real singing made work easier. 3. Which line of the poem says that you should choose your life work carefully? 4. How does going to school help you to get a better job? 5. What things prevent a man's advancing to a better position or pay? 6. Which ten pupils can memorize the poem first? 7. Read "The Histories of Two Boys" or "In the Factory" (Riverside Reader VII).

WHEN HANNIBAL FINISHED THE BRIDGE.

H. I. Cleveland

Construction engineering, especially the building of great bridges, dams, or railroads, has taken trained American engineers into all the countries of the world, where they brave the forces of nature.

In this story an American engineer is building a bridge over a dangerous river in Mexico. Things happen to make a rousing good tale. As you read silently, imagine yourself to be Tom, the circus boy. How would he feel? What would he see? What would he think?

[1] Two things had come to a halt at the lower ford of the Rio del Norte+ — the construction of a traffic bridge and the "Imperial Americano Circus and Menagerie."

[2] Waite, chief engineer of construction on the bridge, sat on the east bank of the river, looking moodily across the stream. Suddenly his eyes snapped and his face glowed with color. On a path below him, which led to a pool where the near-by cattle were watered, there moved majestically a huge elephant. The animal was accompanied by an East Indian and a white boy, the latter possibly seventeen years of age.

[3] In the path of the elephant was a heavy beam carelessly let slip from an upper bank by the peon* laborers.

+ **Rio del Norte** [1] (rē′ ō děl nort′), river in Mexico.
* **peon** [3] (pē′ ŏn), a common laborer in Mexico.

The animal might have stepped over the obstruction, but the boy called:

"Up, Hannibal, up!"

Obediently lowering his head, Hannibal, the chief asset of the Imperial Americano Circus, slipped his brass-mounted tusks under the beam, poised the weight as if it were a feather, and then laid it to one side. This was done with such ease as to suggest an idea to Waite's mind. He ran down to the pool, where Hannibal was delightedly bathing himself.

[4] "Hey, boy, hey!" he called.

The boy looked up, and quietly replied:

"My name is Tom — Tom Ord."

[5] Waite saw an expression of suffering in the lad's eyes, and said:

"I beg your pardon. I just had an idea; saw your elephant do a mighty clever thing with that beam. My name's Waite. I know you're with the circus at El Santo.+ Want to sell the beast?"

"We're broke, hungry, and sick," answered Tom. "There's a chance the boss might sell you Hannibal."

"We air seek, varry seek," put in the East Indian.

[6] Hannibal playfully squirted a torrent of water into the air. He had not enjoyed such a plunge in months. Occasionally he would stop in his play to wink solemnly.

[7] Waite had little difficulty in drawing out their simple story. The enterprise had invaded Mexico by way of Laredo,* knowing little as to the simplicity and small means of the native patrons it sought. At El Santo, a small village near the new bridge, the proprietor's resources gave out. The acrobats, unaccustomed to semi-tropical ways of living, were ill. The so-called

+ **El Santo** [5] (ĕl săn′ tō), a small Mexican village.

* **Laredo** [7] (lȧ rā′ dō), city on border between Texas and Mexico.

menagerie, consisting — besides the venerable Asiatic elephant Hannibal — of a boa-constrictor, a few monkeys, and a dozen trick and draft horses, was on the verge of starvation.

[8] Tom Ord and Mahama, the East Indian, were in charge of Hannibal and all his performances. Tom, who had joined the circus in Kansas through love of adventure, was painfully gaining the knowledge that back of tinsel and glitter is always a reality of hard, grinding facts. His one joy on the dreary southward journey had been Hannibal, as smart and amiable a veteran of the ring as ever lived.

[9] "See here!" exclaimed Waite. "You say that Hannibal will obey orders and is good-tempered. I'm tied up on this bridge work, have a heap of big timber to move right away, can't have a walking crane° here for a month, and I can't wait.

"Now —" He stopped and began to figure busily with his pencil. "Yes, that's all right. My camp's up on the high land, and there's plenty of room in it for Hannibal and you and your friend from India. If you two can make him move timbers as he did that beam, I'll buy him outright, — that's what I was figuring about, — and put you and him to work to-morrow morning — fair wages, American food, and medicine, — square deal all round. How does that strike you? Will your boss sell? Get the elephant," nodding at happy Hannibal, "and let's find out."

[10] With Waite thought was comrade of action, and two hours later Hannibal, Tom, and Mahama passed under his control, while the wreck of the Imperial Americano Circus and Menagerie, provided with needed money, moved for the nearest railway connections with the United States.

[11] The Del Norte is not an imposing stream, but its bottoms are treacherous and the flood-times wild. Hence there were many arguments at Monterey between dark-skinned Mexican planters and lanky, gray-eyed American contractors and builders, ending in the order for a broad and durable bridge at the lower ford.

[12] Waite, four years graduated from college and two years a resident of Mexico, was given charge of the construction work. His skin had the pink of youth, and his eyes looked straight at obstacles. Sometimes when he was very tired, when the sleeping peace and seeming indifference of this new-old land rose as if to grapple him at the throat, he would turn to a picture of his mother which he carried in a worn case.

[13] Waite sank caissons° of steel filled with concrete through the quicksands and shifting silts of the Del Norte. Then he was ready for his superstructure, part wood and part steel. The parts of this were at hand, but not a walking crane to move them. That very day word had been brought to him from Monterey that the crane could not reach him for a month yet. The flood period was dangerously near, and to wait thirty days for a crane meant peril. He had derricks, but a crane would save much in time and labor.

[14] The terror of the native Mexican workmen the morning following Hannibal's arrival was pitiful to behold. They fled in every direction. Manuel, their foreman, approached Waite, his teeth chattering.

"Señor,"+ he gasped, making an effort to use his best English, "dis debbil, dis, dis — what shall I say — ees it to be wid us?"

"Manuel," replied Waite, "you and your men go to your regular work. You have the plans for the day.

+ señor [14] (sā nyōr′), Mexican title for *Mr.*

Hannibal is no devil; you'll see later he's a good angel. Let him alone; he'll not harm you."

Tremblingly and with many sighs the peons returned to their duties. As for Hannibal, his stomach full, his two beloved masters by his side, he rolled his small eyes over the busy scene and waited for orders.

[15] They came fast in Waite's snappy way. To his great delight, he found that Mahama had done timber-work in Bombay with elephant teams, and knew just about what was expected of him.

Tom also grasped the situation quickly, and said to Waite:

"Every couple of hours I'll take Hannibal down to the pool. An elephant can't work well when he's hot."

[16] As for Hannibal, Tom, and Mahama, they bent to the great task before them. Crossbeams, stringers,° uprights were scattered in every direction. The orders for Hannibal were to get them in place at the derricks, from which they could be readily advanced to the piers.

Tom shouting to him from one side, Mahama guiding from another, the animal lumbered to his duties with evident joy. In his way he signified that he preferred this work to that of the circus. The sweep of fresh air was upon him, the water-pool was invitingly near, the incessant chatter of the jungle birds possibly brought back memories of his youth, when he had been free in the wastes of the Himalayan foot-hills. And some other recollection, something strangely disturbing, returned to him.

[17] It was about noon of the first day's work that Hannibal, returning from the pool with Tom, suddenly stopped. He jerked his massive head toward the line of mountains in the west, drew in a long whiff of air, waved his trunk fan-fashion, and softly whistled.

"What is it, old boy?" asked Tom.

Hannibal gave no heed. He was smelling the air driven in by an easy wind from the caves, ledges and forests on the mountain side. His little eyes had stopped their customary twinkling and grew unusually sharp and bright. His trunk now curled, and his great muscles seemed to draw in as if he were preparing for an attack. Something in that wind spoke of days long gone by, carried the challenge of foes not seen in years, called to battle like a bugle.

Suddenly Hannibal screamed, not a scream of fear or cowardice, but of terrible defiance. The peons at the noontime meal slid to their knees and crossed themselves. The wild birds ceased their chattering. Far away cattle trembled, bolted, and ran.

Then Mahama shouted at Hannibal in his native tongue and sharply prodded him with a little goad.

The elephant began to tremble, his muscles relaxed, and he was soon the obedient animal again. But as he ambled back to the bridge, he would now and then look anxiously at the Cordillera.° Something had called to him from the peaks.

[18] Mahama talked to Waite about it.

"Eez strange things ober dere?" pointing to the range. "De beast smell someting not heez friend. He get mad. Ven he cry like dat, mooch trouble coming."

"Jaguars and all kinds of wildcats are over there," explained Waite. "The jaguar is like the lion of your country, only worse. Perhaps Hannibal smelt one."

"Dat 's eet. De day is varm, de leon get hot skin, and de air blow ober it. Dat Hannibal smell. He no like leon and leon no like him. Ooch! Hannibal no 'fraid."

[19] Through the afternoon and the succeeding fortnight Hannibal performed his duties faithfully, but daily he

scented the wind to see if that call from the jungle might come back to him, and daily the winds, which had shifted their direction, brought him no message. Mahama made for him a rough harness, and he not only lifted immense burdens, but hauled them. The peons came to admire him, and when they saw how gently he would wind his trunk about Tom, Mahama, or even Waite, and set them on his back, they developed great faith in his amiability and powers.

[20] The flooring of the bridge was down and the side braces well set when one morning there came riding out of the west a Mexican sugar-cane planter, whose horse bolted when it saw Hannibal, and had to be led away, while its rider came ahead on foot and asked Tom for Waite. To Waite he explained that for two days past a jaguar from the mountains had been ravaging his flocks and young herds. He was unprovided with suitable weapons to hunt the beast, but had tracking dogs. Would the American lend him a rifle for the chase?

Waite was only too glad to give the planter two excellent guns and explain how they should be used. The planter said that the jaguar only raided the domestic animals when extremely hungry, and therefore more than usually savage. He had heard from the native Indians that wild-animal feeding had been scarce on the range that year, and that the pumas and jaguars had been hunting in the lowlands.

"The jaguar is the king," he said. "When he is much hungry, señor, he is not afraid to take you or me."

"They have not come near our camp yet," replied Waite, "but the large amount of fresh meat we serve ought to draw them in if they're hungry."

"They will come," answered the Mexican, "when they know we are fighting them. They will come when

you least expect it — they are not afraid except of guns. *Adios, señor!*"

But two days passed, and nothing more was heard of the jaguar raids. The animal is one of the fiercest known, a cat of extraordinary size and quickness, a better general and a harder fighter than the famed lion.

[21] The morning of the third day after the planter's visit opened blazing hot. The sun made the Del Norte's waters look like molten glass, and on the bridge the heat was so deadly that Waite called off his men, and with Tom and Hannibal went down to the water-pool for a swim. All three were in the water, and Hannibal having a riot with his spoutings, when suddenly a light breeze came rippling in from the mountains. They were but two miles from the bridge, the level between the river and the foot-hills being covered with cane-brake.

[22] Hannibal caught the first whiffs of the wind, and suddenly his playing stopped. The call had come again! He recognized it. It was in that wind, it was threat and defiance, a challenge his ancestors had met through all the ages of elephant life. He was out of the water on the instant, Tom clinging to his tail.

Once on the bank, the elephant wheeled about so that he faced the cane-brake. His eyes were blazing. Little hairs on parts of his body stood upright like spear-points. He was braced in every muscle of his body, and he screamed, not once, but thrice, prodigious trumpetings that shivered the hot atmosphere. Literally, to whatever was beyond in the brake, he cried:

"Come on! I'm waiting! I'm not afraid! Come on and meet your master!"

Mahama rushed in, crying

"Me leetle one, me pet, me precious one, eet eez nutting!"

It was the language of the East Indian to his comrade and friend, but he might just as well have talked to the mountains. Twice had the wind brought Hannibal the call. No longer could it be ignored.

[23] He made for the bridge, Tom, having partly got on his clothes, chasing after him, his goad in hand.

"He scents the jaguar!" Waite shouted. "Don't let him get away, or he'll run all over the country after that smell!"

Mahama hung back. Like all his kind, he had great respect and fear for "the leon," as he would call it. When Tom gained the bridge shortly after Hannibal, he found the resting peons scattered in every direction. The screams of the elephant and his charge up the bank had nearly driven them out of their wits.

But this was not all Tom saw. As his eye ran along the bridge, it rested at the farther end on a thing of yellow-black, a long, lithe thing, with switching tail, blazing eyes, and snarling lips that curled back over ivory-white fangs. Hungry, desperate, the jaguar had come down from the range, through the brake, in all the riotous heat, and now for life or death faced that which it had never seen before, but by savage instinct hated.

[24] It was Hannibal that started the combat. He was mad; he had been mad for days, brooding over that scent from the mountains. Now it was in front of him, and he proposed to get it out of his nostrils once for all. He trumpeted again, and went straight for the cat, which, lightly leaping to a brace beam, crouched, drew up, and suddenly shot straight through the air for the right shoulder-point of the elephant.

But Hannibal was wary. He had fought relatives of the jaguar in his free youth, and he had measured their

cunning. He slipped from under the leap as a wrestler might evade an opponent, getting a slight scratch, but tumbling the jaguar in a sprawling heap on the bridge.

[25] Without thinking that the cat might turn on him, Tom shouted:

"Go it, Hannibal! Get him!"

In running from the pool to the camp to get a weapon, Waite had fallen and wrenched his ankle, and his native servants having fled, he lay helpless on the hillside while the combat went on. Every time he tried to rise a wave of faintness swept over him. Mahama was down in the water-pool, silently praying that the cat, after it finished Hannibal and Tom, might not reach him.

[26] As the jaguar gathered itself for another spring, this time having no elevation to work from, Hannibal charged. His eyes were bloodshot now and a thin line of foam swept his under lip. The elephant knew that he must get the brass-pointed tusk tips into the cat and hurl his weight upon it or he was lost.

All the Mexican landscape was purple and gold, flowers of every hue here, the towering cane there. The cat leaped straight this time for the blazing eyes of the elephant, ready to cling to anything in which its claws could work while the fangs did the rest. Hannibal's trunk moved with almost incredible swiftness, and his head came very low. The cat got a smashing blow on the ribs and slid over his back, ripping here and cutting there, but getting no grip. Again, much short of wind, it went to the bridge floor.

[27] Before it could fully recover and crouch for a new leap, Hannibal whirled, and came on it furiously.

Tom's voice rang out, "Bully boy, get him!"

The tusks did their work, the weight of Hannibal did the rest. A whirlwind of dust arose, screams and

growls filled the air, then one great trumpet from Hannibal, a lifting of his head, a high spiral of his trunk. The fierce thing that had troubled his peaceful life of work on the bridge was dead under his feet.

[28] He was bleeding from half a dozen ugly wounds, but alive and triumphant. Tom ran in on him and gave the order to leave the bridge.

Mahama came out of the pool and tenderly nursed Hannibal's wounds. None were extremely serious. He would be fit for work in the morning, although a little sore. Tom found Waite where he lay, helpless on the hillside and had him taken into camp. Then boy and man and Hannibal went down to the finished bridge, where the flood-waters of the Rio del Norte were beginning to rush about piers that held. Far to the west the oxen-hauled, jolting cane carts had started for their first journey over the new right of way.

Hannibal sniffed at the winds sweeping the turbulent waters. They were sweet and kindly. He turned toward the water-pool, first placing Waite on the ground.

"He has earned it," said Waite, and he let the peons carry him back to camp.

1. Tell how Tom happened to meet the engineer. What came of it? 2. What difficulties did Waite have in building this bridge? Why did his eyes "snap" when he looked at the path below? 3. Describe Hannibal at his work. 4. Show that he still had the feelings of a wild elephant. 5. How do tigers, panthers, and jaguars differ? 6. What news did the Mexican planter tell?

7. What do you consider the most thrilling scene in the story? Describe it in detail. 8. Show that Tom was a brave boy. 9. What truths had Tom discovered? 10. Explain "thought comrade of action"[10] and "new-old land."[12] 11. How are the derrick and the walking crane used?

12. Select the two sections you think best to read aloud. Practice them.

13. Get Kipling's "Just-So Stories" from the library and read the story about the elephant. 14. Conversation and discussion: Imagine what became of Tom, Mahama, and the elephant.

RIDING THE RIM ROCK

DALLAS LORE SHARP

Have you ever seen the cowboys in a wild west show of a circus perform their daring rides? Here is a story that tells you about the daily life of the cowboys of the West. It describes them taking a great herd of 4000 cattle on a seventeen days' journey through rough dangerous country to the town where they were to be shipped East.

Read silently:

[1] FROM P Ranch to Winnemucca is a seventeen-day drive through a desert of rim rock and greasewood and sage, which, under the most favorable of conditions, is beset with difficulty; but which, in the dry season, and with a herd of anything like four thousand, becomes an unbroken hazard. More than anything else on such a drive is feared the wild herd-spirit, the quick black temper of the cattle, that by one sign or another ever threatens to break the spell of the rider's power and sweep the maddened or terrorized herd to destruction. The handling of the herd to keep this spirit sleeping is ofttimes a thrilling experience.

[2] Some time before my visit to P Ranch, in Harney County, southeastern Oregon, in the summer of 1912, the riders had taken out a herd of four thousand steers on what proved to be one of the most difficult drives ever made to Winnemucca, the shipping station in northern Nevada.

[3] For the first two days on the trail the cattle were strange to each other, having been gathered from widely distant grazing-grounds, — from the Double O

and the Home ranches, — and were somewhat clannish and restive under the driving. At the beginning of the third day signs of real ugliness appeared. The hot weather and a shortage of water began to tell on the temper of the herd.

[4] The third day was long and exceedingly hot. The line started forward at dawn and all day long kept moving, with the sun cooking the bitter smell of sage into the air, and with the sixteen thousand hoofs kicking up a still bitterer smother of alkali dust that inflamed eyes and nostrils and coated the very lungs of the cattle. The fierce desert thirst was upon the herd long before it reached the creek where it was to bed for the night. The heat and the dust had made slow work of the driving, and it was already late when they reached the creek — only to find it dry.

[5] This was bad. The men were tired. But, worse, the cattle were thirsty, and Wade, the "boss of the buckaroos,"+ pushed the herd on toward the next rim rock, hoping to get down to the plain below to water before the end of the desert twilight. Anything for the night but a dry camp.

[6] They had hardly started on when a whole flank of the herd, as if by prearrangement, suddenly breaking away and dividing about two of the riders, tore off through the brush. The horses were as tired as the men, and before the chase was over the twilight was gray in the sage and it became necessary to halt at once and make camp where they were. They would have to go without water.

[7] The runaways were brought up and the herd closed in till it formed a circle nearly a mile around. This was as close as it could be drawn, for the cattle would not bed — lie down. They wanted water more than

+ buckaroos,[5] cowboys.

they wanted rest. Their eyes were red, their tongues raspy with thirst. The situation was a serious one.

[8] But camp was made. Two of the riders were sent back along the trail to bring up the "drags," while Wade with his other men circled the uneasy cattle, closing them in, quieting them, and doing everything possible to make them bed.

[9] But they were thirsty, and, instead of bedding, the herd began to "growl" — a distant mutter of throats, low, rumbling, ominous, as when faint thunder rolls behind the hills. Every plainsman fears the growl, for it usually is a prelude to the "milling," as it proved to be now, when the whole vast herd began to stir, slowly, singly, and without direction, till at length it moved together, round and round, a great compact circle, the multitude of clicking hoofs, of clashing horns, and chafing sides like the sound of rushing rain across a field of corn.

[10] Nothing could be worse for the cattle. The cooler twilight was falling, but, mingling with it, rose and thickened and spread the choking dust from their feet that soon covered them and shut out all but the dark wall of the herd from sight.

[11] Slowly, evenly swung the wall, round and round without a break. Only one who has watched a milling herd can know its suppressed excitement. To keep that excitement in check was the problem of Wade and his men. And the night had not yet begun.

[12] When the riders had brought in the drags and the chuck-wagon had lumbered up with supper, Wade set the first watch.

[13] Along with the wagon had come the fresh horses — and Peroxide Jim, a supple, powerful, clean-limbed buckskin, that had, I think, as fine and intelligent an animal-face as any I ever saw. And why should he

not have been saved fresh for just such a need as this? Are there not superior horses to match superior men — a Peroxide Jim to complement a Wade and so combine a real centaur, noble physical power controlled by noble intelligence? At any rate, the horse understood the situation, and though there was nothing like sentiment about the boss of the P Ranch riders, his faith in Peroxide Jim was complete.

[14] The other night horses were saddled and tied to the wheels of the wagon. It was Wade's custom to take his turn with the second watch; but, shifting his saddle to Peroxide Jim, he rode out with the four of the first watch, who, evenly spaced, were quietly circling the herd.

[15] The night, for this part of the desert, was unusually warm; it was close, silent, and without a sky. The near thick darkness blotted out the stars. There is usually a breeze at night over these highest rimrock plains that, no matter how hot the day, crowds the cattle together for warmth. To-night not a breath stirred the sage as Wade wound in and out among the bushes, the hot dust stinging his eyes and caking rough on his skin.

[16] Round and round moved the weaving, shifting forms, out of the dark and into the dark, a gray spectral line like a procession of ghosts, or some slow morris+ of the desert's sheeted dead. But it was not a line, it was a sea of forms; not a procession, but the even surging of a maelstrom* of hoofs a mile around.

[17] Wade galloped out on the plain for a breath of air and a look at the sky. A quick cold rain would quiet them; but there was no feel of rain in the darkness, no smell of it in the air. Only the powdery taste of bitter sage.

+ **morris**[16] (mŏr′ ĭs), a dance.
* **maelstrom**[16] (māl′ strŏm), whirlpool.

[18] The desert, where the herd had camped, was one of the highest of a series of tablelands, or benches, that lay as level as a floor, and rimmed by a sheer wall of rock over which it dropped to the bench of sage below. The herd had been headed for a pass, and was now halted within a mile of the rim rock on the east, where there was about three hundred feet of perpendicular fall.

[19] It was the last place an experienced plainsman would have chosen for a camp; and every time Wade circled the herd and came in between the cattle and the rim, he felt its nearness. The darkness helped to bring it near. The height of his horse brought it near — he seemed to look down from his saddle over it, into its dark depths. The herd in its milling was surely warping slowly in the direction of the precipice. But this was all fancy — the trick of the dark and of nerves, if a plainsman has nerves.

[20] At twelve o'clock the first guard came in and woke the second watch. Wade had been in his saddle since dawn, but this was his regular watch. More than that, his trained ear had timed the milling hoofs. The movement of the herd had quickened.

[21] If now he could keep them going and could prevent their taking any sudden fright! They must not stop until they stopped from utter weariness. Safety lay in their continued motion. So Wade, with the fresh riders, flanked them closely, paced them, and urged them quietly on. They must be kept milling, and they must be kept from fright.

[22] In the taut silence of the starless desert night, with the tension of the cattle at the snapping-point, any quick, unwonted sight or sound would stampede the herd — the sneezing of a horse, the flare of a match,

enough to send the whole four thousand headlong — blind, frenzied, tramping — till spent and scattered over the plain.

[23] And so, as he rode, Wade began to sing. The rider ahead of him took up the air and passed it on, until, above the stepping stir of the hoofs, rose the faint voices of the men, and all the herd was bound about by the slow, plaintive measure of some old song. It was not to soothe their savage breasts that the riders sang to the cattle, but to prevent the shock of any loud or sudden noise.

[24] So they sang and rode, and the night wore on to one o'clock, when Wade, coming up on the rim-rock side, felt a cool breeze fan his face, and caught a breath of fresh, moist wind with the taste of water in it.

[25] He checked his horse instantly, listening as the wind swept past him over the cattle. But they must already have smelled it, for they had ceased their milling. The whole herd stood motionless, the indistinct forms nearest him showing, in the dark, their bald faces lifted to drink the sweet wet breath that came over the rim. Then they started again, but faster, and with a rumbling from their hoarse throats that tightened Wade's grip on his reins.

[26] The sound seemed to come out of the earth, a low, rumbling mumble, as deep as the night and as wide as the plain, a thick, inarticulate bellow that stood every rider stiff in his stirrups.

[27] The breeze caught the dust and carried it back from the gray-coated, ghostly shapes, and Wade saw that they were still moving in a circle. If only he could keep them going! He touched his horse to ride on with them, when across the black sky flashed a vivid streak of lightning.

[28] There was a snort from the steers, a quick clap of horns and hoofs from within the herd, a tremor of the plain, a roar, a surging mass — and Wade was riding the flank of a wild stampede. Before him, behind him, beside him, pressing hard upon his horse, galloped the frenzied steers, and beyond them a multitude, borne on, and bearing him on, by the heave of the galloping herd.

[29] Wade was riding for his life. He knew it. His horse knew it. He was riding to turn the herd, too, — back from the rim, — as the horse also knew. The cattle were after water — water-mad — and would go over the precipice to get it, carrying horse and rider with them.

[30] Wade was the only rider between the herd and the rim. It was black as death. He could see nothing in the sage, could scarcely discern the pounding, panting shadows at his side; but he knew by the swish of the brush and the plunging of the horse that the ground was growing stonier, that they were nearing the rocks.

[31] To outrun the cattle seemed his only chance. If he could come up with the leaders he might yet head them off upon the plain and save the herd. There were cattle still ahead of him, — how many, what part of the herd, he could not tell. But the horse knew. The reins hung on his straight neck, while Wade, yelling and firing into the air, gave him the race to win, to lose.

[32] Suddenly they veered and went high in the air, as a steer plunged headlong into a draw almost beneath his feet. They cleared the narrow ravine, landed on bare rock, and reeled on.

[33] They were riding the rim. Close on their left bore down the flank of the herd, and on their right, under their very feet, was the precipice, so close that they felt its blackness — its three hundred feet of fall.

[34] A piercing, half-human bawl of terror told where a steer had been crowded over. Would the next leap crowd them over, too? Then Wade found himself racing neck and neck with a big white steer, which the horse, with marvelous instinct, seemed to pick from a bunch, and to cling to, forcing him gradually ahead, till, cutting him free from the bunch entirely, he bore him off into the sage.

[35] The group coming on behind followed the leader, and after them swung others. The tide was turning. Within a short time the whole herd had veered, and, bearing off from the cliffs, was pounding over the open plains.

[36] Whose race was it? It was Peroxide Jim's, according to Wade, for not by word or by touch of hand or knee had he been directed in the run. From the flash of the lightning the horse had taken the bit, had covered an indescribably perilous path at top speed, had outrun the herd and turned it from the edge of the rim rock, without a false step or a shaken nerve.

1. Which paragraph presents the problem on which the story is based? 2. Which paragraph sums up the feat of the story? 3. What four things affected the temper of the herd? 4. What prevented their camping without water? 5. Explain "make cattle bed," [8] "drags," [8] "growl," [9] "milling," [9] and "chuck wagon." [12] 6. Describe the night. Why was it harder to endure than usual? 7. Why was this a bad place to camp?

8. Why did Wade ride for two watches? 9. Look up *centaur* in the dictionary and tell why he and his horse were compared to a centaur. 10. Why did the men sing to the cattle? 11. What effect did the breeze have? 12. What caused the stampede? Why would it be dangerous? 13. Describe the ride on the rim. What did the horse do?

14. Write on the board all the good descriptive expressions. 15. Read the story aloud and try to see what is described.

16. Oral or written composition: Give another instance of unusual intelligence in a horse. 17. Get "Black Beauty" at the library. 18. Read "The Far West in Books and Stories" in the Fourth Reader.

THE DERRICK AND THE WIND

C. E. Dingwall

Have you ever seen a steeplejack or a trapeze actor perform wonderful feats high in the air on very slender footing? Or have you ever looked down from a great height and become dizzy from looking?

The following story is about the men whose daily work is at a great height above the street. As you read, imagine yourself in young Bodley's place. Could you do what he did?

[1] Young Bodley first entered our employ when we were at work on the Portland building, a twelve-story "skyscraper," and a fine job all round — steel skeleton construction, and two stories of granite, with some fourteen-ton columns at the entrance. Kirby was running the stone-setting outfit on the ground, Chapin and his crew erected the ironwork, and Larsen and a couple of helpers sent up the iron, as it is called, although of course it is steel.

[2] That was the usual disposition of the three riggers on the whole job, but Larsen, a day or two before, had insecurely fastened a fifteen-inch beam in the chain sling, and while it was being hoisted up to the eighth story through the interior court or light shaft, it slipped and came down. Several things happened before it brought up in the sub-basement, and Larsen was laid off for a week without pay, to meditate on his carelessness.

[3] Hooking in structural iron to be hoisted swiftly to the top of a tall building is always slippery business, so Foreman Chapin spent most of his time on the ground, and left the erection to one of the best of his gang. That

is why what happened brought about "Reddy" Bodley's enrolment as one of the regular crew of the contractors.

[4] If Larsen had not been neglectful, Chapin would not have needed to take his place slinging the iron. Therefore, the top gang would not have been short-handed; also, the work up there would not have been in charge of an irresponsible employé, who left the work on the five-o'clock whistle blast without seeing that everything was made fast and snug for the night.

[5] I was in the shanty office one afternoon when a red-haired lad, short and heavy, wafted in through the open door with the summer's breeze. He accosted me without hesitation.

"Do you want a rattling good engineer?" he asked.

An application for a job in that style commands attention; so, although we did not want an engineer, good or bad, just then, I asked him if he knew anything about derrick work.

"Been around derricks all my life, sir," said he.

"Are you a rigger?" I asked.

"Not exactly a rigger, sir," he replied, "but I know two half-hitches when I see them."

"Had any experience in high air work?" Every man cannot keep his head up on top of a tall building under construction.

"N-no, sir; but I've run an engine on all kinds of work — bridges and everything."

Unfortunately, engineers were plentiful in that quarry district, and we needed none. But good riggers with a sailor's steadiness on top work were scarce. I informed him that we could not use his services. He was much downcast. It appears from what he told us afterward

that he had been out of employment for a long time. He turned to go, and then stopped.

"Say, brother," he said, "let me have that job. I can hold my own till I get a chance at an engine; then I'll show you a few things about hoisting that you did n't know before."

I liked his confidence in his own powers, but had misgivings about letting a green hand risk his life on iron-work. However, his eye brightened, and he appeared so gladly expectant as he noted my hesitation in saying no, that I told him to go to the iron foreman.

[6] He hunted up Chapin, and Chapin sent him on top. He climbed up the eight ladders to where the erection gang was busy landing the stuff from the big boom derrick that pulled it up from the street.

[7] All about was a puzzle of guy-lines, tackle, beams, girders, and pieces of partly assembled trusses. The men ran about, although for pathway they had only the ironwork and a few planks scattered here and there, and for the most part their only footing was the flange of a beam in the iron frame of the building.

They thought no more of walking, or running, if necessary, out on a narrow five- or six-inch flange, away up a hundred feet and more in the air, than you or I would of crossing a down-town city street. After they had acquired confidence, they seldom hesitated to go anywhere. But, oh, the terror that comes over a new man if he suddenly makes a misstep, conscious of the awful emptiness between him and the earth, and thinks he is about to fall! His nerve is gone, never to return. Dangerous it is and always will be, but these men gave little thought to that — it was their daily bread. If the work had not had a certain pleasure for them, they would have been out of it long ago. No foolhardy and useless

feats were performed by this gang of Chapin's. All went about with little noise and no great appearance of haste.

[8] My friend Bodley, being put to work with this crew, was at first assigned to turning the winch of a small face derrick with a partner. It required no great amount of ability. Almost all the plank scaffolding was available for their use, and gave them plenty of broad footing. The dangerous work devolved on all but those who manned the winches.

[9] Bodley had been employed at the winch for an hour or so before he was ordered to lend a hand pulling in a load that hung from the derrick. He responded, and gingerly stepped to his work. He had not now the comfortable feeling of having a broad plank under him, but was moving about on the beams. He was careful and likewise slow. He thought he was doing satisfactorily, but he was not sure of himself, and could not put his best efforts into his task.

[10] Big Bill Collins, the foreman, had his eye on the new man. "Say, Reddy — you there, come here!" he called, gruffly. Bodley went to him.

"Who sent you up here?" said Collins.

"The iron foreman," Bodley replied.

"Well, you go down and tell him we don't want corn-field sailors up here, and then go into the basement and find the mortar man and work for him. That's where you belong."

It is no honor to work in the mortar gang, and Collins, of course, had no authority to shift a man to that department. Reddy Bodley was discharged. In good faith, however, he sought the mortar-bed, and told those at work there that he was ordered to join them. They gravely said no, they had no room for him, but to go to the terra-cotta setters.

[11] The terra-cotta setters were up on the fourth floor, setting window-sills, so up Reddy climbed. They in turn directed him to the brick foreman, and he sent him to Kirby of the stone-setting gang. And so on to all the branches of the work he was sent, only to be told that there was no room for him there, but that the next foreman, probably three or four floors up or down, was needing a man.

[12] It was one of the little jokes of the business. Reddy had been through it all before, but his anxiety to secure work had made him an easy subject. Finally he reached Chapin, and Chapin said they wanted a bookkeeper in the office. By that time Reddy realized that there was no place for him on the work.

[13] Instead of coming into the office, he turned to the ladders and began slowly and dejectedly to ascend to get his coat, which he had left on the top floor. The whistle blew for the end of the day's labor. He stood aside to let the stream of tired workers pass. No one had a thought for him. Not even those who had sent him along on his wild-goose chase gave him more than an uninterested glance. He was out of their minds. Their day's work was done and they were bound for home.

[14] Home! What was to be his home for to-night? Beneath the stars, as it had been many times before. That did not give him as much worry as the disappointment and chagrin that was doubly hard to bear because of his fresh, happy belief that he had secured a job. In climbing up the ladders to the eighth floor for his coat, he felt that he had never experienced such an interminable length of ladder or carried a heavier burden. Earlier in the afternoon he had run up blithely in glad anticipation. Now it was a monotonous and wearying

repetition of dragging one leaden foot after the other, round upon round.

[15] Collins, who had discharged Reddy, was only a temporary foreman. He was the best man, probably, in the crew, but he had been accustomed to have some one else do the thinking and worrying, and direct the tying up of the plant at quitting-time. So when the whistle blew, Collins hurried down with the rest of the men, forgetting that he was now chargeable with the safe condition of everything.

[16] For hoisting the iron we had a large boom derrick with a fifty-foot boom projecting out over the street. A fresh breeze had been blowing all day, and at a good velocity at that high altitude, and it pressed against the heavy boom, which is free to swing laterally, and caused it to pull and tug at the rope that attached it to a steel column. Had the rope parted, the consequences would not have been serious, but the stout manila held. It was a rather long line, and allowed the boom to swing abreast of the wind, get its full force, and pull hard at the column, which felt the strong pressure and began to give.

[17] When Reddy arrived on top, one bolt had already succumbed to the tension. This bolt rang loudly as it struck and glanced off the beams in its downward course, and landed on the roof of the sidewalk protection, under which Lane, the contractor, was standing.

[18] Lane instantly ran across the street, looked up, and saw the column being coaxed out of plumb by the steady pull of the boom. The other bolt felt the strain. It needed but little more tilting of the column to destroy its equilibrium. Should it swing free and be suspended by the rope, the danger would be great. How long the strands would hold was problematical — possibly till

they felt the full weight of the column, which would be but a fraction of a second.

[19] Being a wall column, and having to support not only its share of the floors, but also the brick outside wall, the column was made strong and consequently heavy. Below was a narrow thoroughfare, crowded with people, all unconscious of any danger.

[20] Looking up through the maze of beams, Lane saw a man walking out to the column. Reddy had been about to descend after putting on his coat, when he saw the column heavily swaying to and fro, as if vacillating between yielding to the pull of the boom and remaining in the place that man intended it for. Reddy grasped the situation, realized the danger to the multitude below, and immediately hurried to the rescue.

Confidently but slowly he stepped out on the single beam that led to the wall line. The column tipped and wavered for an instant at what seemed must be its extreme limit of divergence from the perpendicular. Half an inch more and it must surely come down.

"Hurry! Hurry!" muttered Lane, between clenched teeth. But the puff of wind relented, and the column resumed for the time being its upright position.

[21] Reddy was perhaps halfway across when his foot caught, or he probably thought it caught, and instantly there came over him a realization of the awfulness of a fall. Blind terror seized him, and he sat down, straddling the beam, holding on in a death-like grip; had the beam been of wood his finger-nails would have marked it. His eyes started from their sockets, and he stared fixedly downward. Down, down, down, nothing but air, except the hard iron that would play with and throw back and forth the fragments of his poor body should he fall. To him for the time there was no bottom, no

street full of people, no column, no malicious derrick. But only for a minute was his mind thus paralyzed and his muscles rigid. His will awoke. He recovered and pushed out toward the column, continuing to straddle the iron with his feet on the lower flange.

[22] Reaching the column, he slowly drew himself up until he stood alongside of it. Only one who has been affected by fear at a great height can appreciate his action. He grasped the tightened rope and tried to pull on it, but the strain was too great. He could not haul in the boom against the wind.

Lane stood on tiptoe, with eager eyes fastened on Reddy, and excitedly motioned with his hand, as if showing Reddy the right way to accomplish the thing.

Passers-by perceived his distorted features, followed his glance, saw a workman away up on the partly constructed building, where they had seen many often before, marveled, perhaps, at the recklessness of the men employed in that business, and carelessly continued on their way homeward.

[23] Not accomplishing his purpose by main strength, Reddy resorted to strategy. He unfastened the knot of the rope, and keeping one turn about the column, he slacked off on the line, and at the same time pushed that part of the rope that encircled the column downward. Finally it was down to the base. Now, not being under control of the wayward boom, the column resumed its upright position. Then it was easy for Reddy to double a back bight+ of the rope round the beam on which he now sat, and throw off the line altogether from the column.

[24] We saw him slowly crawl backward, and Lane feared he would not finish his job and replace the broken

+ **bight** [23] (bīt), a loop in rope.

bolt. But in a minute he again reappeared, painfully sliding and pushing himself out on the beam with a bolt in his hand. The hole in the column and the hole in the member below did not jibe, so Reddy again made his terrifying journey through space, this time bringing a small bar, with which he worked the recreant column into place, and slipped in the bolt.

[25] Then he gave his attention to the boom. He slacked off on it until it swung round away from the wind's influence. By using his straddling method of locomotion on the beams, — a method despised by any of Chapin's crew, — he went over and lashed it firmly. A very complete job he made.

[26] Lane asked me who he was, and I told him of the circumstances of Reddy's appearance on the job. When Reddy came down, Lane said to him, "Everything all fast up on top?"

"Everything's all right, sir," replied Reddy, touching his hat.

"Come round to-morrow morning if you want to go to work." That was all Lane said, and there was not much kindness in his tone, but it was pleasant to Reddy's ears. He drew enough of an advance from his prospective wages for a decent lodging, and the next morning he took an engine.

[27] Reddy has been with us now some four years, and on big jobs is chief engineer of the outfit. If there is any one who can play with a balky, rusted hoisting-engine and make it sing better than Reddy Bodley, we have yet to find him.

1. What groups of men were working on this skyscraper? Which work should you like least to do? 2. Read as dialogue section 5, making up the speeches not given. Why did Reddy get the job? Show that each question was important.

3. Why was he sent up on top with the riggers? What did he do up there? Why was he sent below? 4. What joke was played on him? Why did he climb the ladder a second time? How did he feel this time? Why?

5. Was Collins a good foreman? Give two reasons for your answer. 6. What made the contractor look up from the street? Why was the danger so great? 7. Why was Reddy's action more brave than the same thing done by a rigger? 8. Explain exactly what he did. 9. Show that he was brave and persistent and would finish a thing right. Who would make the better foreman on a job, he or Collins? Why? 10. Pick out qualities throughout the story to show his "good stuff."

11. Find the sections that give (*a*) the application, (*b*) the joke on Reddy, and (*c*) the thrilling job by a greenhorn. Read these aloud.

12. Read "The Buckaroo" in the Fifth Reader and tell why that story is like this. 13. Bring to class pictures of skyscrapers.

14. Read "The Thinker" on page 133.

HOW THE TROLLEY CAR RUNS

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

Have you ever wondered what makes the trolley car run? If you have ever thought about that, you will be interested in the following selection, for it answers a number of questions that are often asked about trolleys.

When you finish reading a paragraph turn to the questions at the end of the selection and see if you can answer them. If you cannot, read the paragraph again, for you have missed an important thought.

Read silently:

[1] IF you roll a marble on a carpeted floor, it goes at first fast, then more and more slowly, then stops. The

strength of your hand provided the power to make the marble roll, and the friction of the carpet and the air made it stop. If there had been no carpet, the friction would have been less, and therefore the marble would have rolled farther. To keep anything in motion, then, we must provide power and lessen friction. In moving cars, the friction is lessened by laying smooth rails of steel. The power used to move street-cars is generally electricity. Just what electricity is, nobody fully understands; but how it behaves is pretty well known.

[2] For one thing, it likes to travel through certain substances, and not through others. A substance through which it travels easily is called a "good conductor"; one through which it does not travel easily is called a "poor conductor." Steel, for example, is good, and glass is poor. When glass separates steel or any other good conductor from other substances, the steel is said to be insulated, or *put on an island*, which is the meaning of the word. Glass is always put between lightning rods and a house in order to insulate the rod. The lightning then will follow the rod down into the earth, and will not pass through the glass to the house. A path provided for the passage of electricity is called a "circuit." When this path is clear and free, the circuit is said to be "closed"; if the path is broken anywhere, it is said to be "broken" or "opened."

[3] In the power house of an electric road there is a machine called a "generator," which produces electricity. This electricity travels along the trolley wire, is brought down by the pole to the motors under the car which drive the car wheels, and travels along the rails back to the power house. In that case the circuit is closed; but if a rail or an overhead wire is broken,

or if no car is on the track to make the connection between the wire and the rails, the circuit is open. The generator may continue to produce electricity, but the electricity will not travel on the circuit unless the circuit is closed. It will, however, jump a short distance. During an ice storm, when the wire is loaded with ice, a non-conductor, you can sometimes see brilliant colors at the trolley wheel as the car moves along. These are produced as the electricity jumps over a piece of ice to the wire beyond it. A broken rail will make an open circuit.

[4] Repairs to rails are especially expensive in a city because the pavement has to be taken up in order to replace them; therefore the tracks are laid with the greatest care, and the rails are either welded or clamped together with steel plates; or else melted metal is poured into a mold at their junction, and after it is cooled, is ground off so smooth that no bump is felt in riding over it.

[5] The motorman must be able to control the speed of the car easily and quickly. This can be done by two handles. One puts on the brakes; the other increases or lessens the electricity or shuts it off altogether, if that is desired. If the rails are slippery, a wheel may skid. Where the wheel rubs on the rail, a flat place is worn. This becomes larger with use, and a disagreeable noise and jarring motion are the result. Sand sprinkled on the track makes friction, and so prevents skidding and saves the wheel.

[6] The electricity needed to light the cars also comes from the power house; but it has a special little circuit of its own, running from the wire to the track, and passing through the lamps. Heat, too, comes from the electricity. Even though wire is a good conductor,

there is, nevertheless, some opposition to the passage of electricity through it. Whenever there is opposition, there is heat. The wire of the heater becomes heated, but it is so slender and so exposed to the air that whatever heat it receives soon passes off. To warm a car, the current is passed through coils of wire, so that the heat radiated from a long stretch of wire is concentrated into a small space. The woodwork is protected by a metal case. The heater is usually placed under the seats of the car with a grating in front of it. There are several switches so that the amount of current can be regulated according to the weather.

[7] Although we speak of "trolley cars," the real "trolley" is not a car by any means, but only the small but very necessary wheel that rolls along the overhead wire. The word itself comes from an old word meaning a *little ball*. In England a two-wheeled handcart is called a trolley; and the trolley of the electric cars really resembles this. The wheel is usually made of gun metal, and is held against the wire by the pole. Inside the pole is a wire which carries the electricity to the car. The pole itself is made with a cunning arrangement of springs, contrived to keep the pressure of the trolley wheel upon the wire just the same, whether the wire is taut or sagging.

[8] Trolley wires and their supports are no ornament to a city, and in case of fire they are sometimes a great inconvenience. There are two ways of avoiding their use. One is by putting the wires underground; the other is by giving each car its own "storage battery"; that is, an apparatus for storing electricity. When wires are put underground, they are insulated and laid into a conduit or trough below the street level. A narrow slot extends the whole length of the line, and through

this what is called the "plough" reaches down from the car and touches two conductors. The electricity passes from one conductor to the plough, through the motor, and back to the other conductor. To build such a road is far more expensive than one with overhead wires, and it has not been found as reliable as the trolley system. Nevertheless, New York City has several hundred miles of conduits for electric-car wires.

[9] Electric locomotives have been very successful. They can easily draw a light train at the rate of seventy miles an hour, and can take their power from an overhead wire, or from what is called the "third rail." This rail is between the track rails or just beyond them, and is connected with a generator at a power station. A much larger amount of electricity can be taken from this rail than from a trolley wire, and therefore this system has been successful in drawing heavy loads. It is not without danger unless well protected, for the third rail carries enough electricity to kill any one who touches it, under certain conditions. Indeed, it is a safe rule never to touch a wire unless you can see both ends of it.

[10] Steam has one great advantage over electricity; a locomotive manufactures its power as it goes along, while electricity must be obtained from a power station, and in going a long distance there is considerable loss of power. An attempt has been made to make an electric locomotive which should be really a small "power plant on wheels," and produce its own electricity; but it did not pay. The ideal way to provide power for a car would be to give it a storage battery. It would then require neither overhead nor underground wires. It would have to be light, cheap, certain in its action, and easily controlled. With such a battery a

train need have no connection with a power station. The use of the storage battery has, however, not as yet been found practicable for ordinary railway purposes.

[11] Laying rails is costly; and in both England and the United States, the experiment has been tried of running electric cars without rails. In many country places trolleys would be very welcome; and with this advantage the number of residents would probably increase. Nevertheless, people do not care to risk their money in building an expensive road on an uncertainty. Putting up poles to hold a trolley wire, however, is a matter of small cost, and if the cars could use the highway without tracks, there would generally be little difficulty in raising the funds necessary for such a road.

[12] A trolley will bring to a country district mail, express, and freight. It will not only make it easy for the people living in lonely farmhouses to go to the nearest city, but it will carry to market timber, milk, fruit, vegetables — anything that the farmers have to sell, and save them the long haul to the steam road or the still longer one to a city. From a famous peach farm in New England, fifty carloads of peaches were loaded into wagons, carried to the steam cars, and then to Boston. The following year the steam road had built a connecting trolley line running by the farm. The peaches were picked during the day, loaded into the freight cars of the steam road, hauled by an electric locomotive, carried directly to Boston without change from the farmer's gate to the city, and were on sale at six o'clock the morning after they were picked. The crop consisted of one hundred and fifty carloads, and was marketed at one third of the cost of marketing the fifty carloads of the previous year. A cross-country

trolley line brings the farmer much nearer his market and also acts as a "feeder" to the steam road; that is, it provides the road with passengers and freight. This applies not only to short trips, but also to long journeys. People are influenced by very small things, and even a journey of two or three hundred miles does not seem so long if a trolley is at hand ready to carry you to the station.

[13] When trolley lines were first built, there was great alarm lest their low fares and frequent trips should work an injury to the steam roads; but even when both roads run cars between the same places, the steam road has in many cases gained rather than lost. The reason is that the convenience and cheapness of the trolley have brought large numbers of people to make their homes is the country. This increases the amount of freight to be hauled; then, too, many passengers, because of the greater speed of the steam cars or some convenience of terminal or some other reason, travel by the steam road.

[14] The trolleys do a great deal for the country people, but they do fully as much for the city folk, not only by carrying them wherever they wish to go, but by relieving what are called the "congested districts." In every large city manufactories center in some one particular portion of the city, and to live near it is a convenience for the workmen. When many people wish to live in the same place, rents in that place become high, and tenements are stuffed with people who are uncomfortable and are often sick and suffering for lack of air and sunshine. Such places as these are the crowded or "congested districts." Many of these people would be glad to spend a little more time going to their work if they could live more comfortably. Houses can be

built on land which lies away from the center of the city, and is therefore cheaper. Rents will then be so much less that if a man can be sure of a trolley service that is safe, rapid, convenient, and cheap, he can afford to pay car fare instead of high rent. Great Britain and Belgium have run workmen's trains morning and night at four cents for twenty-four miles. Cleveland, Ohio, has a sliding scale of fares intended to give transportation at cost. In ancient times a "city" included the land that it could defend. To-day, whatever limits are on the map, a city really includes the land which rapid transit brings within cheap and easy reach of the business and manufacturing districts.

¶ 1. What two things must we do to keep something moving? How do street cars do these? How do railroad trains do them?

¶ 2. Which five expressions are explained? Tell what each means. Why does not the lightning rod set the house on fire? How does a lightning rod work? What should you say happened if you broke the glass between the lightning rod and the house?

¶ 3. Describe the journey of the electricity in a trolley system. What two things would make the electricity fail to work?

¶ 4. Describe the care taken in laying rails. Why such care?

¶ 5. How does the motorman regulate the speed of his car? Watch on your next trolley ride and tell what he does. Why does he sprinkle sand on the track?

¶ 6. How is a street car lighted and heated?

¶ 7. What is the real trolley?

¶ 8. Tell two ways in which trolley wires are avoided.

¶ 9. In what two ways does the electric locomotive get its power? What is the difference?

¶ 10. How do a steam and an electric locomotive differ?

¶ 11. Give an advantage in running trolleys without rails.

¶ 12. What are the advantages of trolleys?

¶ 13. Why is it profitable to have both trolley and steam car systems?

¶ 14. How does a city profit from a trolley line? What four things should trolley service be? What does the modern city include?

Hold a debate: *Resolved*, That the trolley car benefits the city more than the country.

THE THINKER

BERTON BRALEY

Did it ever occur to you that somebody's thought is responsible for everything that is done or made?

The clothespin and the towering building alike had to be planned by some one. There is a Thinker, a Dreamer, a Planner, for every tool that has been made, for every appliance, every labor-saving device, for every project that demands manual work, or labor with the hands, to accomplish it.

The Thinker, then, means the Inventor, the Discoverer, or the man with brains, who as superintendent or construction engineer sets tasks for the man who works with his hands and gives the necessary directions to have the task done.

Here is a poem in which big thoughts challenge you in every line. See if you can find them.

1 BACK of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the Thought,
The thought that is ever Master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel.

2 The drudge may fret and tinker
Or labor with lusty blows,
But back of him stands the Thinker,
The clear-eyed man who knows;
For into each plow or saber,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the brains of labor,
Which gives the work a soul.

3 Back of the motor's humming,
Back of the bells that sing,
Back of the hammer's drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the Eye which scans them,
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the Mind which plans them —
Back of the brawn, the Brain.

4 Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust,
But back of them stands the schemer,
The Thinker who drives things through,
Back of the job — the Dreamer
Who's making the dream come true.

1. Which trades or occupations are suggested in the poem? Read aloud the lines that suggest a blacksmith shop, a foundry, great steel mills, a skyscraper in process of building, great factories and furnaces. The poet had machinery especially in mind.

2. Which is superior, — brawn or brain? Why? 3. Why are *Thought*,[1] *Master*,[1] *Thinker*,[2] *Eye*,[3] *Mind*,[3] *Brain*,[3] and *Dreamer*[4] capitalized? For what do they stand?

4. How does this poem show that education is helpful to success? What else is necessary?

5. Who gets more recognition for his work in money and in praise, — the architect who draws the plan for a great building or the hod carrier who helps with his hands to build the foundations? Why? 6. Prove that both have "labored." How did the labor differ? 7. Prove that we need both labor of brain and labor of hands. Give examples of both.

8. Read Mackay's "Tubal Cain" in Riverside Reader V. 9. Read "Iron the Everyday Metal" in the Fifth Reader. 10. Write on the board a list of all the things you can think of that somebody invented.

11. Memorize the poem.

THE APPLICATION

GARDNER HUNTING

Every one who draws a salary, from office boy to bank president, is selling something to earn the money. The office boy is selling neat appearance, punctuality, politeness, and readiness to do whatever is asked of him. The bank president is selling his honesty and good judgment, and his ability to oversee a responsible organization.

In the following story pick out the things that the stranger says the boy should have offered to sell, to be worth a job.

[1] "You don't *deserve* a job!"

The tall young man who had stood beside Billy Lanford in the office of the Carrigan Construction Company had followed him out and now stood at his elbow in the street, apparently with the sole purpose of delivering his decidedly personal comment.

[2] Billy had just failed to secure the place of timekeeper for which he had applied. He had wanted the place very much indeed, he believed; he had made up his mind to earn money this summer, and the timekeeper at Carrigan's received ten dollars a week for what Billy had understood was only very moderate exertion. Now the sudden sharp criticism from a stranger sounded like a gratuitous insult. Billy flared.

"Well, say!" he began.

[3] "Don't get angry now," interrupted the other, his bright brown eyes holding Billy's steadily. "You thought you could get that job when you went in there, did n't you?"

[4] Billy wanted to answer sharply and escape. But the very unusualness of the attack waked his curiosity.

"Of course I thought I could get it," he answered.

[5] "Why?"

Billy found himself at a momentary loss for an answer.

"You told Andy Jaynes, the manager, that you'd had no experience, did n't you?"

[6] "Yes, but —"

[7] "You did n't like the idea of getting to the gate at seven-thirty in the morning, did you?"

[8] "I did n't say any such —"

[9] "No; you only looked it. You were surprised that you would have to stay till six-thirty at night, were n't you?"

[10] Billy stopped answering. He was angry; but he felt the blood rise slowly in a hot wave over his cheeks and neck, and he found it hard to continue looking resentfully up into the brown eyes.

[11] "And you resented the idea that the timekeeper had to help in the shipping-room when he was off the gate, did n't you?"

[12] Billy backed away against the fence. He wanted to shout aloud a denial of this series of charges; but he could not say a word. He knew that there was truth in every one of them.

[13] "Jaynes knew how you felt," asserted his unpleasant new acquaintance. "Both he and I saw you were trying to cheat him."

[14] "Cheat him!"

[15] "Certainly. You had nothing to sell, had you? Neither experience, nor knowledge, nor willingness to work. All you wanted was to get his ten dollars a week and get it easy; you had no notion of being *worth* ten dollars a week, had you?"

[16] The young man stood silent a moment, waiting. Billy Lanford was raging. He was angry enough to

strike; but he knew that what had been said to him was not unjust, and that fact held his tongue and hand.

[17] "Do you know what you have done this morning?" asked his accuser. "You've started a reputation!"

[18] Then the man turned away. Billy was left alone, standing with his back to the fence, his hands gripping the pickets behind him, his face and his heart burning as he had never known them to burn before.

[19] A volunteered reprimand from an utter stranger! It was some minutes before Billy turned and walked slowly away down the street, hardly knowing where he meant to go. It had been bad enough to think of going home and reporting his failure. Now, he felt as if he had been whipped, and for something too downright disgraceful to report at all.

[20] Who the man might be, or how he had happened to see and hear the application to Mr. Jaynes, Billy did not know. It was very strange that he should have gone out of his way to denounce an action that did not concern him. It was certainly very officious of him.

[21] The town in which Billy lived was a large one. It seemed improbable that he would ever meet the stranger again. He would be unlikely ever again to see Mr. Jaynes of the Carrigan Construction Company. Billy had heard of the vacant position through a man his father knew in the Carrigan office. That man need hear only that Billy had not secured the place. What did the fellow mean when he said, "You've started a reputation!"

"A reputation as a cheat!" Billy said half aloud involuntarily. "It's so. They saw; both of them saw through me. I'm a cheap little shirk, and I'm not worth any one's ten dollars a week. And they both know it."

[22] The boy's mind was stung to the quick. His conscience was stirred.

"I must go and get a place to work somewhere, now," he thought. "I must! I've got to *prove* that chap wrong."

[23] He hurried on and on, thinking, planning, squirming under the memory of the scathing rebuke he had received. Then it occurred to him that the criticism, if not merely an ill-natured affront, must have had a friendly impulse.

"He told me where my mistake was," said the boy to himself. "What did he do it for?"

As he remembered it now, there appeared to have been no contempt in the young man's tone. There had been only a sharp incisiveness and an earnest effort to convince.

[24] Billy's ideas grew clearer. That last phrase about reputation — he must go back and try to change the impression he had created at Carrigan's.

He was two miles from the construction company's offices when he reached this conclusion. He remembered Andrew Jaynes's shrewd gaze, and shrank from the prospect of facing it again.

[25] But an hour and a half after the talk at the picket fence Billy Lanford stood again at the railing beside Mr. Jaynes's desk.

"I came back, Mr. Jaynes," he said.

[26] The manager's gray eyes narrowed in puzzled fashion for an instant; then he asked:

"What for?"

[27] "Because I — I'm ashamed of having applied as I did — of thinking only about the salary, and not about the work. I — a man who heard me talk to you — told me I showed what I was thinking of, by that. And I came back to square myself."

[28] Mr. Jaynes leaned back in his chair. "And you came back here to tell me this?"

[29] "Yes, sir." Billy flushed.

[30] "The timekeeper's job was filled this morning."

[31] "I suppose so."

[32] "Then why do you suppose I care anything about you or your application?"

[33] Billy felt rebuffed. "I have n't any idea you do," he answered. "But I'd like you to know that I did have a decent idea of earning the money I want to get."

[34] Mr. Jaynes wrote a few words on a slip of paper and then pointed to a glass door across the office.

"Take this to Mr. Walter Carrigan, in that room," he said.

[35] Billy took the slip and obeyed the direction. He knocked at the glass door and opened it. Then he stood still with amazement. The man standing by a window was the man who had talked to him in the street.

[36] "Are you — are you Mr. Carrigan?" stammered Billy.

[37] "I'm Mr. Carrigan, junior," replied the young man.

[38] "I've come back," said Billy.

[39] "I knew you would if you had any self-respect. "That's why I said what I did to you. I thought you looked like a boy who only needed waking up."

[40] Billy stood silent a moment. Then he said, "Mr. Carrigan, I know the timekeeper's job is filled, but I want a chance to — to show you —"

[41] Mr. Carrigan smiled, as Billy hesitated and stopped. "I am quite sure you do," he answered. "That's why you came back. And I think I can find a place for a boy who feels that way."

1. What sort of reputation had Billy started? Quote from the stranger's remarks to prove it. 2. Can you explain why the stranger

took so much interest in Billy? 3. How was Billy tempted not to do right in "squaring himself"? 4. What two humiliations did Billy have to endure? Why? 5. Why did Mr. Carrigan give him a job? 6. How do personal appearance and manner count in getting a job? Tell what a boy should do to look at his best.

7. Read aloud sections 1–17, 25–34, and 35–41. 8. Play the story in three scenes. Act it before the class or the school. 9. Read "The Boy that Recommended Himself" in the Riverside Fifth Reader.

FIND A WAY

John G. Saxe

The greatest thing that a boy and a girl can carry with them out into the world to win success is GRIT. Here is a poem based upon a story of a noble Roman who would not admit that a castle fortress was too hard to capture.

"On, on!" cried the valiant Roman. "I'll find a way, or make it!"

If nobody else has done the thing you want to do, so that you can follow in his footsteps, do as the noble Roman did, make your own road to success. Either follow the best way that others have made, or have enough initiative to hoe out your own path. But never give up. Don't be the "coward croaker," or the "quitter," of the poem.

It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
Before the castle, say,
"They're safe in such a fortress;
There is no way to shake it!"
"*On!* on!" exclaimed the hero,
"*I'll find a way, or make it!*"

Is Fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high;

In vain you seek her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh:
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it,
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"*I'll find a way, or make it!*"

3 Is Learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode;
Who feels the thirst for knowledge
In Helicon° may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will,
To "*find a way, or make it!*"

4 Are Riches worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought;
With wishing and with fretting,
The boon can not be bought;
To *all* the prize is open,
But only *he* can take it,
Who says, with Roman courage,
"I'LL FIND A WAY, OR MAKE IT!"

1. Why are Fame, Learning, and Riches printed with capitals? 2. What kinds of roads must one travel to reach Fame and Learning? Why? 3. Find the lines that say that mere wishing and longing will never bring one anything. 4. Find the lines that point out that Hard Work is the thing that will win Learning or Riches. 5. Does the poet say that everybody has a chance to win Fame? What two things does everybody have a chance to win?

6. What is your greatest ambition? Which stanza expresses it? Memorize that stanza. 7. Which ten pupils can memorize the poem first? 8. What other poems of John G. Saxe have you read in these Readers? How do they differ from this poem? 9. Find "The Blind Men and the Elephant" in a school Reader and read it.

COLUMBUS

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH
(klŭf)

We laud the men who first crossed the Atlantic in an aëroplane as heroes of the finest kind. But think how much greater was the achievement that Columbus made! To-day we know the surface of the world. In his day it was unknown. To-day ships are perfected to meet the dangers of a raging sea. In his day the Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria were mere shells, hardly fit to face a terrible storm. Columbus's ships were as well adapted to brave the sea as were the first sea-going airships to brave the currents of the air.

The marvel of Columbus's splendid lonely courage is brought out in this poem by an Englishman. He speaks of other great explorers. Why does Columbus head them all?

1 How in the world did Columbus get over
Is a pure wonder to me, I protest;
Cabot, and Raleigh too, that well-read rover,
Frobisher, Dampier, Drake, and the rest.
Bad enough all the same,
For them that after came,
But, in great Heaven's name,
How *he* should ever think
That on the other brink
Of this wild waste, terra firma° should be,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

2 How a man ever should hope to get thither,
E'en if he knew that there was another side;
But to suppose he should come any whither,
Sailing straight on into chaos untried, —
In spite of the motion
Across the whole ocean,
To stick to the notion
That in some nook or bend
Of a sea without end
He should find North and South America,
Was a pure madness, indeed I must say.

3 What if wise men had, as far back as Ptolemy,°
Judged that the earth like an orange was round,
None of them ever said, "Come along, follow me,
Sail to the West, and the East will be found."
Many a day before
Ever they'd come ashore,
Sadder and wiser men
They'd have turned back again;
And that *he* did not, but did cross the sea,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

1. Give the sense of each stanza in prose. 2. For what words are *thither* and *whither* used in the second stanza? 3. What is meant by the fifth line of the second stanza?
4. Read the poem aloud to bring out the "Wonder."
5. Read Joaquin Miller's "Columbus" in Riverside Reader VII.
6. Memorize the poem for a Columbus Day program. (Manual.)

EPIGRAM ON SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

THE stars above will make thee known
If man were silent here;
The sun himself cannot forget
His fellow-traveler. — *Ben Jonson*

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

Four days before Christmas in the year 1620 one hundred Pilgrims landed from the Mayflower at Plymouth, Mass. There they built a little settlement, hemmed by a stockade to protect themselves from Indians. During that first winter fifty-one died, Captain Standish's wife among the number. When spring came, the settlers planted the acres they had cleared and by autumn had a plentiful harvest. Governor Bradford, knowing that God's goodness alone had saved them, set a day for Thanksgiving. For three days this feast was held, and Massasoit the Indian sachem, or chief, came with his braves and ate of the white man's food.

As you listen to the poem, imagine the scenes so that you can describe them to the class.

"AND now," said the Governor, gazing abroad
on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered
the meadows o'er,
"'T is meet that we render praises because of this yield
of grain;
'T is meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked
for His sun and rain.

"And, therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace
of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people), Governor of
Plymouth, say,
Through virtue of vested power — ye shall gather
with one accord,
And hold, in the month of November, thanksgiving
unto the Lord.

3 "He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from wrack and wrong;
And unto our feast the Sachem shall be bidden, that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit who maketh the harvests grow.

4 "So shoulder your matchlocks, masters: there is hunting of all degrees;
And, fishermen, take your tackle, and scour for spoils the seas;
And, maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ
To honor our First Thanksgiving, and make it a feast of joy!

5 "We fail of the fruits and dainties — we fail of the old home cheer;
Ah, these are the lightest losses, mayhap, that befall us here;
But see in our open clearings how golden the melons lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the pumpkin-pie!"

6 So, bravely the preparations went on for the autumn feast;
The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game from the greatest to least
Was heaped in the colony cabins; brown home-brew served for wine,
And the plum and the grape of the forest, for orange and peach and pine.

[7] At length came the day appointed: the snow had
begun to fall,
But the clang from the meeting-house belfry rang
merrily over all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who hastened
with glad accord,
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked
the Lord.

[8] In his seat sate Governor Bradford; men, matrons,
and maidens fair;
Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corselet and
sword, were there;
And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in its
turn the sway,
For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish o'ershadowed
Thanksgiving Day.

[9] And when Massasoit, the Sachem, sate down with his
hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches of gardens and woods and
waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest — with a blow
on his brawny chest,
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit loves His
white children best!"

1. What orders did Governor Bradford give? Why? 2. Why is the Indian called "wily savage"?[3] Give an instance. 3. For what word is *pine*[6] the short form? 4. Give five examples of "varied riches of gardens and woods and waves."[9] 5. For what different things could the Pilgrims give thanks? 6. Why had they come to this strange land? 7. Compare their Thanksgiving Day with yours.

8. Practice reading aloud the Governor's speech. Act out the poem.

9. Oral or written composition: How the Indians lived; How the Pilgrims lived; An adventure with the Indians. 10. Memorize the poem for a Thanksgiving Day program. (Manual.) 11. Recite from memory "Columbia's Emblem" and tell why Governor Bradford would like this poem. 12. Read aloud "Thanksgiving Hymn" (Riverside Reader IV) or Mrs. Hemans's "The Landing of the Pilgrims."

THE RISING IN 1776

Thomas Buchanan Read

When danger threatens our country, everybody must rise to her aid. Here is the story of John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, who, in 1776, was pastor of a little church at Woodstock in the northern part of Virginia. At a most exciting moment he read to his congregation a commission as colonel in the army. Whose commission was it?

That colonel was made a brigadier general the next year, and when Cornwallis invaded Virginia he was second in command to Lafayette.

If you had been in this old church on that solemn day in 1776, what would you have done?

1 Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,

Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

2 Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught:
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

3 How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

4 The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might, —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

5 He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;

Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

6 Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

7 A moment there was awful pause, —
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers,
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

8 And now before the open door —
The warrior priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar

Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow.
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.

9 And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! War! War!"

10 "Who dares?" — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came, —
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

1. What was "the wild news,"[1] "that republic of the dead,"[2] "the wrongs too long endured,"[5] "sacred rights,"[5] "warrior's guise"?[6] 2. Read the lines that describe the mobilization, or gathering, of an army. 3. Which stanza describes peaceful days in Virginia? With what is it contrasted? 4. Why is this preacher's speech called a "tongue of flame"?[5]

5. In which different ways were the people affected by the sermon? 6. What did the people of Berkley say when first they saw their minister ready to fight? 7. How did the pastor reply? 8. What was the purpose of the trumpet call? What else helped to stir up the people? 9. What was the result? 10. When is it right to fight?

11. Make up in class the pastor's speech as you think he gave it, the teacher writing on the board the sentences selected as best. 12. Practise reading the speech. 13. What other poems have you read about Revolutionary Days?

"MY COUNTRY"

A Story of Washington

MARY ANTIN

People who have had certain things all their lives often take them for granted and fail to appreciate them. Boys and girls who have been Americans all their lives are sometimes like that. They are so used to the Star Spangled Banner that they forget what the flag of a country should mean to its citizens.

Here is what a little foreign girl by the name of Mary Antin wrote about "America, the land of the free." Tell why she will make a fine new citizen of America.

Read silently:

[1] THE public school has done its best for us foreigners, and for the country, when it has made us into good Americans. I am glad it is mine to tell how the miracle was wrought in one case. You shall be glad to hear of it, you born Americans; for it is the story of the growth of your country; of the flocking of your brothers and sisters from the far ends of the earth to the flag you love; of the recruiting of your armies of workers, thinkers, and leaders. And you will be glad to hear of it, my comrades in adoption; for it is a rehearsal of your own experience, the thrill and wonder of which your own hearts have felt.

[2] How long would you say, wise reader, it takes to make an American?

[3] By the middle of my second year in school I had reached the sixth grade. When, after the Christmas holidays, we began to study the life of Washington, running through a summary of the Revolution, and the early days of the Republic, it seemed to me that all my

reading and study had been idle until then. The reader, the arithmetic, the song book, that had so fascinated me until now, became suddenly sober exercise books, tools wherewith to hew a way to the source of inspiration. When the teacher read to us out of a big book with many bookmarks in it, I sat rigid with attention in my little chair, my hands tightly clasped on the edge of my desk; and I painfully held my breath, to prevent sighs of disappointment escaping, as I saw the teacher skip the parts between the bookmarks.

[4] When the class read, and it came my turn, my voice shook and the book trembled in my hands. I could not pronounce the name of George Washington without a pause. Never had I prayed, never had I chanted the songs of David, never had I called upon the Most Holy, in such utter reverence and worship as I repeated the simple sentences of my child's story of the patriot. I gazed with adoration at the portraits of George and Martha Washington, till I could see them with my eyes shut. And whereas formerly my self-consciousness had bordered on conceit, and I thought myself an uncommon person, parading my school-books through the streets, and swelling with pride when a teacher detained me in conversation, now I grew humble all at once, seeing how insignificant I was beside the Great.

[5] As I read about the noble boy who would not tell a lie to save himself from punishment, I was for the first time truly repentant of my sins. Formerly I had fasted and prayed and made sacrifice on the Day of Atonement, but it was more than half play, in mimicry of my elders. I had no real horror of sin, and I knew so many ways of escaping punishment. I am sure my family, my neighbors, my teachers in Polotzk° — all my world, in fact — strove together, by example

and precept, to teach me goodness. But goodness, as I had known it, was not inimitable. One could be downright good if one really wanted to. One could be learned if one had books and teachers. But a human being strictly good, perfectly wise, and unfailingly valiant, all at the same time, I had never heard or dreamed of. This wonderful George Washington was as inimitable as he was irreproachable. Even if I had never, never told a lie, I could not compare myself to George Washington; for I was not brave — I was afraid to go out when snowballs whizzed — and I could never be the First President of the United States.

[6] So I was forced to revise my own estimate of myself. But the twin of my new-born humility, paradoxical as it may seem, was a sense of dignity I had never known before. For if I found that I was a person of small consequence, I discovered at the same time that I was more nobly related than I had ever supposed. I had relatives and friends who were notable people by the old standards, — I had never been ashamed of my family, — but this George Washington, who died long before I was born, was like a king in greatness, and he and I were Fellow Citizens. There was a great deal about Fellow Citizens in the patriotic literature we read at this time; and I knew from my father how he was a Citizen, through the process of naturalization, and how I also was a Citizen, by virtue of my relation to him. Undoubtedly I was a Fellow Citizen, and George Washington was another. It thrilled me to realize what sudden greatness had fallen on me; and at the same time it sobered me, as with a sense of responsibility. I strove to conduct myself as befitted a Fellow Citizen.

[7] Before books came into my life, I was given to star-gazing and day-dreaming. When books were given me,

I fell upon them as a glutton pounces on his meat after a period of enforced starvation. I lived with my nose in a book, and took no notice of the alternations of the sun and stars. But now, after the advent of George Washington and the American Revolution, I began to dream again. I strayed on the common after school instead of hurrying home to read. I hung on fence rails, my pet book forgotten under my arm, and gazed off to the yellow-streaked February sunset, and beyond, and beyond. I was no longer the central figure of my dreams; the dry weeds in the lane crackled beneath the tread of Heroes.

[8] What more could America give a child? Ah, much more! As I read how the patriots planned the Revolution, and the women gave their sons to die in battle, and the heroes led to victory, and the rejoicing people set up the Republic, it dawned on me gradually what was meant by *my country*. The people all desiring noble things, and striving for them together, defying their oppressors, giving their lives for one another — all this it was that made *my country*. It was not a thing that I *understood;* I could not go home and tell Frieda about it, as I told her other things I learned at school. But I knew one could say "my country" and *feel* it, as one felt "God" or "myself." My teacher, my schoolmates, Miss Dillingham, George Washington himself could not mean more than I when they said "my country," after I had once felt it. For the country was for all the citizens, and *I was a Citizen*. And when we stood up to sing "America," I shouted the words with all my might. I was in very earnest proclaiming to the world my love for my new-found country.

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills."

Boston Harbor, Crescent Beach, Chelsea Square — all were hallowed ground to me.

[9] As the day approached when the school was to hold exercises in honor of Washington's Birthday, the halls resounded at all hours with the strains of patriotic songs; and I, who was a model of the attentive pupil, more than once lost my place in the lesson as I strained to hear, through closed doors, some neighboring class rehearsing "The Star-Spangled Banner." If the doors happened to open, and the chorus broke out unveiled —

> "O! say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
> O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?" —

delicious tremors ran up and down my spine, and I was faint with suppressed enthusiasm.

[10] On the day of the Washington celebration I recited a poem that I had composed in my enthusiasm. But "composed" is not the word. The process of putting on paper the sentiments that seethed in my soul was really very discomposing. I dug the words out of my heart, squeezed the rhymes out of my brain, forced the missing syllables out of their hiding-places in the dictionary. May I never again know such travail of the spirit as I endured during the fevered days when I was engaged on the poem. It was not as if I wanted to say that snow was white or grass was green. I could do that without a dictionary. It was a question now of the loftiest sentiments, of the most abstract truths, the names of which were very new in my vocabulary. It was necessary to use polysyllables, and plenty of them; and where to find rhymes for such words as "tyranny," "freedom," and "justice," when you had less than two years' acquaintance with English! The name I wished to celebrate was the most difficult of all. Nothing but "Washington" rhymed with

"Washington." It was a most ambitious undertaking, but my heart could find no rest till it had proclaimed itself to the world; so I wrestled with my difficulties, and spared not ink, till inspiration perched on my pen-point, and my soul gave up its best.

[11] When I had done, I was myself impressed with the length, gravity, and nobility of my poem. My father was overcome with emotion as he read it. His hands trembled as he held the paper to the light, and the mist gathered in his eyes. My teacher, Miss Dwight, was plainly astonished at my performance, and said many kind things, and asked many questions; all of which I took very solemnly, like one who had been in the clouds and returned to earth with a sign upon him. When Miss Dwight asked me to read my poem to the class on the day of celebration, I readily consented. It was not in me to refuse a chance to tell my schoolmates what I thought of George Washington.

[12] I was not a heroic figure when I stood up in front of the class to pronounce the praises of the Father of his Country. Thin, pale, and hollow, with a shadow of short black curls on my brow, and the staring look of prominent eyes, I must have looked more frightened than imposing. My dress added no grace to my appearance. "Plaids" were in fashion, and my frock was of a red-and-green "plaid" that had a ghastly effect on my complexion. I hated it when I thought of it, but on the great day I did not know I had any dress on. Heels clapped together, and hands glued to my sides, I lifted up my voice in praise of George Washington. It was not much of a voice; like my hollow cheeks, it suggested consumption. My pronunciation was faulty, my declamation flat. But I had the courage of my convictions. I was face to face

with two score Fellow Citizens, in clean blouses and extra frills. I must tell them what George Washington had done for their country — for *our* country — for me.

1. What is the difference between *emigrant* and *immigrant?* When Mary Antin came to this country which was she? 2. What must a foreigner do to become a citizen? 3. Why did Mary's father take such pride in her poem? 4. What things would puzzle a foreigner when she first comes to this country?

5. Tell how Mary Antin felt about George Washington. What led her to feel this way? 6. Who is your greatest hero? Why? 7. Would Mary Antin be likely to have a library card? Why? 8. Explain "inspiration perched on my penpoint."[10]

9. Practice reading the selection aloud in relay for a Washington's Birthday program. (Manual.) 10. Make up a poem about Washington.

THE RED MAN ELOQUENT

A Choctaw Indian

The passing of the Indian has been a sad part of American history. The Choctaws formerly occupied the lands now included in Alabama and Mississippi. They acknowledged the power of this young Republic in 1786 and bravely fought for our Government in the War of 1812. In 1830 the chiefs sold the last of their lands to the Government and during the next fifteen years the tribes were moved to Indian Territory. The removal from their home lands stirred the heart of many an Indian.

Imagine the scene — one thousand Choctaw Indians assembled at Hopahka, where the Government Agent

was to enroll them and transport them to their new home. Standing by his side was William Tyler, of Virginia, a member of the Indian Commission and brother of John Tyler, then the President of the United States. In simple language the Agent explained to the assembled Indians that "their council fires could be no more kindled here," that "their warriors could have no field for their glory, and their spirits would decay within them." But, continued the speaker, if they would "take the hand of their great father, the President, which was now offered to them to lead them to their western home, then would their hopes be higher, and their destinies brighter."

At the close of the Agent's speech there stepped from the silent band of red men an eloquent spokesman who voiced the feeling of the tribe. What does this Indian orator tell you of the Indian's life, his beliefs, and feelings?

Read silently.

¶ 1 Brother — We have heard you talk as from the lips of our father, the great white Chief at Washington, and my people have called upon me to speak to you. The red man has no books, and when he wishes to make known his views, like his fathers before him, he speaks from his mouth. He is afraid of writing. When he speaks he knows what he says; the Great Spirit hears him. Writing is the invention of the palefaces; it gives birth to error and to feuds. The Great Spirit talks — we hear him in the thunder — in the rushing winds and the mighty waters — but he never writes.

¶ 2 Brother — When you were young we were strong; we fought by your side; but our arms are now broken. You have grown large. My people have become small.

¶ [3] Brother — My voice is weak, you can scarcely hear me; it is not the shout of a warrior, but the wail of an infant. I have lost it in mourning over the misfortunes of my people. These are their graves, and in those aged pines you hear the ghosts of the departed. Their ashes are here, and we have been left to protect them. Our warriors are nearly all gone to the far country West; but here are our dead. Shall we go too, and give their bones to the wolves?

¶ [4] Brother — Two sleeps have passed since we heard you talk. We have thought upon it. You ask us to leave our country, and tell us it is our father's wish. We would not desire to displease our father. We respect him, and you his child. But the Choctaw always thinks. We want time to answer.

¶ [5] Brother — Our hearts are full. Twelve winters ago our chiefs sold our country. Every warrior that you see here was opposed to the treaty. If the dead could have been counted, it could never have been made; but alas! though they stood around, they could not be seen or heard. Their tears came in the raindrops and their voices in the wailing wind, but the palefaces knew it not, and our land was taken away.

¶ [6] Brother — We do not now complain. The Choctaw suffers, but he never weeps. You have the strong arm and we cannot resist. But the paleface worships the Great Spirit. So does the red man. The Great Spirit loves truth. When you took our country, you promised us land. There is your promise in the book. Twelve times have the trees dropped their leaves, and yet we have received no land. Our houses have been taken from us. The white man's plough turns up the bones of our fathers. We dare not kindle our fires; and yet you said we might remain, and you would give us land.

¶ [7] Brother — Is this *truth?* But we believe now our great father knows our condition; he will listen to us. We are as mourning orphans in our country; but our father will take us by the hand. When he fulfills his promise, we will answer his talk. He means well. We know it. But we cannot think now. Grief has made children of us. When our business is settled we shall be men again, and talk to our great father about what he has proposed.

¶ [8] Brother — You stand in the moccasins of the great Chief, you speak the words of a mighty nation, and your talk is long. My people are small; their shadow scarcely reaches to your knee; they are scattered and gone; when I shout I hear my voice in the depths of the woods, but no answering shout comes back. My words, therefore, are few. I have nothing more to say, but to tell what I have said to the tall Chief of the palefaces, whose brother stands by your side.

1. To what tribe did this Indian belong? 2. When was the speech made? Under what circumstances? 3. What is the Indian's opinion of writing, and of written treaties or promises? 4. How does the speaker compare his people with the American nation? 5. What is meant by "Great Spirit," [1] by "two sleeps"? [4] 6. How does the Indian speak of the President of the United States? What does he say of the Indian dead? 7. What does he mean by "You stand in the moccasins of the great Chief"? [8]

8. How does this speech make you feel towards the Indian? 9. What books or stories have you read about Indians?

10. Read the speech aloud in relay, a different pupil for each paragraph. Select the eight best readers in the class to give the speech in relay to another class.

11. Memorize the speech. 12. Oral or written composition: Compose the speech of the Indian Agent. 13. Arrange a dramatic tableau, with the scene, the characters, and the speeches of the Indian Agent and the Indian. (Manual.) 14. Act out the scene before another class or the school.

15. Bring pictures of Indians to School.

A LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

No one had a keener sympathy for the mothers who gave their sons on the field of battle than did Abraham Lincoln. When he learned that a Mrs. Bixby, of Boston, had given five sons to die on the field of battle, he wrote her a letter. You will now read what he said. The great President spoke straight from the heart always, and he never wasted words in saying what was in his heart.

This splendid letter is placed upon the wall of one of the great English Universities as a tribute to Lincoln's power in using the English language.

[1] DEAR MADAM:

[2] I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the adjutant-general of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. [3] I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. [4] But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. [5] I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

[6] Very respectfully yours,

[7] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

1. Copy the letter by dictation. 2. Read it aloud many times. 3. Make a poster of it for the classroom wall. (Manual.) 4. What names do you give to the different parts of this letter?

THE ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Abraham Lincoln

Abraham Lincoln was on his way to Gettysburg, in 1863, where he was to make a speech at the dedication of the new cemetery where Civil War heroes lay buried. The orator of the day was to be Edward Everett, a silver-tongued speaker from New England. Lincoln knew that, as President, he would be expected to speak for the Government. The story goes that on the train he sat buried in thought and then jotted down some few sentences on an old envelope.

Great crowds circled the platform of the speakers at Gettysburg. Mr. Everett spoke for two hours, and his eloquence was concentrated on the occasion. Then Lincoln rose. Out of the fullness of his heart he made a simple and brief speech. He finished amid absolute silence. He sat down, thinking that he had failed to give his people what they had sought from him. Imagine his amazement next day to learn that the silence of the vast audience was the tribute of people too greatly stirred to speak.

The Gettysburg speech which you now will read is one of the few masterpieces of world oratory. It is like an exquisite jewel in its simplicity.

[1] FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. [2] Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. [3] We are met on a great battlefield of that war. [4] We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation

might live. [5] It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this; but, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. [6] The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. [7] The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. [8] It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. [9] It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

1. What would be the date for "fourscore and seven years ago" [1] as Lincoln counted it? 2. Read aloud sentences 1–4 to show how Lincoln narrowed down to his subject. Which sentence states the purpose of the meeting? 3. Which word from the fourth sentence does Lincoln then take to explain in sentences 5 to the end? 4. In which sentence does he begin applying the speech to his listeners? 5. Which line of the speech is most often quoted to sum up democracy?

6. How have the dead dedicated themselves? How should the living dedicate themselves?

7. For what principles, or ideas, was Lincoln contending during the Civil War?

8. Memorize the speech and practice delivering it for the Lincoln's Birthday program. (Manual.)

9. Read Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews's "The Perfect Tribute." Get it at the library. 10. Read "Training for the Presidency" (Fourth Reader) and "The Soldier's Reprieve" (Fifth Reader).

THE FLAG IN CUBA

A Story of the Spanish-American War of 1898

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The United States of America has the distinction and honor of doing something with its flag that no other country in the world has ever done. This selection will tell you about it. As you read, be on the watch to see the part that "Old Glory" played in the Spanish-American War and in the days after peace was declared.

I. THE FLAG IN WAR

[1] ONE of the most interesting flags of the recent war with Spain was borne by the First Regiment of the United States Volunteer Cavalry. A squadron of men for this regiment left Phœnix, Arizona, on their way to the field of war. It was noticed that they had no flag. The women of the Relief Corps attached to the Grand Army of the Republic took the matter in hand, for if this was not a case where relief was needed, where should one be found?

[2] Night and day were the same to these energetic women. They bought silk and they sewed, all day and all night. The stores of Phœnix did not provide just the right sort of cord, so the staff of the battle-flag was daintily adorned with a knot of satin ribbon, red, white, and blue. Then the flag was carried to camp, and presented with all courtesy and dignity to the two hundred men who were to form a part of the First Regiment of the United States Volunteer Cavalry, better known as the "Rough Riders."

[3] The little silken flag came to glories that it had not dreamed of, for the regular bunting flags were scarce, and therefore it held the most prominent place in parades.

and was even set up as guest of honor before the tent of Colonel Leonard Wood. In the attack on Santiago, the little party that first landed at Daiquiri,+ a small town on the coast a few miles from the city, carried the flag with them. On a transport in the harbor an officer from Arizona, observing the troops climb the hill, had seen the raising of the flag and discovered with a glass what it was. As the story is told:

[4] He threw his hat to the deck, jumped to the top of the bulwark, and yelled:

"Howl, you Arizona men, — it's our flag up there!"

[5] And the men howled as only Arizona cowboys could. Some one on the hurricane deck grabbed the whistle cord and tied it down, the band of the Second Infantry whisked up instruments and played "A Hot Time" on the inspiration of the moment, and every man who had a revolver emptied it over the side. Almost in an instant every whistle of the fifty transports and supply vessels in the harbor took up the note of rejoicing. Twenty thousand men were cheering. A dozen bands increased the din. Then guns of the warships on the flanks joined in a mighty salute to the flag of the Nation. And the flag was the flag of the Arizona squadron.

[6] The Arizona flag led the regiment in the fight of Las Guasimas,* where three thousand intrenched Spaniards were driven back by nine hundred unmounted cavalry; it was at the front all through the heat of the battles of Kettle Hill and San Juan† Hill; it waved over the trenches before Santiago, and was later borne through the captured city to the transport.

1. What was the difference in the making of the flag in this selection and in Kate Douglas Wiggin's story on page 1? 2. Tell what six glories came to this flag.

+ dī kē′ rē. * lȧs′ gwä sē′ mȧs. † săn hwän′.

3. Describe the scene at Santiago. 4. How did people show their joy? Give instances. 5. Find out who the Rough Riders were and where they distinguished themselves.

6. Read the selection aloud in relay.

II. THE FLAG IN PEACE

[7] "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot," commanded General Dix; but the United States may well be proud of having herself hauled down her flag on one occasion.

[8] After the Spanish-American War had been fought, the treaty of peace with Spain put Cuba into the hands of the United States, and the star-spangled banner was raised and saluted. This was in 1899. The three years following this act were busy ones with the War Department, for in its control was left the management of all Cuban affairs. Cuba was cleaned up; the yellow fever was stamped out; schools were established; peace was restored; a constitution was adopted by the people; and a president was elected.

[9] May 20, 1902, was the date set for the sovereignty of Cuba to pass into the hands of the Cubans. The island had been made free, and now she was coming into her own. Havana was in her best. Flags floated from every house. Ships displayed both the American and the Cuban flags. When the moment arrived, General Leonard Wood read the transfer, and the President-elect signed it in the name of the new Republic. To free Cuba from oppression the United States had entered into war. Our country sought nothing for itself, and now the freedom of the island was attained, and the American forces were to be withdrawn.

[10] After the signing of the transfer Governor-General Wood loosened the halyards and the star-spangled banner was lowered, having accomplished nobly that

for which it had been raised. As it sank slowly down the Union salute of forty-five guns was fired. Then, by the hands of General Wood, the Cuban flag was hoisted to its position and floated proudly over a free country. A national salute of twenty-one guns was fired in its honor, and the history of the Cuban Republic had begun.

[11] As the *New York Sun* said: "No country ever before conquered a territory at great sacrifice to set up a government other than its own."

7. Why were the three years after the Spanish War busy ones for the War Department? What things did they do? 8. Copy on the board General Dix's command and the comment of the "New York Sun." What was the difference between this second hauling down of the flag and the kind that General Dix referred to?

9. Describe the scene on Cuban Independence Day. 10. How would Cuba feel towards this Nation? 11. Read the selection aloud in relay.

FOLLOW THE FLAG

THEODORE MARBURG

The following selection was a challenge to all good Americans to accept the responsibilities of the nation and to fight for liberty and justice in the Great War. Do you think the writer felt that we entered the war as soon as we should have? Why?

[1] BY every fireside where live the love of country and the love of justice is heard a sigh of relief that our flag is not, after all, to be trampled in the mire. Now that it has been raised aloft, follow it. Follow it even to the battle front.

Follow the flag!

[2] It goes on a *high* mission. The land over which it flies inherited its spirit of freedom from a race which had practiced liberty for a thousand years. And the daughter paid back the debt to the mother. Her successful practice of free institutions caused the civic stature of the citizen in the motherland to grow. It lit the torch of liberty in France. Then, moving abreast, these three lands of democracy imparted to it impetus so resistless that freedom is sweeping victorious around the globe. To-day constitutional government is the rule, not the exception, in the world. Once more these three nations are together leading a great cause and this time as brothers in arms.

Follow the flag!

[3] It goes on a *world* mission. If the high hope of our President is fulfilled, that flag will have a new meaning. Just as the stars and stripes in it symbolize the beginnings of a union of nations, self-governing, and because they are self-governing making for good will and for justice.

Follow the flag!

[4] It goes on a *stern* mission. Follow it, not for revenge, yet in anger — righteous anger against the bloody crew who, with criminal intent, have brought upon the world the greatest sum of human misery it has ever known in all its history. Follow it till that ugly company is put down and the very people themselves whom they so grievously deceived and misled, by coming into liberty, will come to bless that flag and kiss its gleaming folds.

Follow the flag!

[5] Too long it has been absent from that line in France where once again an Attila has been stopped. It has been needed there, God knows! And yet, though not

visible to the eye, it is and has been there from the beginning. It is there in the hearts of those fifty thousand American boys who saw their duty clear and moved up to it. Now at last it may be flung to the breeze in the front line, to be visible by day, and to remain at nightfall, like the blessings of a prayer fulfilled, in the consciousness of men. Follow it and take your stand beside the fifty thousand.

Follow the flag!

1. To what event in 1917 did the first paragraph refer? In what way would our flag have been "trampled in the mire"[1] had we not entered the war? 2. Why did it go on a "high mission?"[2] 3. What three nations were linked together? For what did they stand? 4. What was the "high hope"[3] of the President?

5. To what nation did the fourth paragraph refer? 6. How may they come to feel towards our flag after they were beaten? 7. Look up Attila and tell why he fits into the sentence so well. 8. How was our flag represented in France all through the Great War? How was it represented after July, 1917?

9. Read the selection aloud, different pupils taking a section. See who can read it most effectively. 10. Memorize the speech in relay, to deliver before the school for Democracy Day. (Manual.)

THE TAKING OF A SALIENT°

Henry Russell Miller

The following story relates how a great American army of untried men, fearless, yet unpracticed in the ways of war, met the German enemy and helped to turn the tide of battle. Against the seasoned warriors of Germany these American soldiers pitted their strength. They fought for liberty, and liberty won, as it did in the other great wars that American valor has waged. It was their belief in the right things that made them win the war, and prove that the mailed fist of Germany could not dominate the world — that Might could not rule over Right.

Read this silently:

[1] SUPPER was over. In the little lean-to which was the battalion P.C.[+] we smoked and chatted by fits and starts, nervously anxious for the hour to move. It was raining, the same steady downpour that for four days had been turning field and road into heavy, sticky mire. In the gathering dusk our fire sent shadows dancing through the woods. A little way up the narrow-gauge railroad a group was receiving absolution from the Catholic chaplain. Platoons and companies stood in loose formation along the roadside, awaiting the command to fall in.

[2] The major puffed hard on his cigar, rubbing his hands restlessly. Occasionally he cast a quick appraising glance in the direction of "Germany," then around the grove in which we were camped. I noticed we all did that often. The same uneasy thought was in all our minds. The adjutant finally gave it voice.

"This is going to be a *pas bon*[*] place when the ball opens. They will just soak it to these woods. Hope they don't open up before we start."

"If only," mused the Lieutenant Doctor, "if only they have n't laid a trap for us! There's something phony about this quiet. Of course, they know what's up."

"It ought to be worse than Soissons," [‡] was the Supply Officer's cheerful contribution.

The Major sighed. "I'll feel better if we reach Nonsard[++] to-morrow night." It was to be his first experience under fire. I think he did not mind that; but it was to be his first command in battle, and that did count.

[+] **P. C.** [1] (abbreviation for "Post Command"), headquarters.

[*] **pas bon** [2] (pä bōN), "good," in sarcasm.

[‡] **Soissons** [2] (swä′ sôN′).

[++] **Nonsard** [2] (nōN′ sȧr′).

[3] It was September 11. On the morrow was to begin the drive to wipe out the St. Mihiel[+] salient, that famous series of ridges and hills that, despite some of the bloodiest fighting of the war, had withstood all French attempts to take it. This was to be practically an all-American affair, under our own command. As far back as the winter before, when the First Division held the Toul sector, I had seen preparations making for it; lately I had glimpsed some of the results: railroads criss-crossing the woods, running almost to the front lines, battery after battery of heavy guns, ammunition enough — so it seemed — to blow Montsec from the face of the earth. The prophecies of last winter were about to be fulfilled. The First Division was to outflank and take the terrible Butte.

[4] It was not, alas! the same division. The artillery had come practically intact out of the Soissons fighting, and a few of the wounded doughboys had strayed back; but during August the infantry had been recruited to full war strength with new men, fine, strapping fellows from the draft and the later officers' schools in the States. Their training had been brief, they had never been under fire; but we had no doubt of them. They had heard of the greatness of Soissons, were strong in the resolve that that standard should not be lowered. The personnel° of a fighting division changes; its tradition, its soul, lives on. . . .

[5] Nine o'clock and black as Egypt, the rain heavier than ever. We fell into line, the surgeon's group, with which I was to work, in the lead. We began to march through heavy, clinging mud knee-deep; every step an effort. Along a twisting road, across a field that was worse — "Look out for shell holes!" Too late: they

+ **St. Mihiel** [3] (săn′ mē′ yĕl′).

dragged me out of the watery pit. A snicker ran down the line. "A man fell in. He's in the army now!"

[6] We came to a railroad, where the going was better. A whistle blew sharply ahead, we jumped aside to let a "dinkey" and train of flat-cars pass. "What's a train doing here?" Out of the darkness a voice: "Delivering bonbons for the enemy. Going to be *some* barrage, believe me! See you in Metz!" Somehow our group got lost. For two hours we groped around, falling headlong into invisible trenches, crawling painfully through barbed-wire entanglements. We came out at last, in tatters and soaked to the skin, on the crest of a hill. We huddled down under a roadbank. It was five minutes to one. We counted the seconds.

[7] At one o'clock came the deep-throated "boom" we awaited. We followed up the sound of the shell, saw the flash as it fell on the flank of the Butte. The night was suddenly alight, and quivering with sound. All the great cannon that for months had lain hidden and silent for this hour, were vomiting fire and steel upon Montsec. The wet sky grew red with the blaze of it. Fountains of white flame outlined the ridges. The towering Butte was a cataract of fire.

[8] But, strange, there was no answer from the German guns. It seemed, to be sure, that nothing could live and move through that inferno across the valley, and yet—! Montsec was a fortress perfected through four years of German occupation; when the French attacked, they had been greeted by a very fury of artillery. The enemy must know we were lying there in waiting, and he had our range to a nicety; our ridge was pitted and furrowed, its villages shapeless ruins, from his fire of other days. The silence, as the hours dragged on, seemed ominous: he was holding back, that the storm, when it

burst, might be the more terrible. We almost wished he would open up and get it over.

[9] The rain ceased. Dawn came, gray and cold, a keen wind blowing. We could make out our battalion lying a little behind us on the slope. "Now," we said, "the enemy will begin." But he did not.

[10] A whistle cut faintly through the din of guns. The scattered groups on the slope stiffened into line, the open formation our Americans know and use so well. Down on the plains the first wave jumped from the trenches and began to move forward. "Now!" And I mentally braced myself. Nothing happened. The second wave topped the crest and began the descent; we swung in behind it; and still that ominous silence from the enemy guns. Then the whole malicious German plan dawned on me. They would wait until we were all over and well down the hill, then put a box barrage around us and cut us to pieces. *And they could do it.* We had at least three kilometers° to go, all in full view from those frowning heights. Not a man of us could reach them alive. The third and last wave came over. . . . It is very hard to be brave in the cold gray of dawn. I became acutely conscious that I was very wet and very cold. I shivered. My teeth chattered noisily.

"G-go-goodness!" I said, "b-b-but — that wind is c-c-cold!"

"Shucks!" said the man beside me, "I'm scared too!"

[11] Before us lay the Montsec panorama we Americans had been wistfully viewing for nearly a year. The wide valley-plain dotted with groves and ruined villages, Boucainville,+ Richecourt,* Seichprey† of bloody

+ **Boucainville** [11] (bōō′ kȧN vēl′). * **Richecourt** [11] (rēsh′ kōōr′).
† **Seichprey** [11] (sīch′ prā).

memory for one Yankee division; beyond, rising steeply, the wooded ridges, and in their van, flying streamers of smoke, the grim Butte. Over the plain rolled the barrage, the tanks, the first wave, pigmy-like under the shadow of the hills. Down our slope moved the second and third waves. All the infantry of the division was in sight at once, bayonets fixed; three parallel hedges of bristling steel moving steadily toward the heights. Overhead aëroplanes darted and circled. The man beside me, forgetting that he was scared, caught his breath. "I want to live to remember this."

[12] A few shells burst over the first wave. That was all until the wood at the right of Butte was entered. The Germans were there, and a few machine gunners — as ever, the enemy's best soldiers — tried to put up a fight. A little later we passed over their dead bodies. The rest had but one thought — to surrender before it was too late. The astounding truth burst upon us. The enemy, overcome by the strength of our preparations, was running away! This formidable fastness, four years impregnable, was being given up with only such fighting as rearguards could make.

[13] Our spirits bounded sky-high. Expecting shambles, another Soissons or worse, we had found only a maneuver. The wind and exercise dried out our wet clothes. We grew warm; we were boys out on a holiday; we liked this war. Even the few wounded who trickled back from the first wave took their hard luck as a joke.

[14] We combed the woods. Then our regiment swung to the right, up the valley. All day we marched and maneuvered, moving with beautiful precision from objective to objective. Everywhere we found the same thing; for the most part a frightened, docile enemy,

here and there a fanatic machine-gunner. When such an obstreperous one was encountered, the doughboys in front of him would flatten out, creep around to flanking positions, then pick him off with the rifle or dash in upon him from the sides. Or a tank would lumber casually toward him, spitting fire. Usually he saw the light, if he did n't — so much the worse for him! There was one who, having cried "Kamerad!" suddenly tried to turn his gun upon his advancing captors. It was very bad for him. The roar of our guns died down; there was no need to waste ammunition on an enemy who would not stand. Cavalry went around us and dashed ahead to cut off the fleeing Germans.

[15] Nonsard, I think, had been set as a second day's objective for our regiment. Late in the afternoon of the first day the three waves reformed in the fields before the town — another picture to remember. The sun had come out and was setting in a sky of rose. Bayonets caught and flung back the gleam of it. As we looked to our left, great pillars of violet smoke rose from ammunition dumps the Germans had not had time to save; there was the merry crackle of thousands of harmlessly exploding shells. Jauntily we marched up to the town, just as our cavalry was disappearing at its other end; through it, and on into the woods beyond. There, cold and blanketless, hungry and supperless, but happier than kings may be, we halted.

[16] That evening came the news: the left of our division had touched hands with an American division that had smashed through from the other side of the salient. Nearly fifteen thousand prisoners had been taken, more than one hundred guns. The St. Mihiel salient was a thing of the past.

1. When and where did this story take place?

2. Which different people are spoken of in the story? 3. What is a salient? 4. What was the advantage in taking the salient? 5. Make a list of all the military terms you can find in the story. Write them on the board.

6. Describe in detail how the Americans advanced. 7. What feelings did the writer of the story have? 8. Why was the taking of the salient easy?

9. What parts of the army took a hand in this fighting?

10. Make an outline of the story, section by section. 11. Have a Democracy Day program. (Manual.)

12. Name the nations that were fighting against one another. 13. What were the causes of the war? 14. Why did the United States enter the war?

AN ADDRESS ON AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

Woodrow Wilson

It is always a solemn moment when a man renounces the country of his birth and pledges his allegiance, or loyalty, to a new country. This happens, however, every year in America when aliens from all corners of the globe seek citizenship.

The following address was delivered to a body of naturalized citizens in Philadelphia on May 10, 1915. The occasion was significant, for the European world was at war and we were looking on the struggle, wondering when we too would be in the heat of it. To have aliens from foreign lands seek citizenship with us was doubly impressive. It emphasized the ideal for which our country stands.

After you read a paragraph carefully, turn to the questions and see if you can answer them. If you cannot, read the paragraph again, for you have missed an important thought.

Read silently:

[1] MR. MAYOR, FELLOW-CITIZENS:

It warms my heart that you should give me such a reception; but it is not of myself that I wish to think to-night, but of those who have just become citizens of the United States.

[2] This is the only country in the world which experiences this constant and repeated rebirth. Other countries depend upon the multiplication of their own native people. This country is constantly drinking strength out of new sources by the voluntary association with it of great bodies of strong men and forward-looking women out of other lands. And so by the gift of the free will of independent people it is being constantly renewed from generation to generation by the same process by which it was originally created. It is as if humanity had determined to see to it that this great Nation, founded for the benefit of humanity, should not lack for the allegiance of the people of the world.

[3] You have just taken an oath of allegiance to the United States. Of allegiance to whom? Of allegiance to no one, unless it be God — certainly not of allegiance to those who temporarily represent this great Government. You have taken an oath of allegiance to a great ideal, to a great body of principles, to a great hope of the human race. You have said, "We are going to America not only to earn a living, not only to seek the things which it was more difficult to obtain where we were born, but to help forward the great enterprises of the human spirit — to let men know that everywhere in the world there are men who will cross strange oceans and go where a speech is spoken which is alien to them if they can but satisfy their quest for what their spirits crave; knowing that whatever the speech, there is but one longing and utterance of the human heart, and that

is for liberty and justice." And while you bring all countries with you, you come with a purpose of leaving all other countries behind you — bringing what is best of their spirit, but not looking over your shoulders and seeking to perpetuate what you intended to leave behind in them.

[4] I certainly would not be one even to suggest that a man cease to love the home of his birth and the nation of his origin — these things are very sacred and ought not to be put out of our hearts — but it is one thing to love the place where you were born and it is another thing to dedicate yourself to the place to which you go. You cannot dedicate yourself to America unless you become in every respect and with every purpose of your will thorough Americans. You cannot become thorough Americans if you think of yourselves in groups. America does not consist of groups. A man who thinks of himself as belonging to a particular national group in America has not yet become an American, and the man who goes among you to trade upon your nationality is no worthy son to live under the Stars and Stripes.

[5] My urgent advice to you would be, not only always to think first of America, but always, also, to think first of humanity. You do not love humanity if you seek to divide humanity into jealous camps. Humanity can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by justice, not by jealousy and hatred. I am sorry for the man who seeks to make personal capital out of the passions of his fellow-men. He has lost the touch and ideal of America, for America was created to unite mankind by those passions which lift and not by the passions which separate and debase. We came to America, either ourselves or in the persons of our ancestors, to better the ideals of men, to make them see finer things

than they had seen before, to get rid of the things that divide and to make sure of the things that unite. It was but an historical accident no doubt that this great country was called the "United States"; yet I am very thankful that it has that word "United" in its title, and the man who seeks to divide man from man, group from group, interest from interest in this great Union is striking at its very heart.

[6] It is a very interesting circumstance to me, in thinking of those of you who have just sworn allegiance to this great Government, that you were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us. Some of us are very disappointing. No doubt you have found that justice in the United States goes only with a pure heart and a right purpose as it does everywhere else in the world. No doubt what you found here did not seem touched for you, after all, with the complete beauty of the ideal which you had conceived beforehand. But remember this: If we had grown at all poor in the ideal, you brought some of it with you.

[7] A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you, at any rate, imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. That is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome. If I have in any degree forgotten what America was intended for, I will thank God if you will remind me. I was born in America. You dreamed dreams of what America was to be, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. No man that does not see visions will ever realize any high

hope or undertake any high enterprise. Just because you brought dreams with you, America is more likely to realize dreams such as you brought. You are enriching us if you came expecting us to be better than we are.

[8] You have come into this great Nation voluntarily seeking something that we have to give, and all that we have to give is this: We cannot exempt you from work. No man is exempt from work anywhere in the world. We cannot exempt you from the strife and the heart-breaking burden of the struggle of the day — that is common to mankind everywhere; we cannot exempt you from the loads that you must carry. We can only make them light by the spirit in which they are carried. That is the spirit of hope, it is the spirit of liberty, it is the spirit of justice.

¶ 1. Where and when was this speech made? To whom?

¶ 2. What makes this country different from any other? How does this keep it as it was in 1776?

¶ 3. To what is allegiance pledged?

¶ 4. What does Wilson think of hyphenated Americans?

¶ 5. Why did the original settlers come to America?

¶ 6. What motives have brought foreigners to our shores?

¶ 7. What lesson can foreigners teach native Americans?

¶ 8. What four things does this country offer the foreigner? What three ideas lighten the load he has to carry?

Let eight pupils memorize the speech, each learning a paragraph, and deliver it in relay. Copy on the board the sentences you like best.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

GREAT AMERICAN CITIZEN

If you know the story of Theodore Roosevelt you will understand why he has been called the "Great American." He was born a sickly lad but made himself grow into a sturdy man beloved by the Rough Riders and army men. He led his soldiers through the campaign of the Spanish-American War. When President McKinley

was assassinated, he became President, and he so ably managed the affairs of our country that he was re-elected President in the next election. To him is largely due the building of the Panama Canal.

All through his life Roosevelt has stood for a splendid Americanism. Several days after his death in January, 1919, tributes to this effect began to appear in various magazines, among them being these classic lines in the "New York Tribune." This editorial was written straight from a full heart. It is packed with thought, and yet stands simple and beautiful in its wording. It is the sort of tribute that one likes to read over and over again, each time with increased appreciation.

[1] Not that he had been touched deeply by greatness and wore the mark of it with unconcern; not that he was the noblest friend of honesty and commonsense and the ruthless foe of cant, unfairness, untruth, and un-Americanism; not that he took always the most dangerous part for himself; not that he was a man of splendid human qualities; not for anything that can be set down in words, but for something to which his deeds and attributes and heroism all pertained — for himself we loved him.

[2] Farewell, mighty hunter! You were the swiftest, cleanest, and most valorous of your tribe. You pressed the hunt fearlessly and to its logical ends, not in fantasy through the clouds, but in fact on this earth, where the consequences are. Innumerable and precious are the trophies. We place them at your side. Would that there were demons of doubt and darkness and unrighteousness in the path you are now on. For you would slay them all and like it more.

[3] Farewell, O rare American!

— *The New York Tribune*

1. How many different things does the first paragraph tell about Colonel Roosevelt? Tell them. Why was he so beloved? 2. What further facts does the second paragraph tell you? Which sentence shows that he was a fighter for the right? 3. Which sentence refers to his explorations?

4. Read the tribute aloud, a different pupil for each paragraph. 5. Memorize the tribute.

6. Conversation and discussion: Various Things that Roosevelt did; Qualities that make a good American.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

WILLIAM COLLINS

On Memorial Day old and young wend their way to the cemeteries to pay respect to the "hallowed mold," or blessed earth, under which lie buried the brave soldiers and sailors who gave their lives for the nation. The poet loves to think that fairy hands toll the bell ("the knell"), and unseen forms sing a dirge, or hymn of death, for these brave dead; while Honor (a "pilgrim grey") and Freedom (a "weeping hermit") linger there because they love heroism.

Try to see this vision of the poet as the poem is read:

1 How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

[2] By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

1. How many different times have patriots laid down their lives for our country? 2. Why did they fight during the Great War? 3. Why are *Honor* [2] and *Freedom* [2] written with capitals? 4. This poem was written by a British poet. How would an American poet be likely to picture Freedom?

5. Tell five different ways in which young men can serve their country in time of war. 6. What things can girls do?

7. Memorize the poem for Memorial Day. 8. Arrange a tableau to accompany the recitation of the poem. (Manual). 9. Draw a picture to illustrate your favorite stanza.

UNION AND LIBERTY

Oliver Wendell Holmes

You have learned how our flag was first made and for what sacred things it stands. In the following poem see if you can explain the various expressions that the poet uses for the flag.

[1] Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefield's thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!

Chorus

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

[2] Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star! — *Chorus*

[3] Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man! — *Chorus*

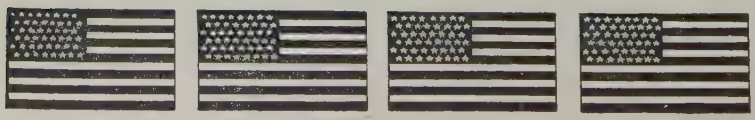
[4] Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law! — *Chorus*

[5] Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh, keep us the MANY IN ONE! — *Chorus*

1. To whom does the first stanza refer? (Holmes wrote the poem in 1861.) 2. Why is the flag called "guide of our Nation"?[2] 3. Why is our "empire unsceptered"?[3] 4. What is the birthright of man? Which line tells it?

5. What should we always be ready to fight? Why? 6. Which stanza could apply to our part in the Great War? 7. To what does "the many in one"[5] refer?

8. Read aloud the poem, different pupils reading each stanza, and the entire class the chorus. 9. Memorize the chorus and the stanza that you like best. 10. Make a poster of the flag. Print the chorus on it. 11. Have a flag-raising on Flag Day. (Manual.)



ADVENTURE·AND·TRAVEL

BILLY, THE DOG THAT MADE GOOD

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

This is the story of a great grizzly bear, which suddenly reappeared on the Arrow-bell Cattle Range and began destroying cattle. Every hunter in that part of the country was out after it because a big reward was offered. People of the Range called the bear Reelfoot.

Bob Yancy, a famous bear hunter, starts out with his bear dogs to get the Grizzly. This is the story of the hunt. Which part of the story will he not soon forget?

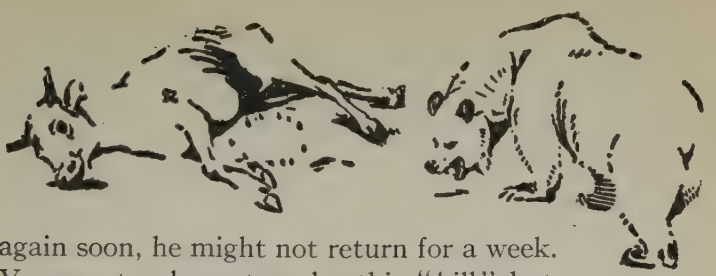
[1] BOB YANCY was ablaze with hunter's fire when he heard the news. His only dread was that some rival might forestall him. It was a spirited procession that left the Yancy Claim that morning, headed for the Arrow-bell Ranch; the motley pack straggling along or forging ahead till ordered back in line by the huntsman. There was the venerable Thunder staidly trotting by the heels of his old friend Midnight, Yancy's coal-black mare; and just before was the Terrible Turk with his red-rimmed eyes upturned at times to measure his nearness to the powerful black mare's hoofs. Big Ben was fast by Croaker, of course, and the usual social lines of the pack were all well drawn. Next was a packhorse laden with a huge steel bear trap on each side, then followed packhorses with the camping outfit and other hunters, the cook, and the writer of this story.

[2] Everything was in fine shape for the hunt. Everything was fitly ordered and we were well away when a disconcerting element was tumbled in among us. With many a yap of glee, there came bounding that fool bull terrier, Silly Billy. Like a June-bug among honeybees, like a crazy schoolboy in a council room, he rollicked and yapped, eager to be first, to be last, to take liberties with Thunder, to chase the Rabbits, to bay the Squirrels, ready for anything but what was wanted of him: to stay home and mind his own business.

[3] Bob might yell "Go home!" till he was hoarse. Silly Billy would only go off a little way and look hurt, then make up his mind that the boss was "only fooling" and did n't mean a word of it, and start in louder than ever. He steered clear of Turk but otherwise held a place in all parts of the procession practically all the time.

[4] No one wished him to come, no one was willing to carry him back, there was no way of stopping him, so Silly Billy came, self-appointed, to a place on the first bear hunt of the season.

[5] That afternoon they arrived at the Arrow-bell Ranch and the expert Bear-man was shown the latest kill, a fine heifer barely touched. The Grizzly would surely come back for his next meal. Yes, an ordinary Grizzly would, but Reelfoot was an extraordinary animal. Just because it was the Bear fashion to come



again soon, he might not return for a week. Yancy set a huge trap by this "kill" but he also sought out the kill of a week gone by, five miles away, and set by that another gaping pair of grinning cast steel jaws.

[6] Then all retired to the hospitable ranch house, where Turk succeeded in mangling a light-weight sheep-dog and Silly Billy had to be rescued from a milky drowning in the churn.

[7] Who that knows the Grizzly will be surprised to hear that that night brought the hunters nothing, and the next was blank? But the third morning showed that the huge brute had come in craftiness to his older kill.

[8] I shall not forget the thrills of the time. We had passed the recent carcass near the ranch. It lay untouched and little changed. We rode on the five miles to the next. And before we were near we felt there was something doing, the dogs seemed pricked up, there was some sensation in the air. I could see nothing, but, while yet a hundred yards away, Bob was exulting, "A catch this time sure enough."

[9] Dogs and horses all were inspired. The Terrible Turk, realizing his importance, breasted his way to the front, and the rumbling in his chest was grand as an organ. Ahead, behind, and all around him, was Silly Billy yapping and tumbling.

[10] There was the carcass, rather "high"° now but untouched. The place of the trap was vacant, log and

all were gone; and all around were signs of an upset, many large tracks, so many that scarcely any were clear, but farther on we got the sign most sought, the thirteen-inch track of a monster Grizzly, and the bunch on the right paw stamped it as Reelfoot's trail.

[11] I had seen the joy blaze in Yancy's eye before, but never like now; he glowed with the hunter's heat, and let the dogs run free, and urged them on with whoops and yells of "Sic him, boys!" "Ho, boys!" "Sic him!" Not that much urging was needed, the dogs were possessed of the spirit of the day. This way and that they circled, each for himself. For the Bear had thrashed around a while before at length going off. It was Croaker that first had the real trail. Big Ben was there to let the whole world know, then Thunder indorsed the statement. Had it been Plunger that spoke the rest would have paid no heed, but all the pack knew Thunder's voice, and his judgment was not open to question. They left their devious different tracks, and flocked behind the leader, baying deep and strong at every bound, while Turk came hurrying after and Silly Billy tried to make amends in noise for all he lacked in judgment.

[12] Intoxicating moments those for all the hunt. However civilized a man may be, such sounds and thoughts will tear to tatters all his cultured ways and show him up again a hunting beast.

[13] Away we went, the bawling pack our guides. Many a long détour we had to make to find a horseman's road, for the country was a wilderness of rocky gullies, impenetrable thickets, and down timber, where fire and storm had joined to pile the mountain slope with one dead forest on another. But we kept on, and before an hour the dinning of the pack in a labyrinth of fallen trees announced the Bear at bay.

[14] No one who has not seen it can understand the feelings of that hour. The quick dismount, the tying of the nerve-tense horses, the dragging forth of guns, the swift creep forward, the vital questions, "How is he caught? By one toe that will give, and set him free the moment that he charges, or firmly by one leg?" "Is he free to charge as far as he can hurl the log? or is he stalled in trees and helpless?"

[15] Creeping from trunk to trunk we went, and once the thought flashed up, "Which of us will come back alive?" Oh, what a din those dogs were making! Every one of them was in that chorus. Yapping and baying, high and low, swaying this way and that, which meant the Bear was charging back and forth, had still some measure of freedom.

[16] "Look out now! Don't get too close!" said Yancy. "Log and all, he can cover fifty feet while you make ten, and I tell you he won't bother about the dogs if he gets a chance at the men. He knows his game."

[17] There were more thrills in the woods than the mere sounds or expectations accounted for. My hand trembled as I scrambled over the down timber. It was a moment of fierce excitement as I lifted the last limbs, and got my first peep. But it was a disappointment. There was the pack, bounding, seething, yelling, and back of some brush was some brown fur, that was all. But suddenly the brushwood swayed and forth rushed a shaggy mountain of flesh, a tremendous Grizzly — I never knew one could look so big — and charged at his tormentors: they scattered like flies when one strikes at a gathered swarm.

[18] But the log on the trap caught on a stump and held him, the dogs surged around, and now my view was clear.

[19] This is the moment of all in the hunt. This is the time when you gauge your hounds. This is the fiery furnace in which the metals all are tried. There was Old Thunder baying, tempting the Bear to charge, but ever with an eye to the safe retreat; there was Croaker doing her duty in a mere announcement; there were the greyhounds yapping and nipping at his rear; there in the background, wisely waiting, reserving his power for the exact proper time, was the Terrible Turk, and here and there bounding, yapping, insanely busy, was Silly Billy, dashing into the very jaws of death again and again, but saved by his ever-restless activity, and proud of the bunch of Bear's wool in his teeth.

[20] Round and round they went, as Reelfoot made his short, furious charges, and ever Turk kept back, baying hoarsely, gloriously, but biding his time for the very moment. And whatever side Old Thunder took, there Turk went, too, and Yancy rejoiced, for that meant that the fighting dog had also good judgment and was not over-rash.

[21] The fighting and baying swung behind a little bush. I wanted to see it all and tried to get near, but Yancy shouted out, "Keep back!" He knew the habits of the Bear, and the danger of coming into range. But shouting to me attracted the notice of the Bear, and straight for Bob he charged.

[22] Many a time before had Yancy faced a Bear, and now he had his gun, but perched on a small and shaky rotten log he had no chance to shoot, and swinging for a clearer view, upraised his rifle with a jerk — an ill-starred jerk — for under it the rotten trunk cracked, crashed, went down, and Bob fell sprawling helpless in among the tumbled logs, and now the Grizzly had him in his power. "Thud," "crash" as the trap-log smote the trees that chanced between; and we were

horror-held. We had no power to stop that certain death: we dared not fire, the dogs, the man himself, were right in line. The pack closed in. Their din was deafening; they sprang on the huge haired flanks, they nipped the soggy heels, they hauled and held, and did their best, but they were as flies on a badger or as rats on a landslide. They held him not a whit.

[23] The brushwood switched, the small logs cracked, as he rushed, and Bob would in a noment more be smashed with that fell paw, for now no human help was possible, when good Old Thunder saw the only way — it meant sure death for him — but the only way. Ceased he all halfway dashing at the flank or heel and leaped at the great Bear's throat. But one swift sweep of that great paw, and he went reeling back, bruised and shaken. Still he rallied, rushed as though he knew it all must turn on him, and would have closed once more, when Turk, the mighty warrior Turk, the hope and valor of the pack, long holding back, sprang forward now and fastened, gripped with all his strength — on the bear? *No*, shame of shames — how shall I say the truth? *On poor Old Thunder*, wounded, battered, winded, downed, seeking to save his master. On him the bulldog fastened with a grip of hate. This was what he waited for, this was the time of times that he took to vent his pent-up jealous rage — sprang from behind, dragged Thunder down to hold him gasping in the brushwood.

[24] The Bear had freedom now to wreak revenge; his only doughty foeman gone, what could prevent him? But from the reeling, spieling,° yapping pack there sprang a small white dog, not for the monster's heel, not for his flank, or even for his massive shoulder forging on, but for his face, the only place where dog could count in such a sudden stound,° gripped with an iron grip above

the monster's eye, and the huge head jerking back made that small dog go flapping like a rag; but the dog hung on. The Bear reared up to claw, and now we saw that desperate small white dog was Silly Billy, none else, hanging on with all his might and weight.

[25] Bob scrambled to his feet, escaped!

[26] The huge brute seized the small white body in paws like stumps of trees, as a cat might seize a mouse he seized, and wrenched him quivering, yes, tore his own flesh wrenching, and hurled him like a bundle far aside, and wheeling for a moment paused to seek the bigger foe, the man. The pack recoiled. Four rifles rang, a long, deep, grating snort, and Reelfoot's elephantine bulk sank limp on the storm-tossed logs. Then Turk, the dastard traitor Turk, with chesty gurgle as a war cry, closed bravely on the dead brute's haunch and tore out the hair, as the pack sat lolling back, the battle done.

[27] Bob Yancy's face was set. He had seen it nearly all, and we supplied the rest. Billy was wagging his whole latter end, shaking and shivering with excitement, in spite of some red stained slashes on his ribs. Bob greeted him affectionately: "You Dandy. It's the finish that shows up the stuff a Bear-dog is made of, an' there's nothing too good in Yancy's Ranch for you. Good Old Thunder has saved my life before, but this is a new one. I never thought you'd show up this way."

[28] "And you," he said to the Turk, "I've just two words for you. 'Come here!'" He took off his belt, put it through the collar of the Terrible Turk, led him to one side. I turned my head away. A rifle cracked, and when at length I looked Yancy was kicking leaves and rubbish over some carrion that one time was a

big strong bulldog. Tried in the fire and found wanting, a bully, a coward, a thing not fit to live.

[29] But heading all on the front of Yancy's saddle in the triumphal procession homeward was Billy, the hero of the day, his white coat stained with red. His body was stiff and sore, but his exuberant spirits were little abated. He probably did not fully understand the feelings he had aroused in others, but he did know that he was having a glorious time, and that at last the world was responding to the love he had so bounteously squandered on it.

[30] Riding in a pannier° on a packhorse was Old Thunder. It was weeks before he got over the combined mauling he got from the Bear and the bulldog, and he was soon afterward put in honorable retirement, for he was full of years.

[31] Billy was all right again in a month, and when half a year later he had shed his puppy ways, his good dog sense came forth in strength. Brave as a lion he had proved himself, full of life and energy, affectionate, true as steel, and within two years he was leader of the Yancy pack. They do not call him "Silly" now, but "Billy, the pup that made good."

1. Who were in the hunting party? 2. What did they take with them? 3. What were the names of all the dogs? How did Yancy manage them? 4. How did Terrible Turk and Silly Billy live up to their names? 5. What made the bear charge Yancy?

6. Who was the hero of this story? Why? 7. Why did Turk deserve his fate? 8. Compare the return with the party going.

9. Practice reading aloud sections 22–26 as a declamation on "A Terrible Moment." Five pupils may recite it in relay.

10. Conversation and discussion: (*a*) Habits of bears; (*b*) My favorite dog; (*c*) Different ways in which dogs are used in hunting. 11. Pretend to have a dog show, bring pictures or snapshots of all kinds of dogs. Let the class choose one as its mascot. 12. Read "Twin Babies" or "Tom" in the Fourth and Fifth Readers.

THE LION HUNT

Major Stewart Edward White

This is one of Stewart Edward White's experiences in Africa, described in that fascinating book, "African Camp Fires." Major White and his party, while guests at Juja Farm, went out on a lion hunt. The *safari* (sŭf'-*ä* rē), which is the African word for hunting expedition, consists of many servants, the most important being the gun-bearers. "Herbert Spencer" was the nickname that the white men gave to their black servant who prepared the food for them. Memba Sasa, a trusted African native, was head of the *safari* in a position of great importance in a country where danger lurked in every thicket.

As you read, try to see for yourself the place, the people, and the animals.

[1] Two days before Captain Duirs and I were to return to Juja we approached, about eleven o'clock in the morning, a long, low, rugged range of hills called Lucania. They were not very high, but bold with cliffs, buttes, and broken rocky stretches. Here we were to make our final hunt.

[2] We led our safari up to the level of a boulder flat between two deep cañons that ran down from the hills. Here should be water, so we gathered under a lone little tree, and set about directing the simple disposition of our camp. Herbert Spencer brought us a cold lunch, and we sat down to rest and refreshment before tackling the range.

[3] Hardly had we taken the first mouthfuls, however, when Memba Sasa, gasping for breath, came tearing up the slope from the cañon where he had descended for a drink.

[4] "Lions!" he cried guardedly, "I went to drink, and I saw four lions. Two were lying under the shade, but two others were playing like puppies, one on its back."

[5] While we were speaking, a lioness wandered out from the cañon and up the opposite slope. She was somewhere between six and nine hundred yards away, and looked very tiny; but the binoculars brought us up to her with a jump. Through them she proved to be a good one. She was not at all hurried, but paused from time to time to yawn and look about her. After a short interval another, also a lioness, followed in her footsteps. She too had climbed well clear, when a third, probably a full-grown but still immature lion, came out, and after him the fourth.

[6] "You were right," we told Memba Sasa, "there are your four."

[7] But while we watched, a fifth, again at the spaced interval, this time a maned lion, clambered leisurely up in the wake of his family; and after him another, and another, and yet another! We gasped, and sat down the better to steady our glasses with our knees. There seemed no end to lions. They came out of that apparently inexhaustible cañon bed one at a time; and at the same regular intervals, perhaps twenty yards or so apart. It was as though they were being released singly. Finally we had *fifteen* in sight.

[8] It was a most magnificent spectacle, and we could enjoy it unhurried by the feeling that we were losing opportunities. At that range it would be silly to open fire. If we had descended to the cañon in order to follow them out the other side, they would merely have trotted away. Our only chance was to wait until they disappeared from sight, and then to attempt a wide

circle in order to catch them from the flank. In the meantime we had merely to sit still.

[9] Therefore we stared through our glasses and enjoyed to the full this most unusual sight. There were four cubs about as big as setter dogs; four full-grown but immature youngsters; four lionesses; and three male lions. They kept their spaced, single file formation for two thirds the ascent of the hill — probably the nature of the ground forced them to it — and then gradually drew together. Near the top, but still below the summit, they entered a jumble of boulders and stopped. We could make out several of them lying down. One fine old yellow fellow stretched himself comfortably atop a flat rock, in the position of a bronze lion on a pedestal.

[10] We waited twenty minutes to make sure they were not going to move. Then, leaving all our men except the gun-bearers under the tree, we slipped back until out of sight, and began to execute our flank movement. The chances seemed good. The jumble of boulders was surrounded by open country, and it was improbable the lions could leave it without being seen. We had arranged with our men a system of signals.

[11] For two hours we walked very hard in order to circle out of sight, down wind, and to gain the other side of the ridge back of the lions. We purposed slipping over the ridge and attacking from above. Even this was but a slight advantage. The job was a stiff one, for we might expect certainly that the majority would charge.

[12] Therefore when we finally deployed in skirmish order and bore down on that patch of brush and boulders, we were braced for the shock of battle. We found nothing. Our men, however, signalled that the lions

had not left cover. After a little search, however, we discovered a very shallow depression running slantwise up the hill and back of the cover. So slight it was that even the glasses had failed to show it from below. The lions had in all probability known about us from the start, and were all the time engaged in withdrawing after their leisurely fashion.

[13] Of course we hunted for them, in fact we spent two days at it; but we never found trace of them again. The country was too hard for tracking. They had left Lucania. Probably by the time we had completed our two hours of flanking movement they were five miles away. The presence of cubs would account for this. In ordinary circumstances we should have had a wonderful and exciting fight. But the sight of those fifteen great beasts was one I shall never forget.

[14] After we had hunted Lucania thoroughly, we parted company with the Hills, and returned to Juja Farm.

1. Was the *safari* [2] of white or black men? Why? 2. Describe the country. 3. Why was Memba Sasa out of breath? 4. Why did the men carry binoculars [5]?

5. Describe the group of lions. 6. How do lions and lionesses differ in looks?

7. What plans were made? Why was the wind important? 8. What were the dangers of this hunt? 9. How did the lions escape? Why? 10. What does "country too hard for tracking" [13] mean? 11. Why is African travel dangerous?

12. Class composition: Make up an African adventure with elephants, lions, a rhinoceros, or monkeys, the teacher writing on the board the sentences selected as best. Use the words *safari*,[2] *binoculars*,[5] *spectacle*,[8] and *boulders*.[9]

13. Read Kipling's "Tiger! Tiger!" in the "First Jungle Book." 14. Get Stewart Edward White's "In the Land of Footprints" from the library and read more of the adventures. 15. Bring to class copies of Rosa Bonheur's paintings of lions. Find out how she studied wild animals in her work.

BUCK, AN ALASKAN "HUSKY" +

JACK LONDON

The dog is man's best friend among the animals. He is his comrade through work or play. He guards him from harm. He warns him in time of danger. He even gives his life for him. Particularly is this service — and this friendship — of dog towards man true of the dogs in the frozen North, where they drag the sledges of their masters thousands of miles.

Here is the story of Buck, an Alaskan "husky." How does he compare with the dogs you know?

[1] LATER on, in the fall of the year, Buck saved John Thornton's life in quite another fashion. The three partners were lining° a long and narrow poling-boat down a bad stretch of rapids on the Forty-Mile Creek. Hans and Pete moved along the bank, snubbing° with a thin manila rope from tree to tree, while Thornton remained in the boat, helping its descent by means of a pole, and shouting directions to the shore. Buck on the bank, worried and anxious, kept abreast of the boat, his eyes never off his master.

[2] At a particularly bad spot, where a ledge of barely submerged rocks jutted out into the river, Hans cast off the rope, and, while Thornton poled the boat out into the stream, ran down the bank with the end in his hand to snub the boat when it had cleared the ledge. This it did, and was flying down-stream in a current as swift as a mill-race, when Hans checked it with the rope and checked too suddenly. The boat flirted over and snubbed in to the bank, bottom up, while Thornton, flung out of it, was carried down-stream toward the worst part of the rapids, where no swimmer could live.

+ From *The Call of the Wild*. Copyright, 1903, by Jack London; copyright, 1912, by The Macmillan Company.

[3] Buck had sprung in on the instant; and at the end of three hundred yards, amid a mad swirl of water, he overhauled Thornton. When he felt him grasp his tail, Buck headed for the bank, swimming with all his splendid strength. But the progress shoreward was slow; the progress down-stream, amazingly rapid. From below came the fatal roaring where the wild current went wilder and was rent in shreds and spray by the rocks which thrust through like the teeth of an enormous comb. The suck of the water as it took the beginning of the last steep pitch was frightful, and Thornton knew that the shore was impossible. He scraped furiously over a rock, bruised across a second, and struck a third with crushing force. He clutched its slippery top with both hands, releasing Buck, and above the roar of the churning water shouted:

[4] "Go, Buck! Go!"

[5] Buck could not hold his own, and swept on down-stream, struggling desperately, but unable to win back. When he heard Thornton's command repeated, he partly reared out of the water, throwing his head high, as though for a last look, then turned obediently toward the bank. He swam powerfully and was dragged ashore by Pete and Hans at the very point where swimming ceased to be possible and destruction began.

[6] They knew that the time a man could cling to a slippery rock in the face of that driving current was a matter of minutes, and they ran as fast as they could up the bank to a point far above where Thornton was hanging on. They attached the line with which they had been snubbing the boat to Buck's neck and shoulders, being careful that it should neither strangle him nor impede his swimming, and launched him into the stream. He struck out boldly, but not straight enough into the

stream. He discovered the mistake too late when Thornton was abreast of him and a bare half-dozen strokes away while he was being carried helplessly past.

[7] Hans promptly snubbed with the rope, as though Buck were a boat. The rope thus tightening on him in the sweep of the current, he was jerked under the surface, and under the surface he remained till his body struck against the bank and he was hauled out. He was half drowned, and Hans and Pete threw themselves upon him, pounding the breath into him and the water out of him. He staggered to his feet and fell down. The faint sound of Thornton's voice came to them, and though they could not make out the words of it, they knew that he was in his extremity. His master's voice acted on Buck like an electric shock. He sprang to his feet and ran up the bank ahead of the men to the point of his previous departure.

[8] Again the rope was attached and he was launched, and again he struck out, but this time straight into the stream. He had miscalculated once, but he would not be guilty of it a second time. Hans paid out the rope, permitting no slack, while Pete kept it clear of coils. Buck held on till he was on a line straight above Thornton; then he turned, and with the speed of an express train headed down upon him. Thornton saw him coming, and, as Buck struck him like a battering ram, with the whole force of the current behind him, he reached up and closed with both arms around the shaggy neck. Hans snubbed the rope around the tree, and Buck and Thornton were jerked under the water. Strangling, suffocating, sometimes one uppermost and sometimes the other, dragging over the jagged bottom, smashing against rocks and snags, they veered in to the bank.

[9] Thornton came to, while being violently propelled back and forth across a drift log by Hans and Pete. His first glance was for Buck, over whose limp and apparently lifeless body Nig was setting up a howl, while Sweet was licking the wet face and closed eyes. Thornton was himself bruised and battered, and he went carefully over Buck's body, when he had been brought around, finding three broken ribs.

[10] "That settles it," he announced. "We camp right here!"

And camp they did, till Buck's ribs knitted and he was able to travel.

1. Draw on the board a plan of the opening situation in section 1. 2. What mistake was made in getting the boat down the rapids? Describe the circumstances that led to this mistake and the result that followed. 3. Draw on the board a plan of the river as described here and show exactly what occurred at the different spots.

4. How many times did Buck try to rescue his master? Describe what happened each time. 5. Give reasons for what is done in section 9. How do you know that Thornton loved his dog?

6. Practice reading aloud the most thrilling paragraph.

7. Write a letter to the *Geographic Magazine* asking them to send you the copy that describes dogs. In the letter tell why Buck deserves a medal. 8. Find pictures of dogs and talk about the merits of the different kinds. Tell about your pet dog.

WITH A TRAMP STEAMER ON THE AMAZON

Oswald Kendall

This is the story of an American tramp steamer, the *Martin Connor*, that sailed from Galveston to the headwaters of the Amazon on business connected with the rubber industry. Many adventures and disasters befell the crew on the way, but they finally returned to port laden with gold.

Here is the tale of their experiences in the upper regions of the Amazon. It shows what one can see when he uses his eyes, and it is as thrilling as a fairy tale.

Imagine yourself one of the ship's crew, as you read. When you finish a paragraph turn to the question upon it and see if you can answer it. If you cannot, read the paragraph again.

I. THE BLOWGUN INDIANS

[1] To those who have never experienced a walk through a tropical jungle, it is almost impossible to convey any adequate picture of an Amazon forest. There were one or two Indian trails leading up from the shores of the lake to the hidden waterfall that had at first puzzled us with its sound. Upon either side and above the head the verdure was compact and impenetrable; the trail was not unlike a tunnel bored through solid rock, and was almost as dark. On a full blazing noonday the light was here reduced to the darkness of evening, though once through the undergrowth that fringed the lake the trail entered the forest proper, where a deep, church-like gloom prevailed. On all sides, and as far as it was possible to see, the great tree-trunks rose in regiments bearing aloft a thatch of green so close and interwoven as to permit no ray of sunlight to enter, The sound of the frequent deluges of tepid rain crashing downwards in a long-sustained roar was startling, while the knowledge that upon all sides one might come upon sudden and swift danger in animal or reptilian form kept one keenly upon the alert. Thus, even upon the most casual expedition one carried a gun as a matter of course. The forest thinned in places, and these areas of light attracted the eye and steps, but for the most part the gloom was even in its somber intensity, and

would, I felt sure, have driven me to insanity in a very short time.

[2] One of my first visits ashore was to the Indian village, and I went there with Wilfred, who, with the mysterious power some men have, was already upon the best of terms with the inhabitants, and most particularly with the children. The village was in a clearing and pleasantly scented with wood smoke. The "houses" were but thatched roofs of palm raised upon bare poles. Our arrival was the signal for a general stampede of copper-skinned youngsters, who came shrieking and laughing toward us. This total lack of fear in the children for strange men of another race spoke eloquently, so I thought, of the formidable weapon which their parents used with such deadly skill! Wilfred had come armed with sugar candies of his own manufacture, and these he threw into the air, the children, with immense chatteration and glee, catching them in their little brown fists, as pretty a sight as one could wish to see. Some were only staggering toddlers, others were long-limbed as deer, and upon them all was stamped the signs of a free independence — the independence of the blowgun. And when the candy was consumed, we moved about festooned with children, who found us a great joke.

[3] I discovered that an interchange of ideas was possible by means of signs, and was thus shown many matters of interest by the few men who happened to be about while Wilfred played with the children. Among other things I was spellbound by a sight of the blowgun in action. I explained my desire in this direction, and a man took me a little way into the forest carrying his blowgun, which he first, with a polite gesture, gave me into my hands to examine. The darts he also showed

me, but these I examined only outwardly, and I did not remove them from the small gourd which was slung upon his hip. We had not long to wait before a drove of monkeys came flying through the upper branches. The Indian inserted a dart into the mouthpiece of his blowgun, raised the weapon, and blew a sharp breath into the gun. The monkeys passed on, and we followed, and in less than half a minute one of them fell and was quickly dispatched by the Indian, who carried it home for dinner. I would not have eaten that monkey, though I was glad that his poor little life had not been sacrificed purely for my curiosity. The sight of that blowgun in action brought home very vividly our peculiar position. To walk about unharmed amid these remote people had an exhilarating effect upon the nerves that is hard to describe.

[4] As soon as it became definitely known that we had axes, knives, machetes, brightly printed calico, looking-glasses, tobacco of a new sort (the Indians smoked a wild tobacco), beads, nails, and some carpenter's tools, a great assortment of small glittering objects such as the trimmings used on Christmas trees, together with needles and thread, and that we had these things ready to exchange for the golden nuggets and float-gold, the market opened in a brisk and lively fashion. But the most valued of all, and that which exchanged readily for the most gold, was a phonograph with a dozen records. This instrument of torture actually fetched (at a rough estimate) between seven and eight thousand dollars' worth of gold out of the hidden stream beds of that extraordinary country!

[5] The scenes on board the *Martin Connor* were startling and full of humor. We had stumbled, by accident, upon an inequality in the value of a scarce metal, and

we brought undreamt-of delights that were as common to us as the gold was to the Indians. The situation was so essentially bizarre,° fantastic, and extravagant that no one, not even the captain, could remain wholly normal or restrained. We were making our fortunes in a fairy-story manner while dealing with an unknown race of people, and while handling the commonest of articles. Thus the temptation to what might be described as "playing the fool" was often too great to be resisted, especially with such natural-born humorists as Wilfred and Captain Esterkay to lead the way. We did a most tremendous business, a business to turn giddy the most experienced wheat operator in all the world, and this upon the iron decks of a cargo steamer at anchor amid alligators in an unmapped lake in a vast and terrible unknown country.

¶ 1. Describe the South American jungle. To what two things does the writer compare it?

¶ 2. Draw a picture of a native house. Who of the ship's crew was most welcome in the village? Why?

¶ 3. Describe how a blowgun was used. Could you have done what the writer did? Why?

¶ 4. What did the ship carry for trading purposes? Which did the Indians like best ?

¶ 5. What did the men on shipboard want the most? What seemed funny to them?

II. WILD LIFE ON THE AMAZON

6 It was at this time that Wilfred and I began a series of wandering investigations that were the outcome of curiosity and not in the least due to any desire to kill. The fresh-meat supply was attended to by Timothy Hanks, and in our explorations of the forest there was no necessity for Wilfred or myself to carry arms except

for self-defense. Armed with machetes and repeating shotguns we spent many hours together, speaking seldom, moving slowly, and in any direction which fancy directed. When we seated ourselves and remained motionless for a short time, the strange creatures that swarmed in the jungle that was so unknown to man would continue their ordinary life to our intense interest and occasional alarm. For it is amazing how oblivious to man a really wild animal is so long as a man is to leeward ° and motionless. After many experiments in photography, Wilfred was forced to leave his camera behind, for the slightest movement and the click of the shutter would either frighten the game or endanger ourselves, while the gloom of the forest rendered any instantaneous work practically impossible with an ordinary camera.

[7] This crowded mass of life was astounding. Used as we were to the man-trodden lands, this plenitude of creatures, living lives of intense activity and dying almost invariably violent deaths, was very extraordinary. Violence was the predominant note. In the fantastic glades, often draped with priceless orchids, there was continual activity and poignant tragedy in an unending struggle for existence. This will to live, this insistence of mysterious forces amid such difficulty and against such continual treachery and violence, was bewildering and in some ways rather shocking.

[8] Along the shores of the lake we found water and semi-water dwellers that scuttled, ran, splashed, dived, or stood ready for battle according to their natures, and Wilfred and I trod warily. On the higher ground was another world of life, and I could not give the names of the creatures as we discovered them, or as they discovered us, in rotation, for I was never one to keep a journal,

the ship's official log amply satisfying any natural tendency I had at that time for recording things on paper. Timothy Hanks, on the other hand, kept a most minute diary bristling with scientific names which he was at pains to acquire, and to Hanks I am indebted that I can put a handle to the odd beasts that we saw.

[9] One day, seated upon a fallen tree, we beheld a creature that was entirely new to us both. It was about twenty inches long including a six-inch tail, and it had the appearance of a gigantic armor-plated rat. It came titupping along quite unsuspectingly down an open glade in the forest, preoccupied with daily affairs, and with the manner of a man who has just comfortable time to catch a train. He disregarded us altogether, for we remained without moving and he passed to windward of us, a compact, competent-looking animal that knew his way about. He was, so we afterwards found out, an armadillo.

[10] Monkeys there were in crowds. They came flying through the upper stories of the forest with the rapidity of birds, and when they chose, their progress was incredibly silent, while at other times they came crashing along with shouts and chatteration like a lot of children let out of school. Their agility was startling and miraculous. Their leaps through the air gave the lie direct to the theory of gravity, and defied even Wilfred's vocabulary of ejaculation. They would sail through space in a line as direct and accurate as that of an arrow, or they would drop down and down like a stone, and while you watched with growing alarm for the monkey's safety, his line of direction would change in a twinkle, and by means of a dextrous, perfectly calculated clutch at a branch, he would be off again at an acute angle to his former course. And the swaggering ease, born of long

practice, which accompanied these evolutions, was comic to see. As Wilfred said: "They've done that before."

[11] Then there was a tree-climbing porcupine with a long tail, the whole beast being about three and a half feet long. He showed not the least alarm at our appearance, but regarded us with the same frank curiosity with which we regarded him. He actually remained where he was while we diverted our line of progress to avoid him.

[12] The birds I cannot give in detail, for I am very ignorant of birds and am only sure of the common seagull, the sparrow, and the crow. But there were parrots in a large variety, and especially numerous was one species that made a noise such as a circular saw might make while attacking a grindsone. That bird would have been of use in a ship in thick weather.

[13] The coati-mondi was also new to us, though of course we knew of his existence. But here I must emphasize the extraordinary difference there is between animals in captivity and the same animals at large living their normal life under what I understand is called the stimulus of danger. The coati-mondi was brown-furred and snug; he lived and had his being in a perfectly fitting motor coat; he was a highly competent animal with an irritable eye. We saw only one, and he was coming head foremost down a tree — he was trotting with entire comfort perpendicularly downwards — and snuffling as though he had a cold in his head. He did not see us, for we remained standing still, and as he happened to pass us on the weather side he went by quite close and entirely preoccupied, still snuffling.

"Use yer pockerankercher!" said Wilfred.

At the sound of the strange human voice the beast jumped a foot in the air, then down again and vanished.

[14] But the strangest thing we saw was an anteater. He looked like a mistake or the product of a dream. He did not carry a brown haystack on his back like the anteaters I have seen in captivity, but was clipped short as though from a recent hair cut. He looked powerful, and in spite of his really impossible, tubular head, he had an affable, really humorous gleam in his artificial sort of eye. He did not look either real or likely, but he was real, all right.

[15] There were also sloths and many small, rat-like creatures which, in violent contrast to the sloths, were always in a hurry. Of course we did not see all these animals at once. We saw them on different occasions, for we set out with the deliberate intention of seeing them, and sometimes I am afraid we did not know what manner of creatures we were looking at until we returned to the ship and described them to Timothy Hanks, who would usually give them a long Latin name.

¶ 6. Show that Wilfred and Mr. Kendall were true nature-lovers.

¶ 7. What impressed them most about the wild life?

¶ 8. What is meant by "the ship's official log"[8]? Which sentence has most action in it?

¶ 9. Describe the armadillo in looks and behavior.

¶ 10. What is meant by "the theory of gravity"[10]? How do you know that Wilfred lacked education? Why was it a pity that he did not get it in school? What did his remark mean?

¶ 11. Find out what the porcupine's defense against other animals is.

¶ 12. Do you know more birds than the writer? Which ones?

¶ 13. Describe the coati-mondi in looks and behavior. How do you know that Wilfred has a sense of humor?

¶ 14. What things did the writer notice about the anteater?

¶ 15. Who got more pleasure out of his knowledge of animals — Hanks or the writer? Why?

III. THE HORROR OF THE JUNGLE

[16] But the sight of all sights we saw one day in a narrow glade, and it was a sight that still comes to me in my dreams and wakes me with its horror. It was in a narrow, natural alleyway through the thick undergrowth that fringed the lake, where we were forced to walk one behind the other. Wilfred happened to be leading, and he stopped suddenly and stepped back a foot or two in intense astonishment. We were then getting used to surprises, and at this evidence of shock in one not easily disturbed, I quite instinctively brought my repeating shotgun readily to my shoulder. Gazing over my small companion's head and down the narrow glade, my eyes encountered a five-foot pile of snake.

"Oh, my! 'Ow shocking!" gasped Wilfred; and indeed the sight was shocking.

[17] On the top of that living pile was the snake's head and therefore almost on a level with ours, and he looked at us with wide, unblinking green eyes, just as though he had been expecting us and was awaiting our arrival. For a moment or so sheer incredulity held us, and then, without a thought to our usual policy of non-interference, and as I happened to have the gun, I stepped in front of Wilfred. My sensations were entirely primitive and unreasoning. The snake, if you come to think of it quite logically, had as much right there as we had, but, by the same token, as he was certain to try and kill us if he could, so had we every right to try and kill him. In other words, this was war. The impulse that directed us — Wilfred, myself, and that preposterous monster of a snake — must have gone back a very long way, to the ages when creatures struggled for supremacy. No doubt we were as detestable to the snake as the snake

was to us, and in us every fiber of our being rose up in horror at the sight, and the death of either Wilfred, myself, or the snake was a foregone conclusion.

[18] The snake was looking me in the eyes, and its terrible stare was unswerving and implacable. The markings upon its head suggested an expression of hatred; this was accident, of course, or, at least, perhaps it was; anyway, that expression had no little effect upon both Wilfred and myself. We were both actually terrified, nor am I ashamed to confess it, for you must recollect that the girth of this snake at its thickest was as great as the circumference of a strong man's thigh. It formed an immense pile of thick, weighty coils that appeared, at first, to be motionless, while the effect produced was certainly heightened by the deep green gloom of the forest. The terror that undoubtedly attacked us both was in every way precisely that which affects birds and rabbits when under the influence of snakes of a lesser power; but we had the God-sent reasoning faculty of man to help us, the reasoning power that warned us to combat this terror and that has given us the shotgun in my hand. Therefore I waited, knowing my power to kill.

[19] Such a sight one seldom sees, for it is obviously not possible to capture the largest species of boa constrictor such as this, and I had every intention of looking carefully. As the snake looked at me, its eyes seemed to drive at one with the same emphasis as a leveled rifle barrel, and with regard to the direction of its gaze I afterwards noted a curious fact. Wilfred maintained that the snake gazed at him unswervingly and not at me. Therefore I am not afraid to say that there must have been some hypnotic influence at work, for the snake could not have looked us both in the eyes at the same time.

[20] The light, as I have said, was bad, so I approached a step or two entirely enthralled with the almost overpowering repulsiveness of so terrible a reptile, and the eyes of the snake never seemed to leave mine. The scales of the skin were dappled, and though I had at first thought them motionless, I discovered, with a sudden shock, that the snake was slowly unentangling itself with a smooth, gliding motion that was common to all its dreadful length. I lost no further time and raised the gun afresh, and at a comparatively short range, I aimed at the full center of that wicked face and pulled the trigger.

[21] The result was nothing short of terrific, and we turned and ran some little distance, then halted and turned about, battling with a panic that was hard to resist. Again I took aim while that vast reptile thrashed the forest in its death agony with the power of a ship's propeller. Up the tunnel-like glade was that incredibly violent, twisting mass, tangling and straightening and tangling again in supreme, blind ferocity. In the midst of its horrible convulsions, which must have been only muscular activity and not the energy of life, it straightened with the quickness of a whiplash and came, with great rapidity, down the glade toward us. I gave it another shot into the pulped mass that was once its shocking head.

The snake's body stopped at the impact and contracted like a depressed spring, then, as startlingly as a released spring, it shot forward again and lay twisting slightly as dead snakes will.

"It takes a fair deal to shake me," said Wilfred, wiping the sweat off his forehead with his hand, "but I'll admit I am this time! Such things as that 'ere serpint did n't ought to be!"

[22] We waited a long time; then we measured the snake and it was twenty-four feet seven inches in length without its head and maybe a foot of its neck, or what ever that part is called that connects the head with the rest of it. Though larger snakes have been killed in the Amazon, I do not wish to see them. Anyway, though neither Wilfred nor myself is a timid man, we discontinued, for a time, our forest wanderings.

"Ship's good enough for me," remarked Wilfred. "I'll stay aboard and paint the galley; it needs it."

¶ 16. Make a picture in words of the sight that shocked Wilfred. What should you have done in his place?

¶ 17. What did the writer do? How did he feel?

¶¶ 18–19. What did both men feel and say about the gaze of the snake?

¶ 20. What made the writer shoot?

¶ 21. What was the result of the shot?

¶ 22. Measure the length of the snake in the school yard.

IV. A FAREWELL ENTERTAINMENT

[23] MEANWHILE trading operations continued briskly. The gold came from stream beds several days' travel to the west, and owing to the difficulties that the forest presented to a white man, and to the cheapness of the gold, we made no attempt to gather it ourselves, and were content to continue our system of barter. The Indians remained quite content with affairs and trooped off after more gold with energy and some amusement. Why we should want this more or less useless stuff they did not bother to find out, and their attitude was not unlike what the attitude of any American community would be did there arrive some extraordinary strangers willing to barter objects of practically priceless worth for some cheap and more or less easily come-by mineral

deposit. Therefore I doubt if any ship's company, since the days of the infamous Sir Henry Morgan, ever earned such money as we did, for every man was to draw his share of the total according to his service rendered. And then, quite suddenly, the trading stopped.

[24] I do not think that the gold supply had given out, but that the Indians had as many axes, knives, and so on as they wished. The Indians with whom we had been trading were only one tribe in a race, and having acquired as much property as they could carry about, they now wished to kill the trade in order that none of their friends or enemies should benefit as they had done by our unexpected arrival. This may have been childish pride, but I fancy, myself, that it was high strategy and statecraft. In vain did the captain argue and in vain did he tempt; the Indians only shook their heads politely and remained immovable. Moreover, with equal politeness, they now desired our departure. It was tantalizing, or rather would have been tantalizing, had the ship not been netting an average of ten thousand dollars a day for some time; and recollecting the story about the dog with a bone, Captain Hawks accepted the inevitable, for the Blowgun Indians were, without possibility of doubt, masters of the situation.

[25] So we organized a grand entertainment to round off our stay in that unforgettable country, an entertainment in which the Indians took part. It was quite a social evening, with free food, music, and fireworks. These last were some signal rockets and flares which we let off in honor of the occasion. After the Indians had sung and danced, or rather droned and hopped, an expert with the accordion from the forecastle rendered some ancient sea ditties, the crew roaring the chorus in right good style. Captain Hawks distributed a large number of

presents, and the Indians presented us with four canoes and a quantity of curios; Captain Esterkay performed some conjuring tricks, to the intense amusement of the Indians and forecastle alike; Wilfred prepared a vast quantity of food, which our Indian guests ate till they could eat no more; and I was persuaded into singing that most exquisite of all sea songs, "Tom Bowling," to the ill-concealed dismay and embarrassment of the assembled company.

[26] We had the ship gay with lights, and the scene was curious and interesting, for we were crowded and swarming with naked savages who were obviously of a fighting breed. Yet the best of humor prevailed, and we were all genuinely sorry to say good-bye. The colonel was, I know, for the Indians had done more than trade with him. They had saved his life and had refrained from eating him, and what more could any man wish! When they finally departed and were embarked in their canoes, they surrounded the ship just out of range of the lights and all together they sang some Indian chant. The effect was splendid in its dramatic quality, and after a moment of awed silence we cheered those Indians three times over at the top pitch of our lungs.

¶ 23. What amused the Indians? Why was every man on board eager to trade?

¶ 24. Why did the writer think that the Indians were shrewd thinkers? What was the fable about the dog and the bone, or piece of meat? Did it apply?

¶ 25. Describe the entertainment as if you had been there.

¶ 26. If you want to find out how the Indians saved the Colonel's life or read more of these adventures, get "The Romance of the Martin Connor" from your public library.

Leaf through the selection and see which paragraphs use a "key sentence" at the beginning to tell you what the paragraph is about. Which do you think is the most interesting part of this account? Why?

THE FOOLISH BRAHMIN°

A Hindoo fable of BIDPAI (bĭd′ pī)

Translated by THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

Read the following story silently, as fast as you can, but get the meaning of what you read (Manual):

[1] A PIOUS Brahmin, it is written, made a vow that on a certain day he would sacrifice a sheep, and on the appointed morning he went forth to buy one. There lived in his neighborhood three rogues who knew of his vow, and laid a scheme for profiting by it.

[2] The first met him and said, "O Brahmin, wilt thou buy a sheep? I have one fit for sacrifice."

[3] "It is for that very purpose," said the holy man, "that I came forth this day."

[4] Then the rogue opened a bag, and brought out of it an unclean beast, an ugly dog, lame and blind.

[5] Thereon the Brahmin cried out, "Wretch, who touchest things impure, and utterest things untrue, callest thou that cur a sheep?"

[6] "Truly," answered the other, "it is a sheep of the finest fleece, and of the sweetest flesh. O Brahmin, it will be an offering most acceptable to the gods."

[7] "Friend," said the Brahmin, "either thou or I must be blind."

[8] Just then one of the other rogues came up. "Praise be the gods," said this second rogue, "that I have been saved the trouble of going to the market for a

sheep! This is such a sheep as I wanted. For how much wilt thou sell it?"

[9] When the Brahmin heard this, his mind waved to and fro, like one swinging in the air at a holy festival. "Sir," said he to the new comer, "take heed what thou dost; this is no sheep, but an unclean cur."

[10] "O Brahmin," said the new comer, "thou art drunk or mad."

[11] At this time the third schemer drew near. "Let us ask this man," said the Brahmin, "what the creature is, and I will stand by what he shall say."

[12] To this the others agreed, and the Brahmin called out, "O Stranger, what dost thou call this beast?"

[13] "Surely, O Brahmin," said the knave, "it is a fine sheep."

[14] Then the Brahmin said, "Surely the gods have taken away my senses!" And he asked pardon of him who carried the dog, and bought it for a measure of rice and a pot of ghee,° and offered it up to the gods; who being wroth at this unclean sacrifice smote him with a sore disease in all his joints.

1. Explain the scheme of the three rogues. 2. Why did it succeed? 3. What did the Brahmin get for offering an unclean sacrifice? 4. Make up a moral.

5. Dramatize and act out this street scene. (Manual.)

AN ADVENTURE OF DON QUIXOTE+

CERVANTES (sẽr văn′ tēz)

You have read stories of the brave knights of old who wore shining armor and rode their splendid war horses as they went about the world in search of adventure, fighting the battles of the weak against the strong. Here is a story about the wandering knight Don Quixote, who

+ Pronounced dŏn′ kwĭk′ sōt (or kē hō′tā).

with his horse Rosinante+ and his squire Sancho* had some of the funniest experiences, not at all like the adventures of the real knights. Poor Sancho must have had many a laugh at his crazy master!

How is this knight different from the knights about whom you have read?

[1] THE next morning as Don Quixote and his squire were riding over the plains it began to rain, and Sancho would fain have sought shelter in some near-by mill, but Don Quixote would in no wise come near one. But, turning his way on the right hand, he fell into a highway.

[2] Within a while after, Don Quixote espied one a-horseback, that bore on his head something that glistered like gold. And scarce had he seen him, when he turned to Sancho, and said: —

[3] "Methinks, Sancho, that there's no proverb that is not true; for they are all sentences taken out of experience itself, which is the universal mother of sciences; and especially that proverb that says: 'Where one door is shut another is opened.' I say this because, if fortune did shut yesterday the door that we searched, deceiving us in the adventure of the armies, it lays for us now wide open the door that may lead us to a better and more certain adventure, whereon, if I cannot make a good entry, the fall shall be mine. If I be not deceived, there comes one towards us that wears on his head the helmet of Mambrino,† which I have made an oath to win."

+ Pronounced rŏz′ĭ năn′tē. * Săn′ kō. † Măm brē′ nō.

"See well what you say, sir, and better what you do," quoth Sancho; "for I would not wish that this were new shepherds to batter you."

"The devil take thee for a man!" replied Don Quixote; "what difference is there betwixt a helmet and shepherds?"

"I know not," quoth Sancho, "but if I could speak as much now as I was wont, perhaps I would give you such reasons as you yourself should see how much you are deceived in that you speak."

"How may I be deceived in that I say, scrupulous traitor?" demanded Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not the knight which comes riding towards us on a dapple-grey horse, with a helmet of gold on his head?"

"That which I see and find out to be so," answered Sancho, "is none other than a man on a grey ass like mine own, and brings on his head something that shines."

"Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," quoth Don Quixote. "Stand aside, and leave me alone with him. Thou shalt see how I will conclude this adventure, and remain with the helmet as mine own."

"I will have care to stand off. But I turn again to say, that I pray God that it be a purchase of gold, and not flocks of sheep."

"I have already said unto thee not to make any more mention, no, not in thought, of sheep. For if thou dost," said Don Quixote, "I vow, I say no more, that I will batter thy soul."

[4] Here Sancho, fearing lest his master would accomplish the vow which he had thrown out as round as a bowl, held his peace.

[5] This, therefore, is the truth of the history of the helmet, horse, and knight, which Don Quixote saw. There were near this spot two villages, the one so little

that it had neither shop nor barber, but the greater was furnished with one. This barber did therefore serve the little village when they had any occasion, as it now befell. For which reason he came bringing with him a brazen basin.

And as he traveled, it by chance began to rain, so he clapped his basin on his head to save his hat from staining, because it belike was a new one. And the basin being clean scoured, glistered half a league off.

He rode on a grey ass, as Sancho said, which Don Quixote mistook for a dapple-grey steed, and the barber for a knight, and the basin for a helmet of gold. For Don Quixote did, with all facility apply everything which he saw to his raving chivalry and ill-errant thoughts.

[6] And when he saw that the poor barber drew near, without settling himself to talk with him, he inrested his javelin low on the thigh, and ran with all the force Rosinante might, thinking to strike him through and through. And, drawing near unto him, without stopping his horse, he cried: —

"Defend thyself, caitiff! or else render unto me willingly that which is my due by all reason."

The barber, who without fearing or surmising any such thing, saw that knight come suddenly upon him, had no other remedy, to avoid the blow of the lance, but to fall off his ass to the ground. And scarce had he touched the earth, when rising up again as light as a deer, he ran away swiftly through the plain leaving his basin behind him on the ground.

[7] Don Quixote rested content, and commanded Sancho to take up the helmet; who lifting it, said: —

"The basin is a good one."

Then he gave it to his lord, who presently set it on his head, turning it about every way to see whether he

could get the beaver.° And seeing he could not find it, he said:

"The pagan for whom this famous helmet was first forged had doubtlessly a very great head. And that which grieves me most is that this helmet lacks the beaver."

When Sancho heard him call the basin a helmet, he could not contain his laughter; but presently remembering his master's anger, he checked himself in the midst.

"Why dost thou laugh, Sancho?" demanded Don Quixote.

"I laugh," said he, "to think on the great head the pagan owner of this helmet had; for it is for all the world like a barber's basin."

"Know, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "that this enchanted helmet did fall, by some strange accident, into some one's hands that knew not the worth thereof, who seeing it was of pure gold, without realizing what he did, melted the half, to profit himself therewithal. Then he made of the other half this, which seems a barber's basin, as thou sayest. But be it what it list, to me who knows well what it is, its change makes no matter. For I will dress it in the first town where I shall find a smith. And in the meanwhile I will wear it as I may, for something is better than nothing; and more, seeing it may defend me from the blow of a stone."

[8] "That's true," quoth Sancho, "if the stone be not thrown out of a sling, such as that of the battle of the two armies, when they blessed your worship's cheek teeth, and broke the bottle wherein you carried the most blessed healing potion."

"I do not much care for the loss of it, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "for I have the recipe in memory."

"So have I likewise," quoth Sancho, — bethinking him of the night he had been made ill by it, "but if

ever I make it or taste it again in my life, I pray God that here may be mine end. And more, I never mean to thrust myself into any occasion wherein I should have need of it. For I mean, with all my five senses, to keep myself from hurting any, or being hurt. Of being once again tossed in a blanket, I say nothing; for such disgraces can hardly be prevented. And if they befall, there is no other remedy but patience, and to lift up the shoulders, keep in the breath, shut the eyes, and suffer one's self to be borne where fortune and the blanket pleaseth."

"Thou art a bad Christian, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, hearing him say so; "for thou never forgettest the injuries that are once done thee. Know that it is the duty of noble and generous minds not to make any account of little things."

[9] "Then," said Sancho, "let it pass for a jest. But, leaving this apart, what shall we do with this dappley-grey steed, that looks so like a grey ass? this beast which that barber whom you overthrew left behind? For I think the man is minded not to come back for him again, since he laid feet on the dust and made haste. But, by my beard, the grey beast is a good one!"

"I am not accustomed," quoth Don Quixote, "to ransack and spoil those whom I overcome. Nor is it the practice of chivalry to take their horses and let them go afoot; unless it befall the victor to lose in the conflict his own; for in such a case it is lawful to take that of the vanquished as won in fair war. So, Sancho, leave that horse, or ass, or what else thou pleasest to call it; for when his owner sees us departed, he will return again for it."

"Truly," said Sancho, "the laws of knighthood are strait, since they extend not themselves to license

the exchange of one ass for another. And I would know whether they permit at least to exchange the one harness for another?"

"In that I am not very sure," quoth Don Quixote; "and as a case of doubt (until I be better informed), I say that thou exchange them, if by chance thy need be extreme."

"So extreme," quoth Sancho, "that if they were for mine own very person, I could not need them more."

[10] And presently, enabled by his master's permission, he made the change, and set forth his beast with the harness of the barber's ass.

This being done, they broke their fast, and drank from a near-by stream. And, having by their repast cut away all melancholy, they followed on the way which Rosinante pleased to lead them, who was the depository° of his master's will, and also of the ass's, who followed him always wheresoever he went, in good amity° and company. Thus they returned to the highway, wherein they traveled at random, seeking new adventures.

[11] Don Quixote went on his journey with joy, content, and gladness, imagining that for the late victory he was the most valiant knight of that age in the world. He made account that all adventures that should henceforward befall him would be brought to a happy and prosperous end. He cared not now for any enchantments or enchanters. He forgot the innumerable bangs that in the prosecution of his chivalry had been given him, the stones cast that struck out half his teeth, the falls from his horse, and other misadventures.

[12] While he thus rode with Sancho, altogether busied in these imaginations, one that came their way overtook them. He rode upon a flea-bitten mare, and was decked out in a riding-coat of fine green cloth, welted with

tawny velvet. Coming near he saluted them courteously, and would have ridden on; but Don Quixote said:—

"Gallant, if you go our way, I should take it for a favor that we might ride together."

"Truly, sir," said he with the green coat, "I would gladly ride with you," and he held in his reins, wondering at Don Quixote's countenance and posture. For the knight was without his helmet, which Sancho was carrying in a cloak-bag at the pommel of Dapple's pack-saddle. And if he in the green did much look at Don Quixote, Don Quixote did much more eye him, taking him to be a man of worth.

[13] They continued on their way together, conversing much, Don Quixote telling of his adventures and knight-errantry.° The gentleman greatly admired Don Quixote's discourse, but Sancho, who was weary of it, went into a field to beg a little milk of some shepherds not far off, caring of their sheep.

Then Don Quixote, lifting up suddenly his eyes, saw that in the way toward them there came a cart decked with flags of the king's colours; and, taking it to be some rare adventure, he called to Sancho for his helmet. Sancho, hearing himself called on, left the shepherds; and spurred Dapple apace, and came to his master, to whom a rash and stupendous adventure happened.

[14] It came about in this manner, — Sancho was buying curds from the shepherds, and when he was called by his master he knew not what to do with these same curds, or how to bestow them without losing them, for he had paid for them. So he bethought himself and clapped them into the helmet, and came quickly to him.

"Give me, friend, the helmet," quoth Don Quixote, "for what I see yonder is an adventure which will force me to take arms."

He of the green coat, hearing this, turned his eyes every way, and saw nothing but a cart that came toward them, and so he told Don Quixote. But the knight said, "I know by experience that I have enemies visible and invisible, and I know not when, nor where, nor in what shape they will set upon me."

15 Then turning to Sancho he again demanded his helmet. Sancho, wanting leisure to take the curds out, was forced to give it him as it was. Don Quixote took it, and not perceiving what was in it, clapped it suddenly upon his head. And, as the curds were squeezed and thrust together, the whey began to run down Don Quixote's face and beard. At this he was in such a fright that he cried out to Sancho: —

"What ails me, Sancho? For methinks my skull is softened, or my brains melt, or that I sweat from top to toe. But if it be sweat, I assure thee it is not for fear. I believe certainly that I am like to have a terrible adventure of this. Give me something, if thou hast it, to wipe on, for this abundance of sweat blinds me." Sancho was silent, and gave him a cloth, and thanked God that his master fell not into the business.

16 Then Don Quixote wiped his face, and took off his helmet to see what it was that, as he thought, did benumb his head. And, seeing those white splashes in his helmet, he put them to his nose, and, smelling them said: —

"By my mistress Dulcinea+ of Toboso's* life, they are curds that thou hast brought me here, thou base traitor and unmannerly squire!"

To this Sancho very cunningly, and with a great deal of pause answered, "By my faith, sir, I have my

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+ dŭl sĭn′ ē *a.* * tō bō′ sō.

enchanters too that persecute me as a creature and part of you, and I warrant have put that filth there to stir you up to anger, and to make you bang my sides as you used to do. Well, I hope this time they have lost their labor; for I trust in my master's discretion, that he will consider that I have neither curds, nor milk, nor any such thing. For, if I had, I had rather put them in my stomach than in the helmet."

"All this may be," said Don Quixote.

Don Quixote, after he had wiped his head, face, and beard, clapped the helmet on again. Then he settled himself well in his stirrups, searched for his sword, grasped his lance, and cried out: —

"Now come what will, for here I am with a courage to meet Satan himself in person."

1. How did Sancho and his master differ about the approaching knight? 2. How do you think Don Quixote would speak to Sancho? 3. Who was right about the strange person approaching? Explain. 4. How did Don Quixote get the stranger's "helmet"? 5. How did Sancho's and Don Quixote's explanations of the helmet differ?

6. Describe the meeting between Don Quixote and the knight of the green coat. 7. Into what difficulty did Sancho get? 8. How would Don Quixote's story of his adventures told to the knight of the green coat differ from Sancho's account to the knight's servant?

9. Let different pupils read aloud dialogues in sections 3, 7, 8, and 9.

10. Get "The History of the Valorous and Witty Knight-Errant, Don Quixote of La Mancha" from the library and read other adventures of Don Quixote. 11. Oral or written composition: Make up a funny adventure that the knight and Sancho might have had. Use five high-sounding words from this selection.

CLYTIE, THE HELIOTROPE

A Greek tale by Ovid (ŏv′ ĭd)

Read the following story silently as fast as you can, but get the meaning of what you read (Manual):

[1] THERE was once a Nymph named Clytie, who gazed ever at Apollo as he drove his sun-chariot through the heavens. She watched him as he rose in the east attended by the rosy-fingered Dawn and the dancing Hours. She gazed as he ascended the heavens, urging his steeds still higher in the fierce heat of the noonday. She looked with wonder as at evening he guided his steeds downward to their many-colored pastures under the western sky, where they fed all night on ambrosia.

[2] Apollo saw not Clytie. He had no thought for her, but he shed his brightest beams upon her sister. And when Clytie perceived this she was filled with envy and grief.

[3] Night and day she sat on the bare ground weeping. For nine days and nine nights she never raised herself from the earth, nor did she take food or drink; but ever she turned her weeping eyes toward the sun-god as he moved through the sky.

[4] And her limbs became rooted to the ground. Green leaves enfolded her body. Her beautiful face was concealed by tiny flowers, violet-colored and sweet with perfume. Thus was she changed into a flower and her roots held her fast to the ground; but ever she turned her blossom-covered face toward the sun, following with eager gaze his daily flight. In vain were her sorrow and tears, for Apollo regarded her not.

[5] And so through the ages has the Nymph turned her dew-washed face toward the heavens, and men no longer call her Clytie, but "the one who turns towards the sun," the heliotrope.

1. Copy on the board the prettiest expressions in the story and explain them. 2. Let five pupils practice reading the selection aloud in relay to give for a May Day program. (Manual.)

3. Conversation and discussion: Other flower myths.

WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO +

LEO TOLSTOY (lē′ ō tŏl stoi′)

How should you like to live in a room so low that only the feet of the passers-by could be seen through the window?

As you read the following story about a Russian cobbler, or shoemaker, compare his home with yours. Why was he contented?

[1] IN a little town in Russia there lived a cobbler, Martin Avedéitch by name. He had a tiny room in a basement, the one window of which looked out on to the street. Through it one could see only the feet of those who passed by, but Martin recognized the people by their boots. He had lived long in the place and had many acquaintances. There was hardly a pair of boots in the neighborhood that had not been once or twice through his hands, so he often saw his own handiwork through the window. Some he had re-soled, some patched, some stitched up, and to some he had even put fresh uppers. He had plenty to do, for he worked well, used good material, did not charge too much, and could be relied on. If he could do a job by the day required, he undertook it; if not, he told the truth and gave no false promises; so he was well known and never short of work.

[2] Martin had always been a good man; but in his old age he began to think more about his soul and to draw nearer to God.

[3] From that time Martin's whole life changed. His life became peaceful and joyful. He sat down to his

+ From *Twenty-Three Tales*, by Leo Tolstoy. Translated by L. and A. Maude (Oxford University Press). (Abridged.)

task in the morning, and when he had finished his day's work he took the lamp down from the wall, stood it on the table, fetched his Bible from the shelf, opened it, and sat down to read. The more he read the better he understood, and the clearer and happier he felt in his mind.

[4] One morning he rose before daylight, and after saying his prayers he lit the fire and prepared his cabbage soup and buckwheat porridge. Then he lit the samovár,° put on his apron, and sat down by the window to his work. He looked out into the street more than he worked, and whenever any one passed in unfamiliar boots he would stoop and look up, so as to see not the feet only but the face of the passer-by as well. A house-porter passed in new felt boots; then a water-carrier. Presently an old soldier of Nicholas' reign came near the window, spade in hand. Martin knew him by his boots, which were shabby old felt ones, galoshed° with leather. The old man was called Stepánitch. A neighboring tradesman kept him in his house for charity, and his duty was to help the house-porter. He began to clear away the snow before Martin's window. Martin glanced at him and then went on with his work.

[5] After he had made a dozen stitches he felt drawn to look out of the window again. He saw that Stepánitch had leaned his spade against the wall, and was either resting himself or trying to get warm. The man was old and broken down, and had evidently not enough strength even to clear away the snow.

[6] "What if I called him in and gave him some tea?" thought Martin. "The samovár is just on the boil."

[7] He stuck his awl in its place, and rose; and putting the samovár on the table, made tea. Then he tapped the window with his fingers. Stepánitch turned and

came to the window. Martin beckoned to him to come in, and went himself to open the door.

[8] "Come in," he said, "and warm yourself a bit. I'm sure you must be cold."

[9] "May God bless you!" Stepánitch answered. "My bones do ache, to be sure." He came in, first shaking off the snow, and lest he should leave marks on the floor he began wiping his feet; but as he did so he tottered and nearly fell.

[10] "Don't trouble to wipe your feet," said Martin; "I'll wipe up the floor — it's all in the day's work. Come, friend, sit down and have some tea."

[11] Filling two tumblers, he passed one to his visitor, and pouring his own tea out into the saucer, began to blow on it.

[12] Stepánitch emptied his glass, and, turning it upside down, put the remains of his piece of sugar on the top.

[13] "Thank you, Martin Avedéitch," he said, "you have given me food and comfort both for soul and body."

[14] "You're very welcome. Come again another time. I am glad to have a guest," said Martin.

[15] Stepánitch went away; and Martin poured out the last of the tea and drank it up. Then he put away the tea things and sat down to his work, stitching the back seam of a boot. And as he stitched he kept looking out of the window, and thinking about what he had read in the Bible. And his head was full of Bible sayings.

[16] After a while Martin saw an apple-woman stop just in front of his window. On her back she had a sack full of chips, which she was taking home. No doubt she had gathered them at a place where building was going on.

[17] The sack evidently hurt her, and she wanted to shift it from one shoulder to the other, so she put it down

on the footpath and, placing her basket on a post, began to shake down the chips in the sack. While she was doing this a boy in a tattered cap ran up, snatched an apple out of the basket, and tried to slip away; but the old woman noticed it, and turning, caught the boy by his sleeve. He began to struggle, trying to free himself, but the old woman held on with both hands, knocked his cap off his head, and seized hold of his hair. The boy screamed, and the old woman scolded. Martin dropped his awl, not waiting to stick it in its place, and rushed out of the door. Stumbling up the steps and dropping his spectacles in his hurry, he ran out into the street. The old woman was pulling the boy's hair and scolding him, and threatening to take him to the police. The lad was struggling and protesting, saying, "I did not take it. Why are you beating me? Let me go!"

[18] Martin separated them. He took the boy by the hand and said, "Let him go, Granny. Forgive him, Granny."

[19] "I'll pay him out, so that he won't forget it for a year! I'll take the rascal to the police!"

[20] Martin began entreating the old woman.

[21] "Let him go, Granny. He won't do it again."

[22] The old woman let go, and the boy wished to run away, but Martin stopped him.

[23] "Ask the Granny's forgiveness!" said he. "And don't do it another time. I saw you take the apple."

[24] The boy began to cry and to beg pardon.

[25] "That's right. And now here's an apple for you," and Martin took an apple from the basket and gave it to the boy, saying, "I will pay you, Granny."

[26] "You will spoil them that way, the young rascals," said the old woman. "He ought to be whipped so that he should remember it for a week."

[27] "Oh, Granny, Granny," said Martin, "that's our way — but it's not God's way. If he should be whipped for stealing an apple, what should be done to us for our sins?"

[28] The old woman was silent.

[29] And Martin told her the parable of the lord who forgave his servant a large debt, and how the servant went out and seized his debtor by the throat. The old woman listened to it all, and the boy, too, stood by and listened.

[30] "God bids us forgive," said Martin, "or else we shall not be forgiven. Forgive every one, and a thoughtless youngster most of all."

[31] The old woman wagged her head and sighed.

[32] "It's true enough," said she, "but they are getting terribly spoilt."

[33] "Then we old ones must show them better ways," Martin replied.

[34] "That's just what I say," said the old woman. "I have had seven of them myself, and only one daughter is left." And the old woman began to tell how and where she was living with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "There, now," she said, "I have but little strength left, yet I work hard for the sake of my grandchildren; and nice children they are, too. No one comes out to meet me but the children. Little Annie, now, won't leave me for any one. It's 'Grandmother, dear grandmother, darling grandmother.'" And the old woman softened at the thought.

[35] "Of course, it was only his childishness," said she, referring to the boy.

[36] As the old woman was about to hoist her sack on her back, the lad sprang forward to her, saying, "Let me carry it for you, Granny. I'm going that way."

[37] The old woman nodded her head, and put the sack on the boy's back, and they went down the street together, the old woman quite forgetting to ask Martin to pay for the apple. Martin stood and watched them as they went along talking to each other.

[38] When they were out of sight Martin went back to the house. Having found his spectacles unbroken on the steps, he picked up his awl and sat down again to work. He worked a little, but soon could not see to pass the bristle through the holes in the leather; and presently he noticed the lamplighter passing on his way to light the street lamps.

[39] "Seems it's time to light up," thought he. So he trimmed his lamp, hung it up, and sat down again to work. He finished off one boot and, turning it about, examined it. It was all right. Then he gathered his tools together, swept up the cuttings, put away the bristles and the thread and the awls, and, taking down the lamp, placed it on the table. Then he took the Bible from the shelf. He meant to open it at the place he had marked, but the book opened at another place.

[40] As Martin opened it, he seemed to hear footsteps, as though some one were moving behind him. Martin turned round, and it seemed to him as if people were standing in the dark corner, but he could not make out who they were. And a voice whispered in his ear: "Martin, Martin, don't you know me?"

[41] "Who is it?" muttered Martin

[42] "It is I," said the voice. And out of the dark corner stepped Stepánitch, who smiled and, vanishing like a cloud, was seen no more.

[43] "It is I," said the voice once more. And the old woman and the boy with the apple stepped out and both smiled, and then they too vanished.

44 And Martin's soul grew glad. He crossed himself, put on his spectacles, and began reading the Book just where it had opened; and at the top of the page he read:

"I was hungry, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

45 And at the bottom of the page he read:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me." (Matthew, chapter XXV.)

1. What different things would Martin recognize in the boots of the passers-by? 2. Would people of your community like Martin to open a shoemaker's shop there? Why? 3. What different things in America would surprise Martin? 4. Whom did Martin help in the story? How did he help them?

5. Which part of the story is introduction? What part is conclusion? 6. Find the vision that appeared to Martin. How do you know that he just *seemed* to see this? 7. Memorize the texts at the end of the story. 8. Find the parable spoken of in section 29. (Manual.)

9. Read aloud sections 5–15, 16–37, and 40–43. 10. Read only the speeches in these sections, different pupils reading the parts. 11. To make the play complete, what other sections should be added to these? Why?

12. Act the story for the Christmas program. (Manual.) 13. Conversation and discussion: Ways in which Martin could show his love, if he came to America.

THE ACTOR AND THE PIG

A Latin fable by PHÆDRUS (fē′ drŭs)

In the early part of the first century Phædrus lived and wrote his fables. They were written in Latin, the tongue of the ancient Romans. The French people have always admired the culture of the ancient world, so Le Sage,+ a Frenchman, wrote this little story in French. Here it is for you to read, translated into English.

+ Pronounced lĕ′ säzh′.

Read as rapidly as you can, but get the meaning of what you read (Manual):

[1] THE inhabitants of a certain city being assembled in public to see pantomimes, there was among the performers a favorite actor whom they applauded every moment. This buffoon,° having a mind to close the scene with a new kind of representation, appeared alone upon the stage, stooped down covering his head with his cloak, and, squeaking like a pig, did so well that the audience actually imagined he had one under his clothes. They ordered him therefore to remove his cloak, which he having done and nothing appearing, the whole assembly thundered applause.

[2] A peasant who happened to be one of the spectators, shocked at these expressions of admiration, cried:

[3] "Gentlemen, you have no cause to be charmed with that buffoon, who is not such a fine actor as you imagine. I can play the pig better than he, and, if you doubt it, come hither again to-morrow at this hour."

[4] The people, eager to take the part of their favorite actor, assembled next day in greater numbers, rather to hiss the peasant than see what he could do.

[5] The two rivals appearing on the stage, the buffoon began and was applauded more than ever. Then the countryman, stooping in his turn and muffling his head in his cloak, pinched the ear of a real pig which he held under his arm, and made it squeak most piercingly. Nevertheless the audience gave the preference to their favorite actor and hooted the peasant, who all of a sudden producing the pig for the spectators to see, said:

"Gentlemen, it is not I whom you hiss, but this poor pig himself! Such excellent judges you are!"

1. Who were fooled in this story? 2. Why were they poor judges? 3. Make up a moral for the fable. 4. What is the funniest pantomime you have ever seen? 5. Describe the funniest clown you ever saw.

6. In the Fourth Reader find the story in which the artificial animal was thought to be better than the real animal. (Manual.)

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE PEARL

From the Gesta Romanorum,[+] *Latin Tales*

During the century before Columbus one of the most popular books in Europe was a collection of stories called the *Gesta Romanorum*, or "Deeds of the Romans." It was written in Latin, the one language which learned men all over Europe could read at that time.

Read silently as fast as you can, but get the meaning of what you read (Manual):

[1] A BIRD-CATCHER once spread his nets and caught a little nightingale. He was about to wring its neck, when the bird said to him:

[2] "What good will it do you to kill me? I am too small to eat. Let me go, and I will give you three bits of wisdom, that will be of great benefit, if you follow them carefully."

[3] Astonished at hearing the bird speak, the man promised it liberty in return for its good advice.

[4] "Hear then, O man," it said, "these are the bits of wisdom. First: never try to do things that cannot be done. Secondly: never grieve over that which is lost beyond recovery. Thirdly: never believe what is impossible."

[5] The man, on hearing this, faithful to his promise, let the bird go. Winging its way through the air it sang

[+] Pronounced jĕs′ tȧ rō′ mȧ nō′ rŭm.

a most beautiful melody, and, having finished, it said to the bird-catcher:

[6] "Truly you are a silly fellow! This day you have lost a great treasure! Know that in my stomach is a pearl bigger than the egg of an ostrich."

[7] When the bird-catcher heard this he was filled with vexation at having let the bird go, and he immediately spread his nets again, and tried to catch it a second time.

[8] "Come, little bird!" cried he, "come to me! and I will feed you with dainty morsels, and let you fly about anywhere you wish."

[9] "You must take me for a fool!" answered the bird. "You certainly are not following my three rules. You are trying to snare me again when it cannot be done! You are grieving because you have lost me forever. And you believe that my little stomach contains a pearl bigger than the egg of an ostrich when my whole body is not nearly so large. A fool you are, and a fool you will always remain!"

[10] And with that the nightingale flew away, and was gone forever.

1. How did the bird test each bit of wisdom? 2. Give proverbs to sum up each bit of advice. 3. Could a pearl be as big as an ostrich egg? Why? 4. Make up a moral.

5. Read aloud the dialogue. 6. Make up the speech for section 3.

7. Conversation and discussion: Give two proverbs that could be called "bits of wisdom," and tell why.

AN ITALIAN BOY AT SCHOOL

EDMONDO DE AMICIS (dā ä mē′ chēs)

This is the story of an Italian school. When you read it, see if you know any one who is like any of the characters. Have you ever done the things these boys did?

Read silently. Notice how this Italian school differs from yours.

I. A GENEROUS DEED

[1] It was this very morning that Garrone let us know what he is like.

[2] When I entered the school a little late, because the mistress of the upper first had stopped me to inquire at what hour she could find me at home, the master had not yet come, and three or four boys were teasing poor Crossi, the one with the red hair, who has a dead arm, and whose mother sells vegetables. They were poking him with rulers, hitting him in the face with chestnut shells, and making him out to be a cripple and a monster, by mimicking him, with his arm hanging in the sling. And he, alone on the end of the bench, and quite pale, was gazing now at one and now at another with beseeching eyes, that they might leave him in peace. But the others mocked him worse than ever, and he began to tremble and to turn red with rage. All at once, Franti, the boy with the bad face, sprang upon a bench, and pretending that he was carrying a basket on each arm, he aped the mother of Crossi, when she used to come to wait for her son at the door; for she is ill now. Many began to laugh loudly. Then Crossi lost his head, and seizing an inkstand, he hurled it at the other's head with all his strength; but Franti dodged, and the inkstand struck the master, who entered at the moment, full in the breast.

[3] All flew to their places, and became silent with terror. The master, quite pale, went to his table, and said in a stern voice: —

"Who did it?"

No one replied.

The master raised his voice again, "Who was it?"

[4] Then Garrone, moved to pity for poor Crossi, rose abruptly and said, resolutely, "It was I."

[5] The master looked at him, and at the stupefied scholars; then said in a quiet voice, "It was not you." And, after a moment: "The guilty one shall not be punished. Let him rise!"

[6] Crossi rose and said, weeping, "They were striking me and insulting me, and I lost my head, and threw —"

[7] "Sit down," said the master. "Let those who provoked him rise."

Four rose, and hung their heads.

"You," said the master, "have insulted a companion who had given you no provocation; you have scoffed at an unfortunate lad, you have struck a weak person who could not defend himself. You have committed one of the basest, the most shameful acts with which a human creature can stain himself. Cowards!"

[8] Having said this, he came down among the benches, put his hand under Garrone's chin, as the latter stood with drooping head, and having made him raise it, he looked him straight in the eye, and said, "You are a noble soul."

[9] Garrone profited by the occasion to murmur something in the ear of the master; and he, turning towards the four culprits, said, abruptly, "I forgive you."

1. Which of the following words apply to the boys tormenting Crossi, and which to Garrone: brave, unkind, manly, cowardly, polite, thoughtful, cruel, chivalrous, bad, malicious? 2. Would Crossi have thrown the inkstand if they had insulted only him?

3. How did the four tormenters show that they were not Boy Scouts? Can you prove your point by quoting from the Scout rules? 4. Why did the Master call Garrone "a noble soul"[8]?

5. Practice reading aloud section 2 to make the class see what is happening. 6. Read sections 3–9 to show the Master's feelings.

II. MY FRIEND GARRONE

[10] THERE were but two days of vacation, yet it seemed a long time without seeing Garrone. The more I know him, the better I like him; and so it is with all the rest, except with the overbearing, who have nothing to say to him, because he does not permit them to bully. Every time a big boy raises his hand against a little one, the little one shouts, "Garrone!" and the big one stops striking him.

[11] His father is an engine-driver on the railway. Garrone began school late, because he was ill for two years. He is the tallest and the strongest of the class; he lifts a bench with one hand; he is always eating; and he is good. Whatever he is asked for, — a pencil, rubber, paper, or penknife, — he lends or gives it; and he neither talks nor laughs in school: he always sits perfectly still on a bench that is too narrow for him, with his spine curved forward, and his big head between his shoulders; and when I look at him, he smiles at me with his eyes half closed, as much as to say, "Well, Enrico, are we friends?"

[12] He makes me laugh, because, tall and broad as he is, he has a jacket, trousers, and sleeves which are too small for him, and too short; a cap which will not stay on his head; a threadbare cloak; coarse shoes; and a necktie which is always twisted into a cord. Dear Garrone! It needs but one glance in his face to inspire love for him. All the little boys like to be near his bench. He knows arithmetic well. He carries his books bound together with a strap of red leather. He has a knife, with a mother-of-pearl handle, which he found in the field for military manœuvres, last year. One day he cut his finger to the bone; but no one in school knew

about it, and he did not breathe a word about it at home, for fear of alarming his parents. He lets us say anything to him in jest, and he never takes it ill; but woe to any one who says to him, "That is not true," when he states a thing: then fire flashes from his eyes.

[13] Saturday morning he gave a soldo° to one of the upper first class, who was crying in the middle of the street, because his own had been taken from him, and he could not buy his copy-book. For the last three days he has been working over a letter of eight pages, with pen ornaments on the margins, for the saints' day of his mother, who often comes to get him, and who, like himself, is tall and large and sympathetic.

[14] I am very fond of him. I am happy when I press his big hand, which seems like a man's, in mine. I am sure he would risk his life to save that of a comrade; that he would allow himself to be killed in his defence, so clearly can I read his eyes; and although he always seems to be grumbling with that big voice of his, one feels that it is a voice that comes from a gentle heart.

7. Give instances to show that Garrone was good natured. 8. What did he do that showed that he was fond of his mother? 9. Who is telling this story? 10. Tell how Garrone looks and acts. 11. Describe a friend of yours as Enrico has described Garrone.

III. A SNOWBALL

[15] And still it snows. A bad accident happened because of the snow, this morning when we came out of school. A crowd of boys had no sooner got into the Corso° than they began to throw balls of wet snow which makes missiles as solid and heavy as stones. Many persons were passing along the sidewalks.

[16] A gentleman called out, "Stop that, you little rascals!"; and just then a sharp cry rose from another

part of the street, and we saw an old man who had lost his hat and was staggering about, covering his face with his hand, and beside him a boy who was shouting, "Help! help!"

[17] People instantly ran from all directions. He had been struck in the eye with a ball. All the boys dispersed, fleeing like arrows. I was standing in front of the bookseller's shop, into which my father had gone, and I saw several of my schoolmates coming at a run, mingling with others near me, and pretending to be engaged in staring at the windows. There were Garrone, with his penny roll in his pocket, as usual; Coretti; "Muratorino"; and Garoffi, the boy with the postage-stamps. In the meantime a crowd had formed around the old man, and a policeman and others were running to and fro, threatening and demanding: "Who was it? Who did it? Was it you? Tell me who did it!" and they looked at the boys' hands to see whether they were wet with snow.

[18] Garoffi was standing beside me. I noticed that he was trembling all over, and that his face was very white.

[19] "Who was it? Who did it?" the crowd continued to cry.

[20] Then I overheard Garrone say in a low voice to Garoffi, "Come, give yourself up. It would be cowardly to allow any one else to be arrested."

"But I did not do it on purpose," replied Garoffi, trembling like a leaf.

"No matter; do your duty," repeated Garrone.

"But I have not the courage."

"Take courage, then; I will accompany you."

[21] And the policeman and the other people were crying more loudly than ever: "Who was it? Who did

it? One of his glasses has been driven into his eye! He has been blinded! The ruffians!"

[22] I thought that Garoffi would fall to the earth. "Come," said Garrone, resolutely, "I will defend you"; and grasping him by the arm, he thrust him forward, supporting him as though he had been a sick man. The people saw, and instantly understood, and several persons ran up with their fists raised; but Garrone thrust himself between, crying: —

"Do ten men of you set on one boy?"

[23] Then they ceased, and a policeman seized Garoffi by the hand, and led him, pushing aside the crowd as he went, to a pastry-cook's shop, where the wounded man had been carried. He was stretched out on a chair, with a handkerchief over his eyes.

[24] "I did not do it on purpose!" sobbed Garoffi, half dead with terror. "I did not do it on purpose!"

[25] Two or three persons thrust him violently into the shop, crying: "Down to the earth! Beg his pardon!" and they threw him to the ground. But all at once two vigorous arms set him on his feet again, and a resolute voice said: —

[26] "No, gentlemen!" It was our principal, who had seen it all. "Since he has had the courage to give himself up," he added, "no one has the right to humiliate him." All stood silent. "Ask his forgiveness," said the principal to Garoffi.

[27] Garoffi, bursting into tears, embraced the old man's knees, and the latter, having felt for the boy's head with his hand, caressed his hair. Then all said: —

"Go, boy! Go, return home."

[28] And my father drew me out of the crowd, and said as we passed along the street, "Enrico, would you

have had the courage, under similar circumstances, to do your duty, — to go and confess your fault?"

I told him that I should. And he said, "Give me your word, as a lad of honor, that you would do it."

"I give you my word, father!"

12. Have you ever seen an accident caused by snowballs? Tell about it. 13. How else might the police have picked out the guilty one? 14. Show that Garrone is a real leader. 15. What do you think about the blinded man's treatment of Garoffi? 16. Which has the stronger character, — Garoffi or Garrone? Why?

IV. GYMNASTICS

[29] As the weather stays fine, they have made us pass from indoor gymnastics to gymnastics in the garden.

[30] Garrone was in the principal's office yesterday when Nelli's mother, that blonde woman dressed in black, came in to get her son excused from the new exercises. Every word cost her an effort; and as she spoke, she held one hand on her son's head.

"He is not able to do it," she said to the principal.

[31] But Nelli seemed hurt at this exclusion from the apparatus, at having this added humiliation.

"You will see, mamma," he said; "that I shall do like the rest."

[32] His mother gazed at him in silence, with an air of pity and affection. Then she remarked, in a hesitating way, "I fear lest his companions —"

What she meant to say was, "lest they should make sport of him." But Nelli replied:

"They will not do anything to me — and then, there is Garrone. It is enough for him to be present, to prevent their laughing."

[33] So he was allowed to come. The teacher led us at once to the vertical bars, which are very high, and we

had to climb to the very top, and stand upright on the cross plank. Derossi and Coretti went up like monkeys; even little Precossi mounted briskly, in spite of the fact that he was hindered by that jacket which extends to his knees; and in order to make him laugh while he was climbing, all the boys repeated his constant expression, "Excuse me! excuse me!" Stardi puffed, turned as red as a turkey-cock, and set his teeth until he looked like a mad dog; but he would have reached the top at the expense of bursting, and he actually did get there; and so did Nobis, who when he reached the summit, assumed the attitude of an emperor. But Votini slipped back twice, notwithstanding his fine new suit with blue stripes, which had been made expressly for gymnastics.

[34] In order to climb the more easily, all the boys had daubed their hands with resin. And as a matter of course it is that trader of a Garoffi who provides every one with it, selling it at a soldo the paper hornful, and turning a pretty penny.

[35] Then it was Garrone's turn, and up he went, chewing away at his bread as though it were nothing out of the common; and I believe that he would have been capable of carrying one of us up on his shoulders, for he is as muscular and strong as a young bull.

[36] After Garrone came Nelli. No sooner did the boys see him grasp the bars with those long, thin hands of his, than many of them began to laugh and to sing; but Garrone crossed his big arms on his breast, and darted round a glance which was so expressive, which so clearly said that he did not mind dealing out half a dozen punches, even in the master's presence, that they all ceased laughing on the instant. Nelli began to climb. He tried hard, poor little fellow; his face grew purple,

he breathed with difficulty, and the perspiration poured from his brow. The master said, "Come down!" But he would not. He strove and persisted. I expected every moment to see him fall headlong, half dead. Poor Nelli! I thought, what if I had been like him, and my mother had seen me! How she would have suffered, poor mother! And as I thought of that I felt so tenderly towards Nelli that I could have given anything to help him climb those bars, or boost him from beneath without being seen.

[37] Meanwhile Garrone, Derossi, and Coretti were saying: "Up with you, Nelli, up with you!" Try — one effort more — courage!" And Nelli made one more violent effort, uttering a groan as he did so, and found himself within two spans of the plank.

"Bravo!"° shouted the others. "Courage — one dash more!" and behold! Nelli was clinging to the plank.

[38] All clapped their hands. "Bravo!" said the teacher. "But that will do now. Come down."

[39] But Nelli wished to go to the top like the rest, and after a little exertion he succeeded in getting his elbows on the plank, then his knees, then his feet; at last he stood upright, panting and smiling, and gazed at us.

[40] We began to clap again, and then he looked into the street. I turned in that direction, and through the plants which cover the iron railing of the garden I caught sight of his mother, passing along the sidewalk without daring to look. Nelli came down, and we all made much of him. He was excited and rosy, his eyes sparkled, and he no longer seemed like the same boy.

[41] At the close of school, when his mother came to meet him, and inquired with some anxiety, as she embraced him, "Well, my poor son, how did it go?"

"How did it go?" his comrades replied, "He did well — he climbed like the rest of us — he's strong, you know — he's active — he does exactly like the others."

[42] And the joy of that woman was a sight to see. She tried to thank us, and could not; she shook hands with three or four, patted Garrone, and carried off her son; and we watched them for a while, walking fast, talking and gesticulating, both perfectly happy, as though no one were looking at them.

17. How did the boys regard their new exercises? 18. Describe each boy as he climbs. 19. Did the side remarks help Nelli? 20. Why do you think Nelli was so weak? 21. Can you think of other things besides resin that would help in climbing?

22. Read aloud sections 37–41 to show the excitement.

V. FAREWELL

[43] At one o'clock we all assembled once more for the last time at the school, to hear the results of the examinations, and to take out our little promotion-books. The street was thronged with parents, who had even invaded the big hall, and many had made their way into the class-rooms, pushing up as far as the master's desk.

[44] There were Garrone's father, Derossi's mother, the blacksmith Precossi, Coretti, Signora Nelli, the vegetable-vendor, the father of the "little mason," Stardi's father, and many others whom I had never seen; and on all sides could be heard a whispering and a hum, that seemed to come from the square outside.

[45] The teacher entered, and a deep silence ensued. He had the list in his hand, and began to read at once.

"Abatucci, promoted, sixty-seventieths. Archini, promoted, fifty-five seventieths." — The "little mason" promoted; Crossi promoted. Then he read loudly: —

"Ernesto Derossi, promoted, seventy-seventieths, and the first prize."

All the parents who were there — and they all knew him — said: "Bravo, bravo, Derossi!"

And he shook his golden curls, with his easy and beautiful smile, and looked at his mother, who waved to him.

Garoffi, Garrone, and the Calabrian promoted. Then three or four sent back; and one of them began to cry because his father, who was at the entrance, made a menacing gesture at him. But the master said to the father: —

"No, sir, excuse me; it is not always the boy's fault; it is often his misfortune. And that is the case here." Then he read: —

"Nelli, promoted, sixty-two seventieths." His mother sent him a kiss from her fan. Stardi, promoted, with sixty-seven seventieths! but, at hearing this fine fate, he did not even smile, or remove his fists from his temples. The last was Votini, who had come very finely dressed and brushed, — promoted.

[46] After reading the last name, the master said: —

[47] "Boys, this is the last time that we shall find ourselves assembled together in this room. We have been together a year, and now we part good friends. I am sorry to part from you, my dear boys. If I have sometimes failed in patience, if sometimes, without intending it, I have been unjust, or too severe, forgive me."

[48] "No, no!" cried the parents and many of the scholars, — "You have ever been kind!"

[49] "Forgive me," repeated the master, "and think well of me. Next year you will not be with me; but I shall see you again, and you will always abide in my heart. Farewell until we meet again, boys!"

[50] So saying, he stepped forward among us, and we all offered him our hands, as we stood up on the seats, and grasped him by the arms, and by the skirts of his coat. Many kissed him; fifty voices cried: —

"Farewell, teacher! — We thank you, teacher! — May your health be good! — Remember us!"

[51] When I went away, I felt oppressed by the commotion. We all ran out confusedly. Boys were coming from all the other class-rooms also. There was a great mixing and tumult of boys and parents, bidding the masters and the mistresses good-bye, and exchanging greetings among themselves. The mistress with the red feather had four or five children close to her, and twenty around her, depriving her of breath; and they had half torn off the little nun's bonnet, and had thrust a dozen bunches of flowers in the button-holes of her black dress, and in her pockets. Many were making much of Robetti, who had that day, for the first time, abandoned his crutches. On all sides one could hear: —

"Good-bye until next year! — Until the twentieth of October!"

[52] We greeted each other, too. Ah! now all disagreements were forgotten! Votini, who had always been so jealous of Derossi, was the first to throw himself on him with open arms. I embraced the "little mason," and kissed him, just at the moment when he was making me his last hare's face, dear boy! I embraced Precossi. I embraced Garoffi, who gave me a little paper weight of majolica, with a broken corner. I said farewell to all the others. It was fine to see poor Nelli clinging to Garrone, so that he could not be taken from him. All crowded around Garrone, and it was, "Farewell, Garrone! — Good-bye until we meet again!" And they touched him, and pressed his hands. and made

much of him, that brave, noble boy. His father was perfectly amazed, as he looked on and smiled.

[53] Garrone was the last one whom I embraced in the street, and I stifled a sob against his breast. He kissed my brow. Then I ran to my father and mother.

[54] My father asked me: "Have you spoken to all of your comrades?"

I replied that I had.

"If there is any one of them whom you have wronged, go and ask his pardon, and beg him to forget it. Is there no one?"

"No one," I answered.

[55] "Farewell, then," said my father with a voice full of emotion, bestowing a last glance on the schoolhouse.

"Farewell!" my mother repeated.

I could not say anything.

23. How did these last days of school differ from yours? 24. Do you think the boys liked their teachers? How do you know? 25. Why did the father ask Enrico these questions as they leave? 26. Do you think the boys were glad or sorry to leave? Why? 27. Which three boys in the story interested you most? Why? 28. Which boy do you like the least? Why?

29. Pretend to be the Master. Read aloud his speech in sections 45, 47, and 49.

30. Oral composition: (1) Tell which Italian boy you would like for a friend, or (2) Relate the most interesting incident.

THE LAST LESSON+

Alphonse Daudet (dō′ dĕ′)

How would you feel if your teacher were to tell you that after to-day all your lessons would be taught in a foreign tongue? Would not the English language seem more precious to you than gold?

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This is what happened in Alsace and Lorraine nearly fifty years ago. In a war between France and Germany (called the Franco-Prussian War) France was defeated and forced to sign a humiliating treaty. One of the terms of the treaty was that the provinces Alsace and Lorraine should belong to Germany. This story describes the day when it was forbidden to teach French in the schools.

You will be glad to know that during the Great War, when the Germans were driven out of Alsace, French was again taught in the schools, where for nearly fifty years it had been forbidden. At the end of the Great War Alsace and Lorraine were given back to France.

[1] I STARTED for school very late that morning and was in great dread of a scolding, especially because Monsieur+ Hamel had said that he would question us on participles, and I did not know the first word about them. For a moment I thought of running away and spending the day out of doors. It was so warm, so bright! The birds were chirping at the edge of the woods; and in the open field back of the saw-mill the Prussian soldiers were drilling. It was all much more tempting than the rule for participles, but I had the strength to resist, and hurried off to school.

[2] When I passed the town hall there was a crowd in front of the bulletin-board. For the last two years all our bad news had come from there — the lost battles, the draft, the orders of the commanding officer — and I thought to myself, without stopping:

"What can be the matter now?"

[3] Then, as I hurried by as fast as I could go, the blacksmith, Wachter, who was there, with his apprentice, reading the bulletin, called after me:

+ The French title for *Mr.* (Mister), pronounced mē syû'.

"Don't go so fast, bub; you'll get to your school in plenty of time!"

I thought he was making fun of me, and reached Monsieur Hamel's little garden all out of breath.

[4] Usually, when school began, there was a great bustle, which could be heard out in the street, the opening and closing of desks, lessons repeated in unison, very loud, with our hands over our ears to understand better, and the teacher's great ruler rapping on the table But now it was all so still! I had counted on the commotion to get to my desk without being seen; but, of course, that day everything had to be as quiet as Sunday morning. Through the window I saw my classmates, already in their places, and Monsieur Hamel walking up and down with his terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and go in before everybody. You can imagine how I blushed and how frightened I was.

[5] But nothing happened. Monsieur Hamel saw me and said very kindly:

"Go to your place quickly, little Franz. We were beginning without you."

[6] I jumped over the bench and sat down at my desk. Not till then, when I had got a little over my fright, did I see that our teacher had on his beautiful green coat, his frilled shirt, and the little black silk cap, all embroidered, that he never wore except on inspection and prize days. Besides, the whole school seemed so strange and solemn. But the thing that surprised me most was to see, on the back benches that were always empty, the village people sitting quietly like ourselves; old Hauser, with his three-cornered hat, the former mayor, the former postmaster, and several others besides. Everybody looked sad; and Hauser had brought an old primer, thumbed at the edges, and he held it open on

his knees with his great spectacles lying across the pages.

[7] While I was wondering about it all, Monsieur Hamel mounted his chair, and, in the same grave and gentle tone which he had used to me, he said:

"My children, this is the last lesson I shall give you. The order has come from Berlin to teach only German in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine.+ The new master comes to-morrow. This is your last French lesson. I want you to be very attentive."

[8] What a thunder-clap these words were! Oh, the wretches; that was what they had put up at the town-hall!

My last French lesson! Why, I hardly knew how to write! I should never learn any more! I must stop there, then! Oh, how sorry I was for not learning my lessons, for seeking birds' eggs, or going sliding on the Soar! My books, that had seemed such a nuisance a while ago, so heavy to carry, my grammar, and my history of the saints, were old friends now that I could n't give up. And Monsieur Hamel, too; the idea that he was going away, that I should never see him again, made me forget all about his ruler and how cranky he was.

[9] Poor man! It was in honor of this last lesson that he had put on his fine Sunday-clothes, and now I understood why the old men of the village were sitting there in the back of the room. It was because they were sorry, too, that they had not gone to school more. It was their way of thanking our master for his forty years of faithful service and of showing their respect for the country that was theirs no more.

[10] While I was thinking of all this, I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say that dreadful rule for the

+ Pronounced ăl säs′ and lô rān′.

participle all through, very loud and clear, and without one mistake? But I got mixed up on the first words and stood there, holding on to my desk, my heart beating, and not daring to look up. I heard Monsieur Hamel say to me:

[11] "I won't scold you, little Franz; you must feel bad enough. See how it is! Every day we have said to ourselves: 'Bah! I've plenty of time. I'll learn it to-morrow.' And now you see where we've come out. Ah, that's the great trouble with Alsace; she puts off learning till to-morrow. Now those fellows out there will have the right to say to you: 'How is it; you pretend to be Frenchmen, and yet you can neither speak nor write your own language?' But you are not the worst, poor little Franz. We've all a great deal to reproach ourselves with.

[12] "Your parents were not anxious enough to have you learn. They preferred to put you to work on a farm or at the mills, so as to have a little more money. And I? I've been to blame also. Have I not often sent you to water my flowers instead of learning your lessons? And when I wanted to go fishing, did I not just give you a holiday?"

[13] Then, from one thing to another, Monsieur Hamel went on to talk of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world — the clearest, the most logical; that we must guard it among us and never forget it, because when a people are enslaved, as long as they hold fast to their language it is as if they had the key to their prison. Then he opened a grammar and read us our lesson. I was amazed to see how well I understood it. All he said seemed so easy, so easy! I think, too, that I had never listened so carefully, and that he had never explained everything

with so much patience. It seemed almost as if the poor man wanted to give us all he knew before going away, and to put it all into our heads at one stroke.

[14] After the grammar, we had a lesson in writing. That day Monsieur Hamel had new copies for us, written in a beautiful round hand: France, Alsace, France, Alsace. They looked like little flags floating everywhere in the school-room, hung from the rod at the top of our desks. You ought to have seen how every one set to work, and how quiet it was! The only sound was the scratching of the pens over the paper. Once some beetles flew in; but nobody paid any attention to them, not even the littlest ones, who worked right on tracing their fish-hooks,° as if that was French, too. On the roof the pigeons cooed very low, and I thought to myself:

"Will they make them sing in German, even the pigeons?"

[15] Whenever I looked up from my writing I saw Monsieur Hamel sitting motionless in his chair and gazing first at one thing, then at another, as if he wanted to fix in his mind just how everything looked in that little school-room. Fancy! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his garden outside the window and his class in front of him, just like that. Only the desks and benches had been worn smooth; the walnut-trees in the garden were taller, and the hop-vine that he had planted himself twined about the windows to the roof. How it must have broken his heart to leave it all, poor man; to hear his sister moving about in the room above, packing their trunks! For they must leave the country next day.

[16] But he had the courage to hear every lesson to the very last. After the writing, we had a lesson in history,

and then the babies chanted their *ba, be, bi, bo, bu.* Down there at the back of the room old Hauser had put on his spectacles and, holding his primer in both hands, spelled the letters with them. You could see that he, too, was crying; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and cry. Ah, how well I remember it, that last lesson!

17 All at once the church-clock struck twelve. Then the Angelus.° At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians, returning from drill, sounded under our windows. Monsieur Hamel stood up, very pale, in his chair. I never saw him look so tall.

"My friends," said he, "I — I —" But something choked him. He could not go on.

Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, bearing on with all his might, he wrote as large as he could:

"Vive La France!" +

18 Then he stopped and leaned his head against the wall, and, without a word, he made a gesture to us with his hand:

"School is dismissed — you may go."

1. In what ways was the bulletin-board in this story like the newspaper bulletins during the Great War? 2. What did Franz pass on the way to school? 3. Describe the scene in the schoolroom as he entered. 4. In what ways did this school differ from yours? 5. How did the different people show that something unusual was happening?

6. Read aloud Monsieur Hamel's speech in section 7. Why was it a "thunder-clap"? 7. Read what the schoolmaster said to Franz in sections 11 and 12. 8. Make up the rest of his speech in section 13, as he said it. 9. How is language a "key"? 10. Why could n't the schoolmaster finish his speech in section 17? Read sections 17 and 18 to make the class feel the sadness. 11. What might we say to correspond to "Vive La France"? 12. Act out the story. (Manual.)

+ Pronounced vēv' là fràns', "Long live France!"

A·PLAY

SIR PERCIVALE THE BOY KNIGHT

AUGUSTA STEVENSON

TO·ACT

This play will take you into the world of knighthood many years ago when King Arthur was the beloved leader of the knights of England. After you have read the play carefully, take each scene separately and talk about (1) what each character should look like, (2) how he should speak, and (3) what he should do.

Next, practice reading the scenes aloud, different pupils reading until every one in the class has had a part. Observe who read and act the best and select the twenty-one pupils for an actual performance later.

SCENE I

Time: *in the days of King Arthur.*
Place: *a castle in England.*

PERCIVALE.	SENESCHAL.	GARDENER.
HIS MOTHER.	HERDSMAN.	SHEPHERD.
HIS SISTER.	WOODSMAN.	GROOM.
	MAIDS.	

[1] [*The* SISTER *sits in an armchair in the castle hall; near by sit the* MAIDS. *All are sewing. Enter the* MOTHER.]

[2] MOTHER. Admit the servants, please, my daughter. They should be in waiting at this hour.

[3] SISTER. Yes, my mother. (*She opens the doors.*) Thy Lady will now speak with thee.

[4] [*Enter the* SENESCHAL, HERDSMAN, GARDENER, WOODSMAN, SHEPHERD, *and* GROOM.]

[5] MOTHER. Friends, on this day, as thou well knowest, I give thee caution as to my son. 'T is thy young master's birthday. Percivale is now no longer a child. I fear greatly the coming year.

[6] SENESCHAL. There is no need to fear, good my lady. Thy castle is far from towns and tournaments. No one passes this way.

[7] MOTHER. I pray no one will ever find his way here! Travelers bring tales, and I would withhold from Percivale all knowledge of the world outside, with its knights and tournaments and battles.

[8] SISTER. He knows nothing of them, my mother.

[9] MOTHER. He must never know! I lost my good husband and six brave sons out in that world — husband and sons all killed in tournaments. And now I would keep Percivale by my side. Herdsman, takes he an interest still in our goats and sheep and cows?

[10] HERDSMAN. There is not one he does not know by heart. And there is not one he cannot lift by hand, not even the greatest ox of them.

[11] MOTHER. What sayest thou? Lift an ox?

[12] WOODSMAN. Aye! And with one blow of the axe, he can fell a great tree. 'T is most wonderful!

[13] MOTHER. 'T is well he should know the axe of the woodsman, but never the battle-axe. Gardener, shows Percivale an interest in thy work?

[14] GARDENER. Aye, good my lady! He uses the scythe as well as I.

[15] MOTHER. 'T is well he should know the scythe, but never the cruel sword. Shepherd, goes thy master ever to the hills with thee?

[16] SHEPHERD. Aye, good my lady! And always he will carry my crook, whilst I have naught but empty hands.

[17] MOTHER. Better the shepherd's crook than the deadly spear. Groom, complains thy master of the horses?

[18] GROOM. No, good my lady. He knows not they are undersized and weaklings.

[19] MOTHER. 'T is well. See to it that no great horse such as knights ride e'er meets his eye.

[20] GROOM. Aye, good my lady.

[21] MOTHER. Thou hast all obeyed me well. Remember my caution throughout this perilous year, my friends. That is all. I thank thee. (*The Servants go, bowing.*)

[22] SISTER. So now, my lady mother, thou must not worry. Percivale loves this life in the forest.

[23] [*Enter* PERCIVALE, *greatly excited.*]

[24] PERCIVALE. Mother, sister, come! Come to this window! Such a sight as thou wilt see! Come! (*All look out of the window.*) What are they, mother? (*The* MOTHER *leaves the window quickly.*) Look, sister! Look at those great horses! Look at those glorious creatures on their backs! Are they men, my mother? (*The* MOTHER *is silent.*) Whatever they are, they are covered with iron. See how it is polished! See how it glistens in the sunlight! See what gay and beautiful colors they wear! Look at their silken banners! What are they, mother? Speak, I pray thee!

[25] MOTHER. The world has come to us, in spite of all our care! Tell thy brother the truth, my daughter.

[26] SISTER. Those riding by are knights, Percivale.

[27] PERCIVALE. Knights? And what are they?

[28] SISTER. Men who go forth to right wrongs, and to see that justice is done the poor and the weak and the old.

[29] PERCIVALE. Then I will become a knight! I will ride forth as they do!

30 MOTHER. My son, wouldst thou leave me?

31 PERCIVALE. I am strong; I should protect the weak. I am young; I should protect the old. I am needed in the world outside. I must go, for 't is my duty.

32 MOTHER. Go then to the court of King Arthur, for his are the best and bravest and most gentle of knights. Before thou art knighted, the King will ask thy promise to be always loyal and upright, and to fight for those who need thy protection.

33 PERCIVALE. 'T is a promise I will gladly make!

34 MOTHER. Then, my Percivale, go, and may the boy from the forest be the best and truest knight of all!

SCENE II

Time: *the day following.*
Place: *King Arthur's castle at Camelot: the great hall.*

KING ARTHUR.	SIR KAY.	SIR LAUNCELOT.
QUEEN GUINEVERE.+	SIR GARETH.*	SIR TRISTRAM.
PERCIVALE.	SIR BALIN.†	SIR GALAHAD.
RED KNIGHT.	DWARF.	SIR PALAMIDES.‡

KNIGHTS, LADIES, AND PAGES.

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35 [*The* KING *and* QUEEN *sit in great chairs at the upper end of the hall. Many* KNIGHTS *and* LADIES *are seen. At the lower end of the hall, near the door, stands* SIR KAY, *the seneschal. A* DWARF *is near by. Enter* PERCIVALE, *carrying a wooden pole for a spear.*]

36 PERCIVALE (*to* SIR KAY). Tell me, Sir Knight, if that is King Arthur yonder?

37 SIR KAY. What wouldst thou with King Arthur?

38 PERCIVALE. I would become a knight.

+ gwĭn′ ē vēr. * gär′ĕth. † bā′lĭn. ‡ păl′ *a* mē′ dēz.

[39] SIR KAY. Thou! Thou hast no armor! Return to thy fields and thy cows, countryman!

[40] PERCIVALE. Again I ask—which is King Arthur?

[41] SIR KAY. Begone! Begone, I say!

[42] DWARF. Percivale, thou art welcome here! I know thee by thy father, who was one of King Arthur's knights.

[43] [*Enter a* KNIGHT *in red armor.* SIR KAY *does not see him.*]

[44] SIR KAY. Art thou seneschal here, thou dwarf?

[45] DWARF (*not heeding*). Yonder sits King Arthur by the Queen's side. A page is serving him water.

[46] SIR KAY (*striking* DWARF). Be silent!

[47] SIR LAUNCELOT (*approaching*). Sir Kay, canst thou tell the name of that strange knight?

[48] SIR KAY. Strange knight? Where?

[49] SIR LAUNCELOT. The knight in red armor there. He is approaching the King.

[50] SIR KAY. I know him not.

[51] SIR LAUNCELOT. Look! He takes the goblet from the Queen's hand! He throws the water in her face!

[52] RED KNIGHT. *If* any here is bold enough to avenge this insult to his Queen, let him follow me! I will await him in the meadow.

[53] [*He goes out quickly. The* KING *springs to his feet. The* KNIGHTS *rush forward. There is great excitement.*]

[54] KING ARTHUR. 'T was the act of a madman!

[55] SIR LAUNCELOT. 'T was the act of an enemy!

[56] SIR PALAMIDES. 'T is my belief that neither would have dared. The strange knight is protected by some magic, and therefore braves us all.

[57] KNIGHTS. Aye! Aye!

[58] SIR GARETH. No armor can withstand magic!

[59] KNIGHTS. Aye! Aye!

[60] PERCIVALE. I'll after him! There's no magic can frighten me! (*He goes out quickly.*)

[61] KING ARTHUR. Why, he is but a boy, and hath no armor, and only a pointed pole for a spear! The Red Knight will kill him! After him, Tristram! Bring the lad back with thee!

[62] TRISTRAM. I will, my King! (*He goes.*)

[63] QUEEN (*from a window*). Tristram is too late! The boy is upon the Red Knight now! (*All hasten to the window.*) The knight will kill him, Arthur!

[64] LADIES. Alas! Alas!

[65] SIR BALIN. See how the lad doth handle his pole!

[66] ALL. Marvelous! 'T is marvelous!

[67] KING ARTHUR. Look! Look! The lad hath smote the knight! Do ye see? The lad hath smote the knight!

[68] SIR GALAHAD. I can scarce believe mine eyes! Such courage I have never seen!

[69] KING ARTHUR. I will make him a knight, and seat him at my Round Table! Who knows the lad's name?

[70] DWARF. The lad's father was Sir Percivale.

[71] KING ARTHUR. Sir Percivale! The lad shall be doubly welcomed here! Go to him, Balin, tell him of my affection for his father, and bring him back with thee.

[72] SIR BALIN *goes.* [*Enter* SIR TRISTRAM.]

[73] SIR TRISTRAM. The lad hath won! I besought him to return with me, but he refused.

[74] KING ARTHUR. Refused!

[75] [*Enter* SIR BALIN.]

[76] SIR BALIN. He will not come, King Arthur.

[77] KING ARTHUR. What is this! Thou didst tell him I would make him a knight?

[78] SIR BALIN. Even so, my King.

[79] KING ARTHUR. And thou didst tell him of my affection for his father?

[80] SIR BALIN. Aye, but the lad declared he was not worthy of such a father, nor worthy of thy honor, till he had proven himself, by deeds of bravery, fit to meet the seneschal here in combat.

[81] KING ARTHUR. But why? Sir Kay hath done him no wrong.

[82] SIR BALIN. The lad would teach Sir Kay that he cannot strike a dwarf.

[83] KING ARTHUR. Kay! Didst thou so forget thy vow of knighthood?

[84] SIR KAY. I do acknowledge that I am at fault, King Arthur.

[85] KING ARTHUR. I love thee greatly, Kay, but thou must prove thou art worthy of a seat at my Round Table. Go thou, therefore, and return not till thou hast made thy peace with the brave boy from the forest.

[86] QUEEN (*from window*). The lad hath gone!

[87] KING ARTHUR. Then follow him, Kay, and bring him back with thee. Show him that thou art indeed a true knight, gentle and merciful always.

SCENE III

Time: *the same day.*
Place: *a road near Camelot, with the forest on each side.*

PERCIVALE.
HERMIT.
SIR KAY (GREEN KNIGHT).
KING ARTHUR (SCARLET KNIGHT).
SIR LAUNCELOT (BLACK KNIGHT).
SIR TRISTRAM (BLUE KNIGHT).
SIR GALAHAD (WHITE KNIGHT).
SIR PALAMIDES (KNIGHT OF THE SUN).
SIR GARETH (KNIGHT OF THE PEACEFUL RIVER).
SIR BALIN (KNIGHT OF THE CLASPED HANDS).
AND MANY OTHER KNIGHTS.

[88] [KING ARTHUR *and his* KNIGHTS *are seen entering. Each wears armor he has never worn before, and each has changed his customary banner with its devices and motto, for something entirely new and strange.*]

[89] KING ARTHUR. We will wait here while Sir Launcelot doth investigate.

[90] KNIGHTS. Aye!

[91] [*They remove helmets. Enter* SIR LAUNCELOT.]

[92] SIR LAUNCELOT. The lad comes this way from the north, whilst Sir Kay doth approach from the south. 'T is certain they will meet here.

[93] KING ARTHUR. Come, then, into the forest! Now don thy helmets and close them well! They must not know us when we appear. And forget not the part thou hast each to play in thy strange armor.

[94] KNIGHTS. Aye! Aye!

[95] [*They enter the forest. Pause. Enter* PERCIVALE. *He wears red armor, but no helmet. He carries his wooden pole. Enter the* HERMIT *from the forest.*]

[96] HERMIT. I pray thee halt, Sir Knight!

[97] PERCIVALE. What wouldst thou, hermit?

[98] HERMIT. There is great need of a good knight here!

[99] [*Enter the* GREEN KNIGHT *from the south.*]

[100] PERCIVALE. Speak!

[101] HERMIT. Not far from here, where the river rushes strongest over the great stones, dwells a poor old miller and his wife. Didst thou notice their hut?

[102] PERCIVALE. Aye, and noticed likewise that there was not a cow, a goat, or even a fowl about the place.

[103] HERMIT. 'T is of that I would speak. Only yesterday robbers came upon them, and took away their every possession.

"WHAT WOULDST THOU, HERMIT?"

[104] PERCIVALE. They shall be repossessed of everything that was taken! Can you point out the way to the robbers' den?

[105] HERMIT. I will guide thee there, Sir Knight.

[106] GREEN KNIGHT (*to* PERCIVALE). I will accompany thee, and help thee repossess the miller.

[107] PERCIVALE. I thank thee, Sir Knight, for thy offer of assistance.

[108] [*As they turn to enter the forest,* KING ARTHUR *and his* KNIGHTS *enter from the opposite side. Their helmets are closed.*]

[109] SCARLET KNIGHT (KING ARTHUR). I pray thee, halt, Sir Knights! We go to fight for a distant king! Accompany us, and riches and honor will be thine!

[110] PERCIVALE. I cannot accompany thee, Sir Knight.

[111] GREEN KNIGHT. Nor I!

[112] SCARLET KNIGHT. But I tell thee thou shalt both have glory and fame. (*Turning to* KNIGHTS *with him.*) Relate, my good knights, what ye know of this.

[113] BLACK KNIGHT (SIR LAUNCELOT). This distant king doth wish another kingdom, a kingdom rich with gold and jewels and many precious things.

[114] BLUE KNIGHT (SIR TRISTRAM). And of these treasures each knight is promised his full share, when once we've gained the kingdom.

[115] WHITE KNIGHT (SIR GALAHAD). 'T will be booty worth the trying for!

[116] KNIGHT OF THE SUN (SIR PALAMIDES). 'T will mean a princedom for each one of us!

[117] KNIGHT OF THE PEACEFUL RIVER (SIR GARETH). Lucky the knight who hath been bidden to this battle!

[118] KNIGHT OF THE CLASPED HANDS (SIR BALIN). Aye, thrice lucky he!

[119] KNIGHTS (*in chorus*). Aye! Aye!

[120] SCARLET KNIGHT. Come, sir strangers, with us!

[121] PERCIVALE. I cannot. I go to the aid of a poor miller, sir.

[122] GREEN KNIGHT. And I, likewise.

[123] SCARLET KNIGHT (*angrily*). Ye both refuse me!

[124] BLACK KNIGHT. 'T is not meet that one knight should refuse another!

[125] BLUE KNIGHT. 'T is against the laws of chivalry!

[126] WHITE KNIGHT. 'T is an insult to each knight of us!

[127] SCARLET KNIGHT. Aye, 't is an insult and shall be punished! I challenge thee to battle, sirs!

[128] KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS. Aye! Aye!

[129] GREEN KNIGHT (*lifting his lance*). Come! I am ready!

[130] PERCIVALE (*lifting his pole*). And I!

[131] SCARLET KNIGHT. Not I! Not against thy pole! Of that I am afraid, sir! See how I tremble 'neath my armor!

[132] KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS (*trembling*). And we! See us!

[133] PERCIVALE. Since it pleases thee to jest, I 'll at thee now! (*To* SCARLET KNIGHT.) Defend thyself, sir!

[134] SCARLET KNIGHT. Nay, lad — I am thy King! (*He and his* KNIGHTS *remove their helmets.*)

[135] PERCIVALE (*dropping pole*). King Arthur!

[136] GREEN KNIGHT (*dropping lance*). King Arthur!

[137] KING ARTHUR. I have come to take thee back to court, Percivale, and make a knight of thee. I have tested thee and thou hast failed in nothing. Thou wilt make a true knight, Percivale. Come!

[138] PERCIVALE. Nay, King Arthur, I cannot go till I have taught a certain knight that he cannot strike a dwarf.

[139] GREEN KNIGHT (*removing helmet*). Thou hast already taught him that, lad. His heart is filled with shame for that base and hasty act.

[140] PERCIVALE. Thou — Sir Kay?

[141] GREEN KNIGHT. The dwarf has forgiven me. Wilt thou not make peace?

[142] PERCIVALE. Aye! Gladly! (*He grasps* SIR KAY'S *hand.*)

[143] KING ARTHUR. The peace is made! Come, good knights, let us all haste to the aid of the miller! Lead on, Percivale! Lead thou on!

[144] TABLEAU

In the hall of KING ARTHUR'S *palace the* KNIGHTS *and* LADIES *watch the ceremony of* PERCIVALE'S *knighting.* KING ARTHUR *stands with uplifted hand before* PERCIVALE, *who, clad in white, kneels before him.*

1. Why did not the Mother want Percivale to see a knight? 2. Show that his early training had fitted him for knighthood. How do our boys to-day get training that fits them for modern knighthood? 3. Find the lines that tell the duty of a knight. Copy them on the board and memorize them.

4. Which is the most thrilling moment in scene 2? Why? Practice reading the lines to bring out this excitement.

5. Why were King Arthur and his knights not recognized? 6. Where did Percivale get the red armor? 7. Why did the Green Knight offer to go with him? 8. How were these knights tempting him? 9. Why do you like Percivale's answer to them? 10. Tell different things that made King Arthur feel that Percivale would make a true knight.

11. Conversation and discussion: What qualities should a boy of to-day have to make him a modern knight? Tell one way in which a boy can show his character. 12. What things would a boy knight of to-day not do? 13. Give an example of something a man or a boy can do that would be like the work of knights of old.

14. Act out the play for a school or class program. (Manual.) 15. Invite several guests to be present. Write invitations to them in class. Choose the best ones to send.

VISITS·TO·AMERICAN·AUTHORS

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

The Frontiersman

Read silently in class, stopping at each italicized question for class discussion. Close your book when you have read the question and think out what you have to say about it.

[1] If you open your geographies to New York state, you will find there Otsego Lake stretched nine miles long, with the village of Cooperstown nestling at the southern end. One hundred and fifty years ago all the land through here was a silent wilderness, in which roamed deer, bear, wolves, and Indians. In 1786 a certain William Cooper of New Jersey was given possession of thousands of acres in this region. When he came to the spot to claim the land, he laid out a little village at the end of the lake and named it after himself. In 1790 he moved his whole family up to this new settlement. There were the father and the mother, a big family of children, and six or seven servants. *What things would these children like to do in this wilderness?*

[2] What unusual experiences these children must have had in growing up on the edge of the wilderness! The next to the youngest was James Fenimore Cooper.

He had been born in New Jersey in 1789, so he was a baby when the family moved to Cooperstown. As he grew older, he and his brothers roamed through the dense forests and explored the lake where the gigantic oaks, beeches, and pines came clear down to the edge of the water. He watched the swarms of wild duck flying northward and the gulls skimming over the water. He listened to the loon's weird laughter rising from the distant shore. He followed the muskrat to its hole and the bear to its den. He mingled with the friendly Indians; he trapped the fox and the rabbit; he went on hunting trips with the men, and in a thousand and one ways he grew to be at home in the woods, a real Boy Scout. The cloudless skies, the mystery of the forest depths, the danger of attack by Indians, the strenuous labor of clearing the woods, the scarcity of food when crops were low — all these things sank deeply into the memory of the boy. *What kind of men would seek life on the frontiers?*

[3] William Cooper, the father, built a splendid mansion for his family — "Otsego Hall" it was called — and was looked up to as a great man by the settlers who had gathered about him at Cooperstown. To the little settlement at Cooperstown had come men whose lives had been wrecked by the political storms of Europe. There were Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Poles, and even Germans, seeking the liberty that they could not find in their own countries. Each wielded an axe to clear the forests and to build homes. With these few men from foreign lands were many sturdy New Englanders who had come as pioneers from their own home states. Young James mingled with these men and picked up many a bit of valuable information. *How could a boy like that be educated?*

[4] A little school had been built in the village. It was called "The Academy," and here the Cooper children learned to read, write, and do numbers. After a while, James was sent down to Albany to study for several years with an English clergyman, who was a graduate of an English university. How the boy hated to leave his forest life! Although his home, "Otsego Hall," was one of the great mansions of that part of the country, James missed the woods and the lake and the wild animals even more than he did the house.

[5] Then, when he was thirteen years old, he was sent down to Yale College in New England. Colleges at that time were more like the high schools of to-day. At the college in New Haven Cooper loved to play rather than to study, and to take solitary walks out in the country around New Haven or along the bay rather than to dig away at his books. We can guess what happened. There was one frolic too many for James and he had to leave school before he was graduated. *What things might a boy who left school do? Would there be as many things to do then as to-day?*

[6] Through his father's influence, this seventeen-year-old boy got a position on a merchant ship, The Sterling, which left New York for England loaded with a valuable cargo. It took forty days to reach England — think of the difference in reaching England then and now! When they landed on the other side, the boy explored London and saw many strange and interesting sights. His Christmas was spent in this foreign land. In January, 1807, the ship sailed for the strait of Gibraltar and finally reached England again in May, after a very stormy trip. The return voyage to America took nearly two months. The next year James entered the regular navy as a midshipman. He loved the sea and

could not get enough of it. *In what ways would our Navy of to-day differ from the Navy of a hundred years ago?*

[7] There were rumors at this time that England and America might go to war against each other, so a party of men were sent to Lake Ontario to build a boat to guard the lake. Young Cooper was one of them. The boy never forgot that trip through the wilderness in New York state, after he said good-bye to his family at Cooperstown. The little party finally settled down at the tiny village of Oswego, where there were only twenty cabins on the shore of the lake. Here they spent the winter building the brig Oneida. *What things would young Cooper want to do when off duty?*

[8] The wonderful scenes of that trip through the forest and the strange life along the shore of Lake Ontario are to be found in Cooper's novel "The Pathfinder," so you see he must have explored the wilderness. When the party were through with their work, Cooper and Lieutenant Woolsey pushed on together to see the marvelous falls of Niagara, about which rumors of grandeur had reached them. *How would this sight of the falls be different from the way they look to-day?*

[9] What a wonderful sight the falls must have been! No hotels, no railways, no cities — only untracked forests, surging waters, a vast outpouring and a sea of mist! *Trace on a map this pioneering trip of Cooper's.*

[10] And think of it! — all this happened to Cooper before he was twenty-one years old! He had been bred in the wilderness; he had gone to school in Albany and at Yale; he had sailed on board the merchant marine carrying goods to Europe; and he had become a regular midshipman in the service of the navy. *What would be the next thing for him to do?*

[11] Then, in 1811, when he was twenty-one years old, he married a lovely young woman, whose people were prominent in Westchester county, a county lying along the Sound just north of New York City. Young James Cooper had a fiery temper and a strong will, but these always gave way to those whom he loved or who loved him. His wife did not want him to go to sea, so he resigned from the navy. *What might he do for an occupation?*

[12] For the next few years he lived near or in New York. When he was in the country, he looked after the crops, drained the swamps, and was a gentleman farmer. Of his five daughters, Susan Augusta, the second daughter, acted as her father's secretary; for, you see, Cooper was not meant to be a farmer all his life. *For what else had he been preparing himself without knowing it?*

[13] A surprising thing had happened. There had been a discussion about a certain British novel, and Cooper had said impatiently:

"I believe I could write a better story myself!"

Some one suggested that he make good his boast, so he set to work and wrote a novel all about English life. But Cooper had never really seen much society in England, so we know that it would not be much of a book. *What could he write about with real knowledge?*

[14] His friends now urged him to write a novel dealing with this country. The suggestion appealed to Cooper, because he loved his country intensely. He naturally turned to something concerning the Revolution. Years before, while visiting at the residence of John Jay, he had heard the startling story of a certain spy, who had been active in Westchester county

during the Revolution. The coolness, fearlessness, shrewdness, and unselfish patriotism of this man had so impressed Cooper that now he put him in a book, which appeared with the title of "The Spy." *Why would the public like this book better than his first?*

[15] This book was greeted as one of the first real American books; and even though it dealt with the Revolutionary War, which was disastrous to England, it was recognized as a great book by Englishmen. It was translated into the French language, and Harvey Birch thus became one of the heroes of French boys as well as of American boys. *Of what part of the United States would Cooper be likely to write best? Why?*

[16] James Fenimore Cooper now knew that his life work was to be writing books. From 1820 to 1830 he wrote eleven novels in which he pictured the thrilling frontier life that he had known so well in boyhood. The book called "The Pioneers" is laid right around Cooperstown, and it makes you see how the settlers fought and conquered the wilderness.

[17] A few years later, while visiting Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, and Glens Falls, one of the party insisted that the scenery was so magnificent that Cooper should write a story laid in that region. Cooper did, — and in "The Last of the Mohicans" he gave further adventures of that daring scout Natty Bumppo, and the Indians Chingachcook+ and Uncas.* This book has been translated into French, German, Italian, and Spanish, so that boys and girls of those countries now read it. In the novel, "The Prairie," Cooper has Natty Bumppo in a story of the western plains.

+ **Chingachcook** [17] (chĭn gäch′ go͝ok), a Mohican chief, father of Uncas.

* **Uncas** [17] (ŭŋ′kȧs), "The Last of the Mohicans," a young chief of great courage and nobility.

Of what else do you think Cooper had experience enough to write?

[18] One day at a dinner in New York City, one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, "The Pirate," was being discussed. Cooper said that the book was written by a landsman, — that is, by a man who had never gone to sea, — and to prove what he meant he set to work to write a story of the sea. In "The Pilot" he produced one of the best sea tales ever written and showed exactly what he meant by saying that the other book was written by one not intimately familiar with life at sea. The pilot is supposed to be John Paul Jones, that daring adventurer who played such a remarkable part in our Revolutionary War. Those of you who like hairbreadth escapes and stirring sea fights will want to read this book.

[19] In 1822 Cooper's literary work made it necessary for him to move into New York City. Here he had many friends among the brilliant men of the day. He started a famous club called "The Bread and Cheese Club," which met each week. Samuel B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, and William Cullen Bryant, poet and editor of the New York "Evening Post," were among the members of the Club. In 1826, Cooper took his family to Europe and stayed over there for about seven years. He often said that he loved Italy the best on account of its fine skies and beautiful scenery. *Where would he want to move finally when he came back to America?*

[20] When he returned to America, he moved back to Cooperstown, where the old home still belonged to him. Otsego Hall had been named Templeton Hall in honor of the Temples in "The Pioneers," but when Cooper returned, he gave it the old name again and lived there

with his family happily about him. Here among the scenes that he had loved so well in childhood, he wrote two more books of the series about Leather-stocking. These are "The Pathfinder" and "The Deerslayer." In them he described the life of Natty Bumppo as a young man. That is why you should read these books first to enjoy Leather-stocking's exciting career from start to finish.

[21] Cooper died in 1851 and lies buried in the grounds of Christ's Church at Cooperstown. If you ever travel through New York state, you must try to stop off at Cooperstown to visit Otsego Hall and Cooper's grave. On Otsego Lake you can still see "The Point" which belonged to Cooper. *Now, what do you like best about Cooper?*

[22] People had to know Cooper to appreciate him fully. Intimate acquaintance with him brought respect, admiration, and affection. The friends who knew him best loved him the most. He was a born "scrapper" and was often accused of being "too touchy" about things. He was sincere in all his disputes, however, and was generous to a fault. His sense of personal honor was high. He was loyal American to the core.

[23] Cooper was the first great American novelist, and his books are treasured as much in other countries as in this; for he himself was a real frontiersman and he pictured the backwoodsman of early days in tales so true that they will never die.

1. Outline (*a*) when and where Cooper was born, (*b*) how he was educated, (*c*) what his life work was, (*d*) where he traveled, (*e*) what he wrote, (*f*) why he is remembered, and (*g*) where and when he died. 2. Read at home "The Last of the Mohicans" or "The Pilot." 3. Read aloud "Judgment Reed-that-Bends" (Riverside Reader XIII). 4. Read the story of Cooper in Riverside Reader VIII.

A READING CLUB

WHY not have a Reading Club in your classroom! You can borrow some books from your school library or from the public library and keep them on a special table, desk, or shelf in your room. The boys and girls that finish their other work in good time and belong to the Reading Club can then get permission to take books to their desks to read. (Manual.)

1. Form a Reading Club in your class. Select a name for it. Choose a president and a secretary. (Manual.) 2. Keep a list of the stories and books that you read. 3. Read "The Eastern United States and Its Writers" in the Fourth Reader. 4. Each month report the number of books that you have read.

A NARROW ESCAPE

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

In the early days of our history the frontier was not far from the eastern coast. Great forests in New York state, for instance, had seldom been penetrated by the white man. There the Indian lorded it over wood and stream with the wild cat, the wolf, the bear, and the mountain lion. *Painter* was what many American settlers called the mountain lion. *Panther* was also a name for it. It was a sly beast — an enormous cat like the tiger or the jaguar — only soberly-colored so that it easily hid itself in the forest. Its cry at night was like the wail of a lost child. To those who dreaded the beast that lonely cry brought terror. To-day the panther roams only in the dense forests of the West. Long ago, with the Indian tribes, it was pushed out of the East, as man pierced the forests, tilled the soil, explored the lakes, and built towns and railways.

This story happened in New York near the sources of the Susquehanna. The scene took place in those far-off

days when the frontiersman always had his trusty rifle at his side. Just such a frontiersman was Natty Bumppo, the "Leather-stocking" in Cooper's fascinating stories. This splendid backwoodsman with his dog Hector at his heels is the friend of every one who loves to read of exciting adventures among the Indians. Do *you* know him?

In this story two young ladies have wandered into the forest not far from the settlement. They were unaware of the dangers about them. Why were they rash?

[1] Elizabeth Temple and Louisa Grant had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway and pursued their course under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm; and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in their ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk; and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

[2] In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of placid Lake Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed:

"Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? Or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

[3] "Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds! It may be a wanderer, starving on the hill." Urged by this consideration, the young women pursued the low, mournful sounds,

that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried:

"Look at the dog!"

[4] Brave had been their companion, from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector.

[5] But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! What do you see?"

[6] At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

[7] "What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

[8] Hearing no answer, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to

the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion.

[9] The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

[10] "Let us run!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sank lifeless to the earth.

[11] There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple, that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of Louisa, and encouraged the dog, at the same time, by the sound of her voice.

[12] "Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble. "Courage, courage, good Brave!"

[13] A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its mother. This ignorant but vicious creature approached near the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

[14] All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both the mother panther and the cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog;

the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff.

[15] There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles; but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless. Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff.

[16] No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result.

[17] So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the panther, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye.

[18] But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was

making a desperate, but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted, in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort.

[19] But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay, prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the panther to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed; but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened. Then the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

[20] Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the human face that daunts the hearts of the inferior animals and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub.

[21] From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet. Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy. Her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind met her ears.

[22] "Hist! hist!" said a low voice; "stoop lower, gal; your bonnet hides the creater's head."

[23] It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom. Then she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of Leather-stocking rushed by her; and he called aloud:

"Come in, Hector; come in, you old fool; 't is a hard-lived animal, and may jump again."

[24] Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity. When his rifle was again loaded, he stepped up to the enraged animal, and placed the muzzle close to its head. Every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

1. Where and when did this experience take place? Who took part in it? 2. Where had the panther and the cub been? Who discovered them first? How? 3. What happened to the cub? 4. Describe the fight between the dog and the panther. How was Brave's collar helpful? How do you know that this dog was a thoroughbred? 5. How did Leather-stocking show that he was a man of the woods?

6. Would a frontier girl be likely to behave as these girls? 7. Should a Carnegie medal be given to Brave or to Elizabeth? Why? 8. Which girl would you rather be lost with, Elizabeth or Louisa? Why? 9. What should one do when a companion faints? 10. Relate other experiences with wild animals about which you have read. 11. Why is the dog a good pet?

12. Read one of Cooper's novels about Leather-stocking: "The Deerslayer," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," "The Pioneers," or "The Prairie." Get the book at the library.

13. Make up a story about another narrow escape.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AS A BOY

Told by Himself

Benjamin Franklin was the first great American. He was also the first American to be recognized in Europe as a great statesman. He spent many years in France winning the friendship of the French people and persuading them to help us in the Revolutionary War by sending a fleet across the Atlantic. Our aid to France during the recent Great War was only a fair "turn about" for the help they gave us to win our freedom from England.

But Benjamin Franklin has another message for American boys and girls besides Americanism. It is this: that everybody can and should make the most of himself. In the story of his life (called an *Autobiography*) Franklin has told us how he did this for himself. The following selection from the *Autobiography* has ideas for boys and girls to use in their own lives. See if you can find them.

Read silently:

I. BEN'S FIRST TRADE

[1] My elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar-school[+] at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me, as the tithe° of his sons, to the service of the Church. My early readiness in learning to read (which must have been very early, as I do not remember when I could not read), and the opinion of all his friends that I

[+] A grammar school in Franklin's day meant a school where Latin was taught.

should certainly make a good scholar, encouraged him in this purpose of his. My uncle Benjamin, too, approved of it, and proposed to give me all his short-hand volumes of sermons, I suppose as a stock to set up with, if I would learn his character. I continued, however, at the grammar-school not quite one year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be the head of it, and further was removed into the next class above it, in order to go with that into the third at the end of the year. But my father, in the mean time, from a view of the expense of a college education, which having so large a family he could not well afford, and the mean living many so educated were afterwards able to obtain, — reasons that he gave to his friends in my hearing, — altered his first intention, took me from the grammar-school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownell, very successful in his profession generally, and that by mild, encouraging methods. Under him I acquired fair writing pretty soon, but I failed in the arithmetic, and made no progress in it.

[2] At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler; a business he was not bred to, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, and on finding his dyeing trade would not maintain his family, being in little request. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the dipping mold and the molds for cast candles, attending the shop and going of errands.

[3] I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it. However, living near the water, I was much in and about it, learnt

early to swim well, and to manage boats; and when in a boat or canoe with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty.

[4] Upon other occasions I was generally a leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance, as it shows an early projecting public spirit, though not then justly conducted.

[5] There was a salt marsh that bounded part of the mill pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling, we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there fit for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh. These would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen were gone, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and working with them diligently, like so many emmets,° sometimes two or three to a stone, we brought them all away and built our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which were found in our wharf. Inquiry was made after the removers; we were discovered and complained of; several of us were corrected by our fathers; and, though I pleaded the usefulness of the work, mine convinced me that nothing was useful which was not honest.

1. Write five facts that you have learned about Franklin's home life. 2. How did Ben's schooling differ from yours? 3. What occupations to-day take the place of the tallow-chandler's trade? 4. Would Ben have made a good sailor? Why? 5. With which other American writer could he talk about the sea?

6. Read aloud section 5. Memorize it as a declamation. Tell of another instance in which it would not be honest to use something that might be useful to you.

II. BEN'S SECOND TRADE

[6] I CONTINUED thus employed in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve years old; and my brother John, who was bred to that business, having left my father, married, and set up for himself at Rhode Island, there was all appearance that I was destined to supply his place, and become a tallow-chandler. But my dislike to the trade continuing, my father was under apprehensions that if he did not find one for me more agreeable, I should break away and get to sea.

[7] Therefore my father sometimes took me to walk with him, and see joiners, bricklayers, turners, braziers,° etc., at their work, that he might observe my inclination, and endeavor to fix it on some trade or other on land. It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen handle their tools, and it has been useful to me, having learned so much by it as to be able to do little jobs myself in my house when a workman could not readily be got, and to construct little machines for my experiments, while the intention of making the experiment was fresh and warm in my mind.

[8] My father at last fixed upon the cutler's trade, and my uncle Benjamin's son Samuel, who was bred to that business in London, being about that time established in Boston, I was sent to be with him some time on liking. But his expectation of a fee with me displeasing my father, I was taken home again.

[9] From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with "The Pilgrim's Progress," my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's "Historical Collections"; they were

small books, and cheap, forty or fifty in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. Plutarch's "Lives" there was in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called "An Essay on Projects," and another of Dr. Mather's, called "Essays to do Good," which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

[10] This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters+ to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures* when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's† wages during the last year.

[11] In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the

+ That is, type. * Papers that made an apprenticeship legal.
† **Journeyman,**[10] a traveling printer.

greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

[12] And after some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces. My brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called *The Lighthouse Tragedy*, and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters; the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard), the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub Street+ ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one; but as prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

7. Write down the names of the different trades that Ben and his father observed. Find out what each trade was like. Look in the dictionary. 8. Would Ben's father approve of manual training? How do you know? 9. Why did Ben succeed as a printer? 10. How did he start to write? Did he think much of his first attempts? 12. Tell five of your favorite books to match Ben's.

+ **Grub Street,** street in London where lived poor writers who wrote all sorts of cheap stuff for a bare living.

III. HOW BEN LEARNED TO WRITE AND TO TALK WELL

[13] ABOUT this time I met with an odd volume of the "Spectator." + It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my "Spectator" with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them.

[14] But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again.

[15] I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to

+ *The Spectator* was a weekly journal published in London and devoted not to news, but to comments on manners and morals. It sometimes also had short tales. The best English writing of the day, by Addison, Steele, and others, was found in *The Spectator* and similar periodicals.

teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious.

[16] My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work, or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house alone, evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which indeed I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practice it.

[17] When about sixteen years of age I happened to meet with a book, written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother, being yet unmarried, did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an inconvenience, and I was frequently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, some as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty pudding, and a few others, and then proposed to my brother that if he would give me, weekly, half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying books. But I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing-house to their meals, I remained there alone, and dispatching presently my light repast, which

often was no more than a biscuit or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry-cook's, and a glass of water, had the rest of the time till their return for study, in which I made the greater progress, from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which usually attend temperance in eating and drinking.

[18] And now it was that, being on some occasion made ashamed of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed in learning when at school, I took Cocker's book of Arithmetic, and went through the whole by myself with great ease. While I was intent on improving my language, I met with an English Grammar at the end of which there were two little sketches of the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a specimen of a dispute in the Socratic method.

[19] Soon after I procured Xenophon's+ "Memorable Things of Socrates," wherein there are many instances of the same method. I was charmed with it, adopted it, dropped my abrupt contradiction and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer and doubter. I found this method safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it. Therefore I took a delight in it, practiced it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions, the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved.

[20] I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the

+**Xenophon**[19] (zĕn′ ō fŏn), an ancient Greek historian and general.

words *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; it appears to me, or *I should think it so or so*, for such and such reasons; or *I imagine it to be so;* or *it is so if I am not mistaken*. This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions, and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting; and as the chief ends of conversation are to *inform* or to be *informed*, to *please* or to *persuade*, I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat every one of those purposes for which speech was given to us, to wit, giving or receiving information or pleasure. For if you would inform, a positive and dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may provoke contradiction and prevent a candid attention. If you wish information and improvement from the knowledge of others, and yet at the same time express yourself as firmly fixed in your present opinions, modest, sensible men who do not love disputation will probably leave you undisturbed in the possession of your error. And by such a manner you can seldom hope to recommend yourself in *pleasing* your hearers, or to persuade those whose concurrence you desire.

12. Describe the three different things Ben did to improve in his writing. How did each help? 13. How do you try to improve your ability to write? 14. When did Ben get time for extra study? When do you study outside of school hours? 15. How did Ben make up his education? 16. What did he learn about arguing or talking with people? What expressions did he practice using? What good results came from using them? 17. What are the two objects of conversation?

18. Read aloud sections 18–20.

IV. HIS FIRST CONTRIBUTION

[21] My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the "New England Courant."+ The only one before it was the "Boston News-Letter." I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being, in their judgment, enough for America. At this time (1771) there are not less than five-and-twenty. He went on, however, with the undertaking, and after having worked in composing the types and printing off the sheets, I was employed to carry the papers through the streets to the customers.

[22] He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us. Hearing their conversations, and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and writing an anonymous paper, I put it in at night under the door of the printing-house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that in their different guesses

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+ Franklin's memory was a little at fault here. The *Courant* was the third newspaper established in New England, the fourth in America. The *Boston Gazette* and the *American Weekly Mercury* of Philadelphia were published in 1719, the *Courant* in 1721. The *Boston News-Letter* dated from 1704.

at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose now that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that perhaps they were not really so good as I then esteemed them.

[23] Encouraged, however, by this, I wrote and conveyed in the same way to the press several more papers which were equally approved; and I kept my secret till my small fund of sense for such performances was pretty well exhausted, and then I discovered it, when I began to be considered a little more by my brother's acquaintance, and in a manner that did not quite please him, as he thought, probably with reason, that it tended to make me too vain. And, perhaps, this might be one occasion of the differences that we began to have about this time.

[24] Though a brother, he considered himself as my master, and me as his apprentice, and, accordingly, expected the same services from me as he would from another, while I thought he demeaned me too much in some he required of me, who from a brother expected more indulgence. Our disputes were often brought before our father, and I fancy I was either generally in the right, or else a better pleader, because the judgment was generally in my favor.

19. Tell how Ben came to be the first American news-boy. 20. Compare newspapers of to-day with those of Franklin's manhood (1777). 21. Ben later ran away from Boston. Can you find a reason?

22. Read "A Literary Journey through the South" in the Fourth Reader. 23. Read "Poor Richard's Almanac" in Riverside Reader VII.

24. Make up a "Spectator" of your own by having the best written work of the class bound together as a little magazine. Make a cover for it. (Manual.)

WASHINGTON IRVING

Our First Story-Teller

Read silently in class, stopping at each italicized question for class discussion. Close your book when you have read the question and think out what you have to say about it.

[1] The year 1783 was momentous in American history. It was the year in which Benjamin Franklin signed the treaty of peace between this country and the mother country, England. In April of that year there was born, in New York City, a baby that was to be named after George Washington. "Washington's work is ended," said his mother, "and the child shall be named after him." This child was Washington Irving.

[2] When the baby had grown to be a sturdy lad of six, the Scotch nurse happened to see General Washington one day. Taking the child up to him, she said, "Please, sir, here's a bairn that's named for you!" Irving said that he always remembered the fact that the great man placed his hand upon his head, as he blessed him.

What other things would a lad be likely to remember of the city of New York at the end of the eighteenth century?

[3] The house in which Washington Irving grew up was a quaint Dutch house with gables, down on William Street. At that time New York considered itself a big city, but its population was only about 23,000, and its houses lay close to the Battery.° Central Park was then

nothing but country. Instead of the fine streets that New York now boasts, it consisted then of straggling lanes and roads, often with a pump in the middle of the street. You would be so much interested in the funny odd-shaped dormer windows that these old Dutch houses had. New York wore, indeed, a very different appearance from the festive commercial city it now is.

[4] Irving was the youngest child in a big family. His father was a stern Presbyterian; but his mother was a gentle lady who had much love to give her boys and the sympathy for their fun which the father lacked. Washington Irving was a dreamer. He loved to haunt the pier-heads and watch the ships go out to sea. Like Longfellow he followed them in imagination and saw in his "mind's eye" the lands they visited. "Robinson Crusoe" and "Sindbad the Sailor" held great fascinations for him. Indeed, he wrote his own childish plays and verse. He loved to read of adventure and travel; he loved music passionately; and in all ways he was a boy full of vivacity, fun, and innocent mischief. He was a boy that people instinctively liked. Unfortunately his health was poor. *What could be done to make him stronger?*

[5] When he was sixteen he left school and entered a law office. His health was not good, so outside of study times he took his gun and wandered through the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk. Many a time he stopped and chatted with the old wives of a village, who poured into his eager ears legends of the Hudson country.

[6] With two good friends of his he edited a small magazine for a short time, and under the name of Jonathan Oldstyle he wrote amusing sketches of life and people in the style of "The Spectator." His health continuing

poor, however, his family considered it necessary for him to take a long journey to build it up. *What would be the longest journey they could make in those days?*

[7] The young man was sent off on a long trip to Europe. In those days it took a number of weeks to cross the Atlantic. Young Irving looked so ill when he boarded the vessel that the captain predicted that he would not live to reach the other side. He did live, however, and had a very delightful time traveling throughout Europe. Everywhere he went his charming manners and pleasing smile won friends for him. His health became stronger, and he finally returned to America cured. *What had been the career selected for him?*

[8] You remember, he had been put in a law office at sixteen to study law. His law studies brought him into intimate relationship with the family of Judge Hoffman, with whose daughter Matilda he fell in love. They were engaged to be married, but she was taken sick and died suddenly. Washington Irving never recovered from the blow of her death. He carried her Bible with him on all his later wanderings, and under his sprightly manner and flashing smile he hid the feeling of her loss. Strange to say, his most humorous book was written at this time. *Do you know what nickname has been given to old residents of New York?* Washington Irving coined that word, and this is how it happened.

[9] There appeared one day in a New York paper, in 1809, the statement that a Diedrich Knickerbocker had disappeared, and that unless he claimed them, his effects, or belongings, would be disposed of. This advertisement was made so real that many people believed Diedrich Knickerbocker to be a real person. When the "History of New York" appeared it was over the name of this missing Knickerbocker. The history was far

from history in reality; it was a funny account of the founding of New York by the Dutch. Some of the old Dutch New Yorkers must have felt very indignant at the absent Knickerbocker.

[10] In 1816 Irving went abroad again, on business for his brothers, and strange to say it was seventeen years before he came back to his own country. The business went from bad to worse, and finally Irving was forced to support himself with his pen. He had been writing a number of sketches of quaint old New York life along the Hudson, so he gathered these together finally and sent them back to his own country for publication. In 1819 the "Sketch Book" appeared. It was later printed in England and won popularity for him.

[11] Irving began to meet literary celebrities of England. He had delightful times at Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott. He himself describes "Scott reading, or telling border stories or characteristic anecdotes; Sophy singing with charming voice a little border song; the rest of the family disposed in listening groups, while greyhounds, spaniels, and cats bask in unbounded indulgence before the fire." During this time he became very much interested in studying about Columbus. *Where should he go to find accurate information about Columbus?*

[12] Irving went to the land from which Columbus had sailed, and in Spain fell under the spell of the Alhambra. It is said that he even lodged for a short time within its confines. In a few years appeared a "Life of Columbus" from the pen of the gentle humorist who had written the "Sketch Book." This was hailed as a real work of history. The king of England in fact gave Irving a medal for writing the book. The University of Oxford also honored him by conferring upon him a degree.

When Irving rose to receive it, the undergraduates greeted him with cries of "Geoffrey Crayon" (the name he signed to the "Sketch Book"), "Diedrich Knickerbocker," and "Rip van Winkle." Not satisfied to leave Spain without opening up to the world some of the beauties of her literature, he wrote "The Alhambra," a book full of Moorish tales and legends. This was published the year he returned to America. *How do you think his countrymen would feel towards him after an absence of seventeen years? What would they do?*

[13] Upon his return to America Irving was welcomed with gratitude for the part he had done for American literature. Banquets were tendered to him in various cities; he was honored as had been few before him. Wishing to stay at home, he bought a little farm above New York City at Tarrytown on the Hudson, right in the heart of the Rip van Winkle country. There was a quaint old Dutch cottage of stone upon it which Irving remodeled and called Sunnyside. How the name reflected his whole attitude towards life! *Why?*

[14] Happy years were spent at Sunnyside, where the ivy that a friend had brought him from Melrose Abbey near Scott's home grew over the stone walls. Irving, however, was not destined to go on quietly living along the Hudson. The Government called him for service abroad. *What might that be? Where might he be sent?*

[15] To the land that he had opened up to his countrymen in the tales of the "Alhambra," Irving now went as minister. In four years he was home again at Sunnyside. These last few years were given over to writing a "Life of Washington." At Sunnyside the old house was filled to overflowing with nieces and other relatives whom he helped to support. A happy home gathering he had about him, and they loved him well. When he

died in 1859, no father of a big family could have been more greatly mourned than was this old bachelor uncle who generously had supported his kith and kin.

[16] Washington Irving will always be remembered as our first great story-teller. He was a leisurely story-teller, however, and loved to weave into his tales quiet descriptions and twinkling humor. In "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," for instance, you will read several pages about the place and the people before the real story begins.

[17] William Makepeace Thackeray said of Washington Irving that he was "the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old." That this regard for Irving as a writer was very generally felt among English people is shown by this funny thing that happened. The biographer of Irving says: "An English lady passing through an Italian gallery with her daughter stopped before a bust of George Washington. The daughter said, 'Mother, who was Washington?' 'Why, my dear, don't you know?' was the astonished reply. 'He wrote the "Sketch Book."'"

1. Outline on the board: (*a*) Date and place of birth; (*b*) Education; (*c*) Life work; (*d*) Travels; (*e*) Chief writings; (*f*) Why best remembered, and (*g*) Date of death. 2. Read the letter by Irving in Riverside Reader VIII.

A READING CLUB

REVIEW in the Fourth Reader the stories of literature in the Middle West and the Far West. Copy on the board the names of the twelve pupils who have read the most books this year.

Read at different times during the year the stories of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Hawthorne, given in the Fifth Reader.

LEGEND OF THE ARABIAN ASTROLOGER

Washington Irving

Nearly one hundred years ago Washington Irving visited Spain to seek more information about Christopher Columbus. In the city of Granada he was much impressed with the beauty of the palace of the Alhambra,† which had been built by the Moors nearly seven hundred years ago. These Moors were not Europeans, but Arabs who had wandered across northern Africa and invaded Spain. They were followers of Mohammed.° With them they had brought the swift horses of the desert, their Arab dress, their queer mosques, or temples, and their belief in magic.

Although the Moors were finally driven out of Spain, traces of them still lingered in legends, and Irving loved to listen to these tales of the beautiful courts and corridors of the Moorish palace, the Alhambra. The stories sounded just like Arabian Nights Tales. So much impressed was he that he wrote them down in a book called "The Alhambra." This story is one of these legends.

I. THE MAGIC TOWER

1 In old times, many hundred years ago, there was a Moorish king named Aben Habuz, who reigned over the kingdom of Granada.* In his youthful days he had been a great conqueror, but now that he had grown old, he desired nothing more than to live at peace with

† ăl hăm′ brȧ. * grȧ nä′ dȧ.

all the world and to enjoy in quiet the possessions he had taken from his neighbors.

[2] It so happened, however, that he had young rivals to deal with; princes full of the desire for fame and fighting, who had some old scores to settle with him which he had run up with their fathers. He also had some discontented districts in his own kingdom, which in his days of warfare he had treated with a high hand, and which, now that he languished for repose, were prone to rise in rebellion and threaten to invade him in his capital. Thus he had foes on every side; and as Granada is surrounded by wild and craggy mountains, which hide the approach of an enemy, the unfortunate Aben Habuz was kept in a constant state of watchfulness and alarm.

[3] He built watch-towers on the mountains, and stationed guards at every pass with orders to make fires at night and smoke by day, on the approach of an enemy. But it was all in vain. His foes baffled him at every turn, and were sure to break out of some unthought-of pass, plunder his lands under his very nose, and then make off to the mountains with their prisoners and booty.

[4] It chanced that while Aben Habuz was thus so sadly perplexed, an ancient Arabian arrived at his court. His white beard hung to his girdle, and he had every mark of extreme age, yet he had traveled almost the whole way from Egypt on foot, with no other aid than a staff marked with hieroglyphics.° His fame had preceded him. His name was Ibrahim, and it was said that he had lived ever since the days of Mohammed. He had, when a child, followed the Arabian army into Egypt, where he had remained many years studying magic among the priests, and there he had learned the secret of prolonging life.

[5] This wonderful old man was honorably entertained by the king. He invited him to remain in an apartment in his palace, but the old Arab preferred a cave in the side of the hill which rises above the city of Granada. He had the cave enlarged to form a spacious hall, with a circular hole at the top, through which he could see the heavens and behold the stars. The walls of this hall were covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics.°

[6] In a little while the sage Ibrahim became the bosom friend of the king, who applied to him for advice on every occasion. One day the king was as usual lamenting over the injustice of his neighbors and the strict watchfulness he was obliged to observe to guard himself against their invasions. The old Arab remained silent a moment, and then replied:

[7] "Know, O king, that when I was in Egypt, I beheld a great marvel. On a mountain, above the city of Borsa, and overlooking the great valley of the Nile was a figure of a ram, and above it a figure of a cock, both of brass, and turning upon a pivot. Whenever the country was threatened with invasion, the ram would turn in the direction of the enemy, and the cock would crow. Upon this the inhabitants of the city knew of the danger, and of the quarter from which it was approaching, and could take timely means to guard against it."

[8] "God is great!" exclaimed Aben Habuz, "what a treasure would be such a ram to keep an eye upon these mountains around me: and then such a cock, to crow in time of danger! How securely I might sleep in my palace with such sentinels on the top!"

[9] "Listen, king," said the Arab. "When the city was conquered, this talisman was destroyed, but I was present and examined it and studied its secret and mystery, and I can make one of even greater power."

[10] "O wise one," cried Aben Habuz, "better were such a talisman than all the watch-towers on the hills, and sentinels upon the borders. Give me such a safeguard, and the riches of my treasury are at your command."

[11] And so the old Arab set to work at once to carry out the wishes of the king. He caused a great tower to be built upon the top of the royal palace. It was built of stones brought from Egypt, and taken, it is said, from one of the pyramids. In the upper part of the tower was a circular hall, with windows looking toward every point of the compass, and before each window was a table, on which was arranged, as on a chess-board, a mimic army of horse and foot, with an image of the monarch who ruled in that direction, all carved of wood.

[12] To each of these tables there was a small lance, no bigger than a bodkin, on which were engraved certain Chaldaic° characters. This hall was kept constantly closed, by a gate of brass, with a great lock of steel, the key of which was in possession of the king.

[13] On the top of the tower was a bronze figure of a Moorish horseman, fixed on a pivot, with a shield on one arm and a lance. The face of this horseman was toward the city, as if keeping guard over it. But if any foe were at hand, the figure would turn in that direction, and would level the lance as if for action.

[14] When this talisman was finished, Aben Habuz was all impatient to try it. And he now longed as much for an invasion as he had before sighed for peace. He soon had his wish. Tidings were brought, early one morning, that the face of the bronze horseman was turned toward the mountains of Elvira, and that his lance pointed directly against the Pass of Lope.+

+ lō′ pā.

15 "Let the drums and trumpets sound to arms, and all Granada be put on the alert," said Aben Habuz.

16 "Let not your city be disturbed," said the Arab, "nor your warriors called to arms. Send your attendants away and let us go alone to the secret hall of the tower."

17 So the ancient Aben Habuz mounted the staircase, leaning on the arm of the still more ancient Ibrahim. They unlocked the door and entered. The window that looked toward the Pass of Lope was open.

18 "In that direction," said the astrologer, "lies the danger. Behold, O king, the mystery of the table."

19 The king stepped close to the board on which were placed the small wooden figures, and, to his surprise, saw that they were all in motion. The horses pranced, the warriors brandished their weapons, and there was a faint sound of drums and trumpets, and a clang of arms, and the neighing of steeds: but all no louder, nor more distinct, than the hum of a bee.

20 "Behold," said the astrologer, "a proof that your enemies are even now in the field. They must be advancing through the mountains, by the Pass of Lope. If you wish them to retreat without loss of life, strike these images with the head of the magic lance, but if you would cause bloodshed among them, strike with the point."

21 Aben Habuz seized the lance with trembling eagerness. "Son of Abu Ayub," exclaimed he, in a chuckling tone, "I think we will have a little blood!" So saying, he thrust the magic lance into one of the images, and beat others with the head, upon which the former fell as dead upon the board, and the rest turned upon each other and began fighting pell-mell.

[22] It was hard for the astrologer to stay the hand of the old king, and prevent him from killing all of his foes, but at last he persuaded him to leave the tower, and scouts were at once sent out to the mountains. They returned with the news that a Christian army had advanced through the heart of the Sierra, almost within sight of Granada, where disagreement had broken out among them. They had turned upon each other, and after much killing had retreated over the border.

[23] Aben Habuz was overjoyed. "At length," said he, "I shall lead a life of peace, and have all my enemies in my power." And to the Arab he said:

"How can I reward you for so great a blessing?"

[24] "The wants of an old man and a philosopher are few and simple. Grant me but the means of fitting up my cave and I am content," answered Ibrahim.

[25] The king was secretly pleased to know that he asked so small a reward. He ordered his treasurer to give him whatever sums might be required to furnish and complete his cave.

[26] The astrologer now gave orders to have various chambers hewn out of the solid rock. These he caused to be furnished with beautiful ottomans and divans, and the walls to be hung with rich silks from Damascus.

"I am an old man," said he, "and can no longer rest my bones on stone couches. These damp walls require covering."

[27] He had the apartments hung with silver and crystal lamps, which were filled with a fragrant oil made according to a recipe which he had found in the tombs of Egypt. These lights diffused a soft radiance.

"The light of the sun," said he, "is too bright for the eyes of an old man. The light of these lamps is better suited to the studies of a philosopher."

[28] The treasurer of King Aben Habuz groaned at the sums daily demanded by the astrologer, and he finally carried his complaints to the king. The royal word, however, had been given. Aben Habuz shrugged his shoulders.

"We must have patience," said he. "All things have an end, and so will the furnishing of this cavern."

[29] And he was right. The hermitage was at last complete, and formed a sumptuous underground palace.

[30] While the Arab passed his time in his cave, Aben Habuz carried on furious battles in the tower. It was a glorious thing for an old man, like himself, to have war made easy, and to be able to amuse himself in his chamber by brushing away whole armies like so many swarms of flies. And by degrees, his enemies grew weary from repeated failures and tried no more to invade his kingdom.

1. Why is this story called a *legend?* Look up *legend* in the dictionary. 2. Would you call Ibrahim an astronomer or an astrologer? Why? Describe him and his new home. 3. What is a *talisman?* Describe the magic tower and how it worked. 4. In modern warfare what inventions do a duty similar to that performed by the magic tower? (Manual.)

5. Read aloud the conversations in sections 7–10, 15–21, and 23–28, making up the speeches for sections 25 and 26.

II. THE ENCHANTED GATEWAY

[31] At length, one day, the bronze horseman turned suddenly round, and lowering his lance, made a dead point towards a certain range of mountains Aben Habuz hastened to his tower, but the magic table in that direction was quiet — not a single warrior was in motion. The king was perplexed and sent out a troop to scour the mountains. They returned after three days' absence.

[32] "We have searched every mountain pass," said they, "but not a helm nor spear was stirring. All that we have found was a Christian damsel of great beauty, sleeping at noontide beside a fountain."

[33] "Let her be brought before me," said the king.

[34] So the Christian damsel was brought into the king's presence. She was dressed in the style of the Spaniards at the time of the Arabian conquest. Pearls were entwined in her hair, and jewels sparkled on her forehead. Around her neck was a golden chain, to which was suspended a silver lyre which hung by her side.

[35] The flashes of her dark eyes were like sparks of fire on the old yet combustible heart of Aben Habuz.

"Fairest of women," cried he, "who and what are you?"

[36] "The daughter of a Spanish prince who but lately ruled over this land. The armies of my father have been destroyed, as if by magic, among these mountains. He has been driven into exile, and his daughter is a captive."

[37] "Beware, O king!" whispered Ibrahim. "This may be some evil spirit sent by your foes to do you harm — I think I read witchcraft in her eye. Doubtless this is the enemy pointed out by the talisman."

[38] "You are a wise man I grant," replied the king, "but you are little versed in the ways of women. In that knowledge I yield to no man. As to this damsel, I see no harm in her. She is fair to look upon and finds favor in my eyes."

[39] "Hearken, king!" said the astrologer. "I have given you many victories by means of my talisman, but have never shared any of the spoil. Give me this stray captive, to solace me in my solitude with her silver lyre."

[40] "What!" cried Aben Habuz. "You have already dancing-women to solace you."

[41] "Dancing-women I have, it is true," said Ibrahim, "but I would have a little minstrelsy to refresh my mind when weary with the toils of study."

[42] But the king would not listen to the Arab's request, and they parted in high displeasure.

[43] All kinds of festivities were devised for the entertainment of the princess — minstrelsy, dancing, tournaments, bull-fights. Granada for a time was a scene of perpetual pageant. But she treated all this as a matter of course, and seemed to take delight in causing expense as if she wished to drain the treasury of the king.

[44] Aben Habuz could not flatter himself that he had made any impression on the heart of the princess. She never frowned on him, it is true, but then she never smiled. Whenever he began to plead his suit, she struck her silver lyre, and in an instant the old monarch began to nod and gradually sink into a deep sleep. All Granada scoffed at his infatuation.

[45] At length the danger burst on the head of Aben Habuz, but this time the talisman gave him no warning. His palace was surrounded by an armed rabble, and both his life and that of the princess were in danger. At the head of a handful of guards he sallied forth, put the rebels to flight, and crushed the insurrection in the bud.

[46] When quiet was again restored, he went in great alarm to the astrologer who still remained shut up in his cave.

"Wise Ibrahim," said he, "what you foretold has in some sort come to pass. The princess has brought trouble and danger upon me. How can I be secure from my enemies? Show me some safe retreat where I can stay in peace."

[47] A gleam shone from the eyes of the Arab under his bushy eyebrows.

"You have heard, no doubt," said he, "of the palace and garden of Irem."

[48] And the king answered:

"I have heard of that garden: wonderful things are told of it by the pilgrims who visit Mecca, but I have thought them only wild fables."

[49] "Listen," said Ibrahim. "In my younger days, when I was a mere Arab of the desert, I tended my father's camels. Once one of them strayed from the rest and was lost. I searched after it for several days, but in vain, until, weary and faint, I laid myself down and slept under a palm tree by the side of a well. When I awoke, I found myself at the gate of the city. I entered and saw noble streets and squares and market places, but all were silent and without an inhabitant. I wandered on until I came to a palace with a garden adorned with fountains and fish ponds and groves and flowers and orchards of delicious fruits. But still no one was to be seen. I became frightened and hastened to depart, and when I had gone through the gate of the city, I turned to look upon the palace once more, but it was no longer to be seen — nothing but the silent desert before my eyes. I met an ancient Arabian, who knew the secrets of the land, and told him what had befallen me: 'This,' said he, 'is the Garden of Irem, one of the wonders of the desert. It only appears at times to some wanderer like yourself.' In after years, when I had been in Egypt and made myself master of all kinds of magic spells, I made up my mind to visit again this wonderful garden. I did so. It was revealed to me and I passed several days in the palace. The genii+ who watch over the palace obeyed my magic power, and from them I learned how the whole garden came

+ jē′ nĭ ī, plural of *genius*, a spirit.

into existence, and how it was made invisible. What say you, king, would you have a palace and garden like that of Irem, filled with all manner of delights, but hidden from the eyes of mortals?"

[50] "O wise one," exclaimed the king eagerly, "make me such a garden and ask any reward even to the half of my kingdom."

[51] "Alas," replied the other, "you know I am an old man and a philosopher, and easily satisfied. All the reward I ask is the first beast of burden with its load, which shall enter the gates of the garden."

[52] The king gladly agreed and the Arab began his work. On the top of the hill just above his underground hall, he had a great gateway built. There was an outer porch with a lofty arch, and within was a portal secured by massive gates. On the top stone of the portal, the Arab, with his own hand, made the figure of a huge key, and on the top stone of the outer arch, which was loftier than that of the portal, he carved a gigantic hand. Over these he repeated many sentences in an unknown tongue.

[53] When this gateway was finished, he shut himself up for two days in his hall, engaged in secret incantations. The third day he went to the summit of the hill, and passed the whole day there. At a late hour he came down and appeared before the king.

[54] "My work is finished," said he. "On the summit of the hill stands one of the most wonderful palaces that ever the head of man devised, or the heart of man desired. It contains beautiful halls, galleries, gardens, cool fountains, and fragrant baths. The whole mountain is like paradise. Like the garden of Irem, it is hidden from the sight of mortals, except those who know the secret of the talismans."

[55] "Enough!" cried Aben Habuz joyfully. "To-morrow morning with the first light we will take possession."

[56] Scarcely had the rays of the sun begun to play about the mountains when Aben Habuz mounted his steed, and with a few of his attendants ascended a steep and narrow road leading up the hill. Beside him on a white palfrey° rode the princess. Her whole dress sparkled with jewels, and round her neck was suspended her silver lyre. The Arab, who never mounted a steed of any kind, walked beside the king carrying his staff.

[57] Aben Habuz looked to see the towers of the palace, the terraces and gardens, but as yet nothing of the kind was to be seen.

[58] "That is the mystery of the place," said the Arab; "nothing can be discerned until you have passed the spell-bound gateway."

[59] As they drew near, Ibrahim paused, and pointed out the hand and key carved upon the portal of the arch. "These," said he, "are the talismans which guard the entrance to this paradise. Until the hand shall reach down and seize the key no evil can prevail against the lord of this mountain."

[60] While the king was gazing in silent wonder at these signs, the palfrey of the princess went on and bore her in at the portal, to the very center of the barbican.+

[61] "Behold," cried the astrologer, "my promised reward: the first animal with its burden that should enter the gateway."

[62] The king smiled at first, not thinking the old man in earnest, but when he found that he was, his gray beard trembled with indignation.

+ bär′ bĭ kăn,[60] a gate.

"You know the meaning of my promise," said he sternly, "the first beast of burden, with its load, that should enter this portal. Take the strongest mule in my stables, load it with the most precious things of my treasury, and it is yours, but dare not to think that I shall give you the princess."

[63] "What need I of wealth?" cried the Arab scornfully. "The princess is mine by right. Your word is pledged. I claim her as my own."

[64] The princess looked down haughtily from her palfrey, as she listened to this dispute between two gray heads.

[65] "Base son of the desert," cried the king, "you may be master of many arts, but know me for your master, and do not try to juggle with your king."

[66] "My master!" echoed the Arab, "my king indeed! Farewell, Aben Habuz, reign over your petty kingdom! As for me, I shall laugh at you in my retirement."

[67] And saying this, he seized the bridle of the palfrey on which the princess was seated, smote the earth with his staff, and sank with her through the center of the barbican. The earth closed and no trace remained of the opening.

[68] Aben Habuz was struck dumb for a time. Then he ordered a thousand workmen to dig into the ground where the Arab had disappeared. They digged and digged, but in vain. As soon as they threw the earth out, it filled in again. They sought the Arab's cavern at the foot of the hill, but there was no entrance to be found.

[69] All of the king's talismans now ceased to be of use. The bronze horseman remained fixed with his face turned toward the hill and his spear pointed to the spot where the Arab had descended, as if there still lurked the king's deadliest foe.

[70] The top of the mountain, the site of the promised palace and garden, remained a desolate waste. And the neighbors of the king, finding him no longer protected by magic spell, invaded his lands from all sides, and the remainder of his life was a tissue of turmoils.

[71] At length Aben Habuz died and was buried.

[72] Ages have since rolled away. The Alhambra has been built on the mountain, and in some measure resembles the fabled garden of Irem. The spell-bound gateway still stands with the mystic hand and key, and now forms the entrance to the fortress. Under the gateway, it is said, the old Arab still remains in his underground cavern, nodding on his divan, lulled by the silver lyre of the princess.

[73] The old sentinels, who guard the gate, hear the music of the lyre sometimes in the summer nights, and doze quietly at their posts. It is said that even those who watch by day are generally found nodding on the stone benches, or sleeping under the trees, so that in truth it is the drowsiest military post in all the world.

[74] And the legends tell us that this will endure. From age to age the Christian princess will remain a captive to the old Arab, and by the music of her lyre he will remain in magic slumber, unless the mystic hand shall grasp the fated key and dispel the whole charm of this enchanted mountain.

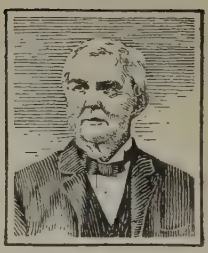
6. Did the bronze horseman in the tower warn truly? Why? 7. Tell the maid's story. 8. What difference did her coming make at court? 9. What led the astrologer to relate the story of the Garden of Irem? Tell the story. 10. Describe the procession to the magic gateway. 11. Who had the more cunning, the king or the astrologer? Why? What became of them both? 12. What legend has been handed down?

13. Read aloud the conversations in sections 32–42, 46–52, 54–55, and 57–74, making up the speeches for sections 42, 52, and 57.

14. Get "The Alhambra." Read "Governor Manco and the Soldier."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

PHYSICIAN, PROFESSOR, AND POET



Read silently in class, stopping at each italicized question for class discussion. Close your book when you have read the question and think out what you have to say about it.

> Know old Cambridge? Hope you do. —
> Born there? Don't say so. I was, too.
> — *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

[2] OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was descended from some of the finest old families in New England. The following story is told of his great-grandmother:

[3] "During the Indian troubles in the early part of the eighteenth century there was considerable alarm in all the isolated settlements; and garrison-houses, or forts, were erected, in which to place the women and children while the men were away at work in the fields. On one of these occasions of general alarm, when the women and children were alone in the fort, it was proposed that some one of their number should go to the garden, which was some way off, and gather vegetables for dinner. Volunteers were called for, and of them all in the fort that day Bathsheba Holmes alone dared to go. Nothing daunted at the thought that Indians might be lurking about, she bravely sallied forth, and with her capacious basket wended her way through a long, narrow, winding path to the garden, and there gathered of beans

and various vegetables a heaped basketful, and safely returned to the garrison, where the viands, fresh grown on virgin soil, and fit food for royal tables, were skilfully cooked and eaten with thankful hearts.

[4] "Many years afterward, — the Indians almost all gone to other hunting-grounds, and Bathsheba Holmes now an old woman, — a solitary Indian, decrepit and broken in spirit, called at her door begging, as was ever the custom of the red men, for cider, promising a story if the favor were granted. The cider was drawn and proffered and the story told. It was this:

"On asking her if she remembered going to the garden with her basket long years ago, when the women and children were alone in the fort, and on being answered in the affirmative, he said he saw her when she left the fort, and determined to have her life before she returned. He secreted himself in the thick brushwood by the side of the path she would travel, and when she had approached sufficiently near, he stoutly bent his bow, and was about to let the well-aimed arrow fly, when suddenly a mysterious power forbade him, and stayed his arm. When she had gone he upbraided himself for being a cowardly Indian, and redetermined to have her life when she returned. But the same power stayed his arm again, and he went his way wondering greatly at his inability to kill a squaw. All the years since then, he said, he had been watching her as one who was under the protecting care of the Indians' God. He thought it was the Great Spirit that held his arm and saved her life."

[5] With the spirit of such ancestors in his blood we can expect much of Holmes. The old home where he lived stood where now buildings of Harvard College are erected. There Oliver with his three older sisters and younger brother John led a happy boy's life. His fathre

was a minister; and his mother, a keen-witted lively woman who loved her neighbors and her home. In the old house mice scampered behind the walls, closets were sweet with lavender, and the library was lined with books; and in the garden old lilac bushes, larkspur, hyacinths, damask roses, and hollyhocks filled the summer air with sweetness. *What things would the Holmes boys like?*

[6] At ten years of age Oliver was going to a school some little distance from his home, and at fifteen he went to Phillips Andover Academy, there to prepare gradually for college. Such a homesick boy as Oliver was! But soon his longing for home wore off, and we find him enjoying the sports of the school, going on visits to Indian Ridge, climbing the hills, and swimming in the Merrimack. In the classroom he also acquitted himself well, for he made a very fine translation of a poem by Virgil. Oliver and John both loved their books and the outdoor world.

[7] Harvard College in Holmes's day was very different from the Harvard University of the present. Then the rooms were painfully bare, the wood fires being lighted by flint, steel, and tinder box. The only conveyance to Boston was a two-horse stagecoach which ran twice daily. Commencement at Harvard in those days was like a big fair, or festival. There were fiddlers, and dancers; hawkers carried about long sticks of candy; and there were ginger pop carts peddling their wares. The class to which Holmes belonged was full of college enthusiasms, and it was not long until Oliver Wendell Holmes himself stood out as leader. Among his classmates was the author of the national hymn, "America." *What honors could the class show a member?*

[8] In college Holmes began writing verses. With two

others, he published a little volume of verse when he was only a Sophomore. For the famous class of 1829 Holmes was chosen class poet. Through the years he continued to produce poems to celebrate various anniversaries of his class. Taking everything into consideration, this class of 1829 at Harvard is the most famous one ever graduated from any American university. Holmes has made it that.

[9] While Holmes was still at college, the old war vessel *Constitution* appeared in the Boston harbor. When news came that the Government was thinking of destroying the old ship, Oliver Wendell Holmes in the spirited verses entitled "Old Ironsides" voiced the protest of the whole country. It stands as history that this poetic protest of a mere college boy was heard at Washington, and the ship was not destroyed Holmes wrote this poem in a heat of patriotism, at a window of his home in Cambridge. Surely here breathed some of the spirit of that traditional great-grandmother of his.

[10] *What profession do you think such a college boy would seek to enter?*

[11] Holmes did not depend upon his writing for support. He chose another profession, and wrote at odd times. For a year he studied law, but then turned to medicine, and for six years he worked hard in this country and in Paris to prepare himself to practice as a physician. For about nine years he worked in Boston as a doctor, then he became professor of anatomy at Harvard College.

[12] For thirty-five years he taught at Harvard. In 1882, when he gave his last lecture, his classroom was packed to the doors, gray-haired men who had been his students returning to tell him of their appreciation of his work. Holmes was nearly overcome by his emotion when they presented him with a loving cup on which

was written "Love bless thee, joy crown thee, God speed thy career." He was said to be the only professor who could take a class that was tired at the end of a long day and make it smile and enjoy the work with him. That was because he was not afraid to sprinkle humor and jokes in his lectures. *Who else would appreciate Holmes besides his pupils?*

[13] Holmes was a very stanch and true Bostonian. He loved the streets of Boston, and every stick and stone of his native city, for Cambridge, as you know, is merely a suburb of the great city of Boston. He was familiarly acquainted with all the prominent literary men of New England, and counted many of them as his close friends. In 1857 he agreed to help publish a new magazine, "The Atlantic Monthly," by writing for it. Without using his own name, he then gave each month a witty conversational essay, called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." Readers all over the country followed this series month by month, and the writer of it was publicly acclaimed as master of a new type of humorous essay. Between his lecturing on anatomy at Harvard and his writing for magazines, not to mention his lecturing, Dr. Holmes was a very busy man. After he had been contributing for twenty years to the "Atlantic Monthly," the publishers of that famous periodical gave him a breakfast to honor his seventieth birthday. Gathered about that table were the most representative literary men and women of America. *How could he be honored abroad?*

[14] Seven years later when Dr. Holmes was in England he was tendered a degree by Oxford University. It is said that the college boys in the gallery voiced their appreciation of the American humorous poet and doctor, by calling repeatedly: "Did he come in the 'one

hoss shay'? Did he come in the 'one hoss shay'?" "The Wonderful One Hoss Shay," which you will see pictured on page 316, is one of his most famous poems. When his college class had their fiftieth reunion, he wrote another class poem, which is the most famous of all.

> Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
> If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
> Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
> Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

[15] Oliver Wendell Holmes was a boy up until the day of his death, in 1894. He never grew old. His hair whitened, and the wrinkles crinkled up his face; but underneath, in the heart, there were still burning the enthusiasms, the love of fun, and the prankishness of his boyhood days. Learned he was, the leading medical lecturer of his day. But, strange as it may seem, this learning was wedded to a most daring talent for making humorous verse. Dr. Holmes could write a poem for any occasion. He said of himself:

> I'm a florist in verse and what would people say
> If I came to a banquet without my bouquet?

[16] So it comes that he is remembered most for his humor, the fun-making in his poems and in "The Autocrat" papers. Sprinkled throughout his writings, however, are rarely beautiful serious verse, some of which you will read some day.

Physician, professor, and poet — great in all three, but as poet he will be longest remembered!

1. Outline on the board: (*a*) Date and place of birth; (*b*) Education; (*c*) Life work; (*d*) Travels; (*e*) Chief Writings; (*f*) Why best remembered; and (*g*) Date of death. 2. Read "Old Ironsides," "The Boys," "The Last Leaf," "The Chambered Nautilus," or "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill" in Riverside Reader VII.

THE BROOMSTICK TRAIN; OR, THE RETURN OF THE WITCHES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The following poem is a kind of riddle. It describes public conveyances which you have probably ridden in many times. When they were first introduced Oliver Wendell Holmes made up this funny poem to explain how they came into existence. It is, of course, all a joke.

In the story the witches get out of the place below where they had been penned up with the Devil these many years and come back to Boston town and the surrounding country where they do all sorts of mischief. They are finally punished by being set to work forever — how?

[1] Look out! Look out! boys! Clear the track!
The witches are here! They've all come back!
They hanged them high, — No use! No use!
What cares a witch for a hangman's noose?
They buried them deep, but they would n't lie still,
For cats and witches are hard to kill;
They swore they should n't and would n't die, —
Books said they did, but they lie! they lie!

[2] A couple of hundred years, or so,
They had knocked about in the world below,
When an Essex Deacon dropped in to call,
And a homesick feeling seized them all;

For he came from a place they knew full well,
And many a tale he had to tell.
They longed to visit the haunts of men,
To see the old dwellings they knew again,
And ride on their broomsticks all around
Their wide domain of unhallowed ground.

[3] In Essex county there's many a roof
Well known to him of the cloven hoof;
The small square windows are full in view
Which the midnight hags went sailing through,
On their well-trained broomsticks mounted high,
Seen like shadows against the sky;
Crossing the track of owls and bats,
Hugging before them their coal-black cats.

[4] Well did they know, those gray old wives,
The sights we see in our daily drives:
Shimmer of lake and shine of sea,
Browne's bare hill with its lonely tree,
(It was n't then as we see it now,
With one scant scalp-lock to shade its brow;)
Dusky nooks in the Essex woods,
Dark, dim, Dante-like solitudes,
Where the tree-toad watches the sinuous snake
Glide through his forests of fern and brake;
Ipswich River; its old stone bridge;
Far off Andover's Indian Ridge,

And many a scene where history tells
Some shadow of bygone terror dwells, —
Of "Norman's Woe" with its tale of dread,
Of the Screeching Woman of Marblehead,
(The fearful story that turns men pale:
Don't bid me tell it, — my speech would fail.)

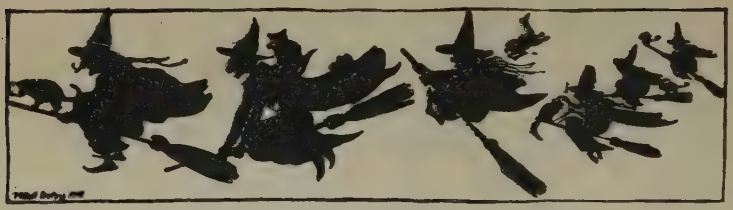
5 Who would not, will not, if he can,
Bathe in the breezes of fair Cape Ann, —
Rest in the bowers her bays enfold,
Loved by the sachems and squaws of old?
Home where the white magnolias bloom,
Sweet with the bayberry's chaste perfume,
Hugged by the woods and kissed by the sea!
Where is the Eden like to thee?

6 For that "couple of hundred years, or so,"
There had been no peace in the world below;
The witches still grumbling, "It is n't fair;
Come, give us a taste of the upper air!
We've served you well up-stairs, you know;
You're a good fellow — come, let us go!"
I don't feel sure of his being good,
But he happened to be in a pleasant mood, —
So what does he do but up and shout
To a graybeard turnkey, "Let 'em out!"

7 To mind his orders was all he knew;

The gates swung open, and out they flew.
"Where are our broomsticks?" the beldams cried.
"Here are your broomsticks," an imp replied.
"And where is my cat?" a vixen squalled.
"Yes, where are our cats?" the witches bawled,
And began to call them all by name:
As fast as they called the cats, they came:
There was bob-tailed Tommy and long-tailed Tim,
And wall-eyed Jacky and green-eyed Jim,
And splay-foot Benny and slim-legged Beau,
And Skinny and Squally, and Jerry and Joe,
And many another that came at call, —
It would take too long to count them all.

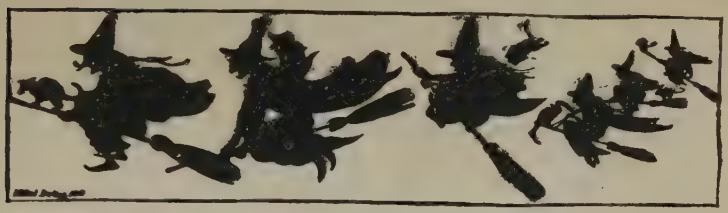
8 No sooner the withered hags were free
Than out they swarmed for a midnight spree;
I could n't tell all they did in rhymes,
But the Essex people had dreadful times.
The Swampscott fishermen still relate
How a strange sea-monster stole their bait;
How their nets were tangled in loops and knots,
And they found dead crabs in their lobster-pots.
Poor Danvers grieved for her blasted crops,
And Wilmington mourned over mildewed hops.
A blight played havoc with Beverly beans, —
It was all the work of those hateful queans!
And there rose strange rumors and vague alarms
'Mid the peaceful dwellers at Beverly Farms.



9 Now when the Boss of the Beldams found
That without his leave they were ramping round,
He called, — they could hear him twenty miles,
From Chelsea beach to the Misery Isles;
The deafest old granny knew his tone
Without the trick of the telephone.
"Come here, you witches! Come here!" says he, —
"At your games of old, without asking me!
I'll give you a little job to do
That will keep you stirring, you godless crew!"

10 They came, of course, at their master's call,
The witches, the broomsticks, the cats, and all;
He led the hags to a railway train
The horses were trying to drag in vain.
"Now, then," says he, "you've had your fun,
And here are the cars you've got to run.
The driver may just unhitch his team,
We don't want horses, we don't want steam;
You may keep your old black cats to hug,
But the loaded train you've got to lug."

11 Since then on many a car you'll see
A broomstick plain as plain can be;
On every stick there's a witch astride, —
The string you see to her leg is tied.
She will do a mischief if she can,
But the string is held by a careful man,



And whenever the evil-minded witch
Would cut some caper, he gives a twitch.
As for the hag, you can't see her,
But hark! you can hear her black cat's purr,
And now and then, as a car goes by,
You may catch a gleam from her wicked eye.
Often you've looked on a rushing train,
But just what moved it was not so plain.
It could n't be those wires above,
For they could neither pull nor shove;
Where was the motor that made it go
You could n't guess, *but now you know.*

[12] Remember my rhymes when you ride again
On the rattling rail by the broomstick train!

1. Where had the witches been penned up? 2. How did they get out? Read aloud their argument. 3. If this poem were laid in your section of country, what places should you mention?

4. What was the worst thing the witches did when they came back to earth? 5. Who called them together again? 6. What was the broomstick train? Read aloud the lines that tell you, and explain what each thing was. 7. Look up the Salem witchcraft.

8. Practice reading the poem aloud in relay, to make each stanza more exciting. 9. Read the poem for a Halloween program. (Manual.)

I FIND the great thing in this world in not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, — but we must sail, and not drift. — *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Read this aloud to bring out the fun:

1 I WROTE some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual men would say
They were exceeding good.

2 They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

3 I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb.

4 "These to the printer," I exclaimed
And, in my humorous way,
I added, (as a trifling jest,)
"There'll be the devil to pay."

5 He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

6 He read the next; the grin grew broad.
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

7 The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

8 Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1 IN the little southern parlor of the house you may have seen
With the gambrel-roof, and the gable looking westward to the green,
At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of tonight!

2 Ah me! how I remember the evening when it came!
What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks in flame,
When the wondrous box was opened that had come from over seas,
With its smell of mastic-varnish and its flash of ivory keys!

3 Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of joy,
For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd the boy,

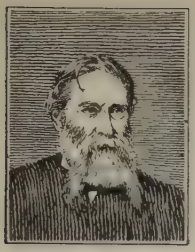
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave paternal way,
But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, "Now, Mary, play."

4 For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign balm;
She had sprinkled it over Sorrow and seen its brow grow calm,
In the days of slender harpsichords with tapping tinkling quills,
Or carolling to her spinet with its thin metallic thrills.

5 So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to please,
Sat down to the new "Clementi," and struck the glittering keys.
Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye grew dim,
As, floating from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper Hymn."

6 Catharine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy-red,
(Wedded since, and a widow, — something like ten years dead,)
Hearing a gush of music such as none before,
Steals from her mother's chamber and peeks at the open door.

7 Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,
"Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden cries,
(For she thought 't was a singing creature caged in a box she heard,)
"Open it! open it, lady! and let me see the *bird!*"



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Poet, Critic, and Great American

Read silently in class, stopping at each italicized question for class discussion. Close your book when you have read the question and think out what you have to say about it.

[1] One hundred years ago Cambridge was a mere straggling village in Massachusetts. To it pointed the footsteps of hundreds of New England boys, for, little village that it was, it was the seat of the oldest and best college in America. This was Harvard College. It was a village of beautiful old colonial houses, and of streets lined with elms, horse-chestnuts and lindens. The 4000 people who lived there passed a comfortable life.

[2] In one of these beautiful old colonial houses, called "Elmwood" on account of the magnificent elms about it, there was born on Washington's Birthday in the year 1819 a boy by the name of James Russell Lowell. He was the youngest of six brothers. His father was a stanch minister of one of the churches of Boston; his mother was a delightful lady who loved music and literature. She sang old ballads to this "littlest brother" and told him stories of the rich treasures she knew so well in books.

[3] "Elmwood" stood off by itself in lawns and meadows. There the birds came earliest in the spring and sang at the little boy's window. There the first wild flowers peeped out from under the snow in some

sheltered spot. There all the freedom of the sky and the brooks and the timid wild life of New England was his. *What things would this boy love?*

[4] Young James Russell Lowell was born at a remarkably interesting time in American literature. It was at the time when Irving's "Sketch Book," Cooper's "Spy," Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," Bryant's and Poe's poems, and Emerson's essays were making their mark for America in world literature. These writings were American writings teeming with American spirit, and their great mission was to force other nations to see that our little country could produce men with power to dream their own dreams and make their own pictures of life.

[5] To the boy Lowell came wonderful experiences in the world of books. Before he was ten he wrote to a brother about three volumes of Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" given to him, — "I have now quite a library." Besides his fondness for books, the boy also loved nature. There at "Elmwood" he drank in its changing forms through the seasons, finding each good. There under the open sky, with his mother's tender guidance, and his father's splendid ideas of right, he also became a lover of freedom, freedom of all kinds and of all things, — of the bird and of the human soul. *How should such a boy prepare for life?*

[6] As you have guessed, the lad went to Harvard College. There he read literature to his heart's content, and before he was through with college life he was editor of the college magazine and class poet. *What career do you think such a college boy would want to take up?*

[7] Like several other great American writers Lowell took up law and studied faithfully until he was through with the course. But he really never had a client in

his life, for all his energies were devoted to writing. In 1848, when he was twenty-nine years old, he had the most wonderful year of his life, for during that year he wrote three poems that will be read wherever the finest American literature is treasured. These are "The Biglow Papers," a political satire, "A Fable for Critics," a literary satire, and "The Vision of Sir Launfal," a beautiful poem on knighthood. Perhaps the greatest reason why he could write these wonderful poems at this time was because he had been very happily married to a young woman who inspired him to do his best. His famous lines on June you may have come across in school readers.

[8] You may remember that Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes were both professors at Harvard College. In 1856 Lowell was invited to take the place of Longfellow who had resigned as professor of modern language and literature. *How would Lowell keep preparing himself for these wider duties?*

[9] Several years before, Lowell had gone abroad, and traveled and studied. He went again to perfect his knowledge of the literatures he was going to teach. In fact, six or seven times he visited the different countries of Europe, each time being greeted by more friends who loved him for his worth.

[10] While he was professor at Harvard, he was asked to become editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." He agreed if Dr. Holmes would help him with contributions. For a number of years, Lowell published in this magazine some of the greatest poetry and prose America has produced. All this was published without giving the authors' names. Imagine how interesting it would be to leaf through one of these early numbers of the "Atlantic Monthly" and come across one of your favorite

poems of Longfellow. This took place in the middle of the nineteenth century. *What political feelings and events would be filling people's minds at that time?*

[11] Lowell was drawn heart and soul into political writings for freedom and Americanism. When the Civil War was at last over, Harvard College held a great memorial service for all the brave men she had lost in the bloody years of war — just as our country again held its memorial services after the Great War — and Lowell was asked to deliver the great poem for the occasion. When it was known that peace was declared, he had written: "The news is from heaven. I felt a strange and tender exaltation. I wanted to laugh and I wanted to cry, and ended by holding my peace and feeling devoutly thankful. There is something magnificent in having a country to love." He had suffered just as your fathers and mothers suffered during the Great War, for three very dear nephews were killed in battle. In his Ode, he sums up the character of Lincoln:

> The kindly-earnest, brave, far-seeing man,
> Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
> New birth of our new soil, the first American.

[12] *What great one-hundred year celebration (or Centennial) would be held some time after the Civil War? On this occasion who would be most lauded?*

[13] Three great Memorial Poems appeared, in answer to the demand of the American people. In one of these Lowell praises the great "Father of Our Country."

[14] Listen to his ringing verse calling us to follow duty!

> The longer on this earth we live
> And weigh the various qualities of men, . . .
> The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
> Of plain devotedness to duty,

Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days!

[15] Lowell's poetic fire in lauding our real American heroes brought him to the attention of the Government and he was selected for two great missions as ambassador, first in Spain, where Irving had been nearly fifty years before, and later in England. *Who else among the writers had been appointed ambassadors?*

[16] What Lowell did for our country in England can never be forgotten. The English people regarded Irving as an Englishman forced to live his life in far-away America, but they had to regard Lowell as a typical American for he made them see himself in that way. It was not so much what he did, therefore, as what he was, that raised the Englishman's idea of the typical American. Lowell's gentlemanliness, his humor, his common sense, his democratic ideals, his love of nature, his talent for using words in speech, — these spoke for America in ringing terms. His talent as a public speaker brought him in demand. He delivered an oration at the dedication of a bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey. He delivered a memorial address when Garfield was assassinated; and he spoke on "Democracy" to a great gathering at Birmingham. He interpreted American democracy to the world.

[17] His lessons to boys and girls are as strong now as when he lived. When Wrong seems to be conquering in the world, remember those confident ringing lines of his:

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne, —
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

Lowell summed up the two modern needs: to have a vision of life and to be able to grow towards it! He said:

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.
The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinions.

[18] Level-headed, versatile, great in many varied things, — that is Lowell. Poet, reformer, college professor, editor, literary critic, diplomatist, public speaker, and political writer! Add to this "Great American," and his picture is complete. Of all our writers he was the one to exert the power of letters, that is, of literature, as a factor in the world's work. What ringing messages would come from the lips of a Lowell to-day!

1. Outline (*a*) When and where Lowell was born, (*b*) how he was educated, (*c*) what his life work was, (*d*) what his travels were, (*e*) what he wrote; (*f*) when he died, and (*g*) why he is remembered.
2. Read "The First Snowfall" in Riverside Reader VIII.

ALADDIN

James Russell Lowell

Do you remember the fairy story about Aladdin and the wonderful lamp he found that made his every thought come true, and granted his every wish? As you read the following poem, see if you can find out what the poet means Aladdin's lamp to be.

1 When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

2 Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I 'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 't would pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

1. What different things does the first stanza tell you about the boy? 2. What does the fourth line mean? 3. Out of what did the boy build "castles in Spain"? Give another expression that means the same thing.

4. Is it a boy talking in the second stanza? How do you know? 5. What has he gained? How? What has he lost? 6. How does he feel about wealth and power? 7. Do you think he is happy? Why?

8. Conversation and discussion: Tell about an air castle you have built. 9. Memorize the poem.

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE

James Russell Lowell

Do you know that many of our most useful articles were invented by people who saw the possibilities in everyday things that others passed by as useless? In the following poem pick out the lines that tell a big truth.

1 There lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover.
A year and more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it, and flung it by,
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

2 It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;
And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray°
Might serve some use or other.

3 So there it lay, through wet and dry,
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And, having mused upon it,
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing of things
In shape, material, and dimension!
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention!"

4 So said, so done; the chords he strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken!

1. Look up *lyre* in the dictionary and observe the picture. 2. Which stanzas describe the thing that lay in the sand? Read them aloud. 3. What three things helped prepare it for use? How? 4. Who passed it by? How might the fisher-girl and her brother have used it in play?

5. Who finally saw a use for the empty shell? What might have made him so observant? 6. Copy the last four lines on the board. How is the world compared to the tortoise shell?

7. Conversation and discussion: Tell how you made something useful out of a "left-over"; Name different stringed instruments.

8. Memorize the poem.

GLOSSARY, OR LITTLE DICTIONARY

(For a key to the pronunciation, see the "Guide to Pronunciation" inside the back cover)

A-bi'jah (*ȧ* bī'*jȧ*), a man's name
Alfred the Great (ăl'frĕd), king of the West Saxons (871–901) who joined English tribes together
a-main' (*ȧ* mān'), at full speed
am'e-thyst (ăm'ē thĭst), a precious stone, lavender in color
am'i-ty (ăm'ĭ tĭ), friendliness
an'ge-lus (ăn'jē lŭs), a bell rung morning, noon, and evening for religious service
ar'a-besque' (ăr'*ȧ* bĕsk'), designs in flowers and leaves popular with the Arabs
Arthur, (ar'thŭr) a legendary king of Great Britain in the 6th century, about whose knights many tales have been written

Bat'ter-y (băt'ĕr ĭ), a park in the southern end of New York City where the Dutch settled
bea'ver (bē'vĕr), that piece of armor which protected the lower part of the face
Bed'i-vere (bĕd'ĭ vēr), a knight of King Arthur's Round Table
bi-zarre' (bĭ zär'), sensational
bow'er (bou'ĕr), a lady's apartment
Brah'min (brä'mĭn), a Hindoo priest
Bra'vo (brä'vō), an exclamation of applause
bra'zier (brā'zhĕr), a skilled worker in brass
buf-foon' (bŭ fōōn'), a clown
bur'gher-like (bûr'gĕr), looking like good citizens

cais'son (kā'sŏn), a water-tight compartment within which construction is carried on under water
cant (kănt), the affected use of religious or pious language
ca'rex (kā'rĕks), a plant
ca-rous'al (*kȧ* rouz'ăl), a feast
chaff'er (chăf'ĕr), to bargain, as if the bee were seeking bargains
Chal-da'ic (kăl dā'ĭk), of Chaldæa, an ancient country of Asia
Cor'dil-le'ra (kôr'dĭl yā'*rȧ*), mountains in Mexico
Cor'so (kôr'sō), a famous street of Rome which is the principal scene of the carnival festivities
crane (krān), a machine for handling heavy weights, commonly by a projecting swinging arm

de pos'i-to-ry (dē pŏz'ĭ tō rĭ), one with whom something is deposited
dog'mat'i-cal (dŏg măt'ĭ kăl), unpleasantly sure he is right
Dor'cas Society (dôr'*kȧs*), a church sewing society

em'met (ĕm'ĕt), an old name for *ant*
e'on (ē'ŏn), a long space of time
es-pous'al (ĕs pouz'ăl), wedding; here love-making of the birds
es-tray' (ĕs trā'), any valuable thing that has wandered out of its place
eu'pho-ny (ū'fō nĭ), pleasing sound

fea'si-ble (fē'zĭ b'l), possible, capable of being done
fen (fĕn), swamp
fish'-hooks' (fĭsh' hŏŏks'), exercises in writing, so called because they look like a fish-hook

Gal'a-had (găl'*ȧ* hăd), the pure knight who found the Holy Grail
ga-losh' (*gȧ* lŏsh'), to protect with a strip of leather at the sole
Gar'eth (gâr'ĕth), a brave knight of King Arthur's Round Table
gar'ish (gâr'ĭsh), showy
ghee (gē), butter made into a kind of oil by boiling
ghoul (gōōl), evil being supposed to rob graves
grav'en (grāv''n), written

Hel'i-con (hĕl'ĭ kŏn), mountain in Greece supposed to be residence of Apollo and the Muses
her'ald (hĕr'ăld), one who announces something

hi'er-o-glyph'ic (hī'ĕr ō glif'ĭk), picture writing of Egypt
"high," strong-scented, tainted
high-hole, another name for flicker
hy'la (hī'lȧ), a tree frog

In'cas (ĭŋ'kȧz), Peruvian Indians

Jer'e-mi'ah (jĕr'ē mī'ȧ), a man's name
John, king of England (1199–1216), from whom the Magna Charta was wrested by the people

Kensington Gardens, a park in London
kil'o-me'ter (kĭl'ō mē'tĕr), one thousand meters, or 3,280.8 feet, or 0.62137 mile
knight-er'rant-ry (nīt'ĕr'ȧnt rĭ), chivalry, wandering of the knight

la'dye (lā'dĭ), old spelling for "lady"
Laun'ce-lot (lȧn'sē lŏt), most famous of King Arthur's Round Table
lap'i-da'ry (lăp'ĭ dā'rĭ), a man who cuts, polishes, and engraves precious stones and gems
lee'ward (lē'wĕrd), place toward which the wind is blowing
lin'ing, taking boat up by rope

Mag'na Char'ta (măg'nȧ kär'tȧ), the Great Charter of English liberty, which King John was forced to sign in 1215
mam'mal (măm'ăl), an animal that nourishes its young with milk
Mo-ham'med (mō hăm'ĕd), the founder of an Asiatic religion
Mon'te-zu'ma (mŏn'tē zōō'mȧ), last Aztec emperor of Mexico, 1503–20.

pal'frey (pâl'frĭ), a small saddle horse for a lady
pæ'an (pē'ăn), a song of praise
pan'nier (păn'yĕr), a basket carried on the back by a horse
peer'less (pēr'lĕs), matchless
pel-lu'cid (pĕ lū'sĭd), clear, transparent
per-force' (pĕr fōrs'), by necessity
per'son'nel' (pĕr'sō'nĕl'), the body of persons in some public service
Po'lotsk (pō'lōtsh), a town, Vitebsk government in Russia
pred'a-to-ry spouse (prĕd'ȧ tō rĭ), thieving husband
prem'ise (prĕm'ĭs), property
prime (prīm), beginning
pri-me'val (prī mē'văl), primitive, belonging to the first ages
pro-bos'cis (prō bŏs'ĭs), tube-like mouth of insects
Ptol'e-my (tŏl'ē mĭ), an Egyptian astronomer and geographer of the second century

re-frac'to-ry (rē frăk'tō rĭ), unmanagable, stubborn
Regent's Park, (rē'jĕnt) an English park
re-pair' (rē pâr'), to stay, remain
Rev'o-lu'tion, the Revolution in 1799 when France overthrew monarchy
Ru'nic (rōō'nĭk), old Norse

sa'li-ent (sā'lĭ ĕnt), an angle projecting out
sam'o-var (săm'ō vär), a metal urn used in Russia for making tea
sanc'tu-a-ry (saŋk'tū ȧ rĭ), a shelter or place of refuge
sedge (sĕj), an herb-like plant
self-evident, plain in itself
snub (snŭb), to check
So-crat'ic (sō krăt'ĭk), method of questioning used by Socrates
Sol'do (sōl'dō), a small Italian coin, now valued at about a cent
spawn (spôn), eggs of fishes, oysters, etc.
spiel (spēl), play
stound (stōōnd), an old-fashioned word for "attack"
string'er (strĭng'ĕr), a long horizontal timber to connect uprights

ter'ra fir'ma (tĕr'ȧ fûr'mȧ), Latin for "firm land"
thrall (thrôl), a slave
tin'ti-nab'u-la'tion (tĭn'tĭ năb'ū lā'shŭn), ringing of bells
tithe (tīth), a tenth; a small part; a tax

ur'ban (ûr'băn), a person living in a city

vi-ca'ri-ous (vī kā'rĭ ŭs), for another, experiencing through another
vo-lu'mi-nous-ly (vō lū'mĭ nŭs lĭ), largely

A GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

Sounds of A

ā as in pāle
ă as in senăte
â as in câre
ă as in ăm
ȧ as in ȧccount
ä as in ärm
å as in åsk
ȧ as in sofȧ

Sounds of E

ē as in ēve
ĕ as in ĕvent
ĕ as in ĕnd
ĕ as in recĕnt
ẽ as in makẽr

Sounds of I

ī as in īce
ĭ as in ĭll

Sounds of O

ō as in ōld
ŏ as in ŏbey
ô as in ôrb
ŏ as in ŏdd
ŏ as in sŏft
ŏ as in cŏnnect

Sounds of U

ū as in ūse
ŭ as in ŭnite
û as in ûrn
ŭ as in ŭp
ŭ as in circŭs
ü as in menü

Other sounds of vowels

o͞o as in fo͞od
o͝o as in fo͝ot
ou as in out
oi as in oil

Sounds of consonants

ch as in chair
g as in go
ng as in sing
ŋ as in iŋk
th as in then
t͟u as in na t͟ure
d͟u as in verd͟ure
ɴ makes the preceding vowel nasal
zh as in azure

A GUIDE TO WORD FORMATION

(In the Fourth and Fifth Readers are given the prefixes *circum, contra, contro, counter, dia, in, un, post, re, semi, sub,* and *trans ;* the roots, *auto, crat, cracy, cred, dict, duc, duct, fer, ge, geo, graph, graphy, log, logy, magn, mater, matr, meter, metr, mult, nav, nomy, pater, patr, phon, phony, phil, port, post, scribe, script, scope, scopy, sophy, tele, the, theo ;* and the suffix *less.* The teacher should review these.)

	Meaning	Example
ann	year	annual
anti	against	anti-saloon
aster, astr, stell	star	astronomy
aud	hear	audible
bene	good, well	benediction
bi	life	biology
bis, bi	two	biped
cent	hundred	century
cycl	circle	bicycle
ex, e, ef, a	from, out of	export
liber	free	liberate
mis	wrong, ill	misspell
mon, sol	alone, one	monotone, solitary
opt, ocul	sight, eye	optician, oculist
pan	all	Pan-American
ped	foot	biped
physi	nature	physical
pluto	rich	plutocrat
polit, polis	city	politician
quadr	four	quadruped
zo	animal	zoology

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